The Saturday Evening
POST
November 23, 1957 — 15¢

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GEORGE HALAS: My Forty Years in Pro Football

I CALL ON MIKE WALLACE
By Pete Martin

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Here's the kind of room that makes guests say, "Now why didn't I think of doing that with my basement?" Actually, it was quite a simple matter to turn an old, empty basement into this fine room where there's plenty of space for parties or family fun—and almost no morning-after clean-up trouble for you. Nothing does more to achieve all this than the smart floor of Armstrong Asphalt Tile, with its warm, friendly colors. For a floor that looks as lovely as this, you'd expect to pay a high price. But Armstrong Asphalt Tile is the lowest-cost of all Armstrong floors, and it goes down right over the basement concrete—so easily that you can install it yourself. When you need a really economical floor with a luxury look, the modern, fashionable choice for any room in your home is Armstrong Asphalt Tile.

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SEVEN AGES OF THE TELEPHONE

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, *and all the men and women merely players. . . . And one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. At first the infant . . .* SHAKESPEARE

All through the years, from babyhood on, the telephone is an important, indispensable part of almost everything we do. And as the hands that grasp the telephone grow in size and usefulness, so grows also the usefulness of the telephone.

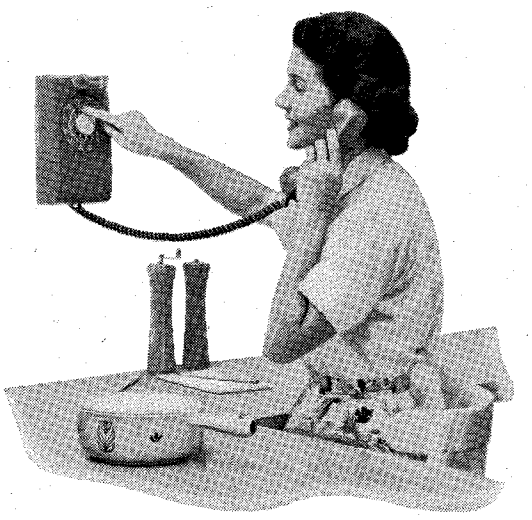
BABY DAYS At first the telephone is just something that rings. But soon the lusty newcomer is saying "hello, Daddy" all by himself and listening in wide-eyed wonder to the magic of Daddy's voice.

GROWING UP It isn't long before the telephone becomes more than a magical fascination. It begins to be something for doing things. A particular pal to call. And a very necessary part of growing up.

DYNAMIC TEENS Life is now a whirl of activity. So many things to do. Girl talks to girl. And boy talks to girl. And there are two happy hearts when she says, "I'd love to go."

JUST MARRIED Two starry-eyed young people starting a new life together. The telephone, which is so much a part of courtship, is also a big help in all the marriage plans and in getting settled.

EARNING A LIVING The years go by and always there is the responsibility of earning a living. Here again the telephone is a speedy, willing, ever-present helper. It is a part of the daily work and the progress of almost everyone.



RAISING A FAMILY Now the telephone becomes more useful than ever. For how could Mother ever run her household and raise a family without it! Friends, relatives, stores, doctors, conveniences—all are so near and easy to reach by telephone.

IT'S GRANDMA NOW And now she's holding a grandchild on her lap. The telephone that has served her so faithfully for so many years now starts a new era of service. The cycle of life and the seven ages of the telephone begin all over again.

Working together to bring people together . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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"The Liberty man drove 65 miles to help me after my bad accident"

"My car was completely destroyed. My wife and I were injured." This Liberty Mutual policyholder was driving back home from a vacation in the South when he had this shocking smashup. He called the nearest Liberty phone number.

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THE COVER

Johnny on the spots is shouting, "Dad, your boss is here already! Mom, come right down now!" So opens, according to the merry-andrew brush of George Hughes, one of those times when employer and employee enjoy each other in relaxed, informal atmosphere of the home. The thought arises that if mother does come right down now, it will be a wonderfully informal, homy gesture, but let that thought perish. Well, it's O.K. if the boss considers punctuality a virtue in the office, but a more virtuous rule outside the office indicates that "Come at 7" means "Show up about 7:15 and everything will be under control by then—I hope." Anyway, this should turn into a real pleasant evening; mother has already burned the Lima beans—what on earth else could happen?

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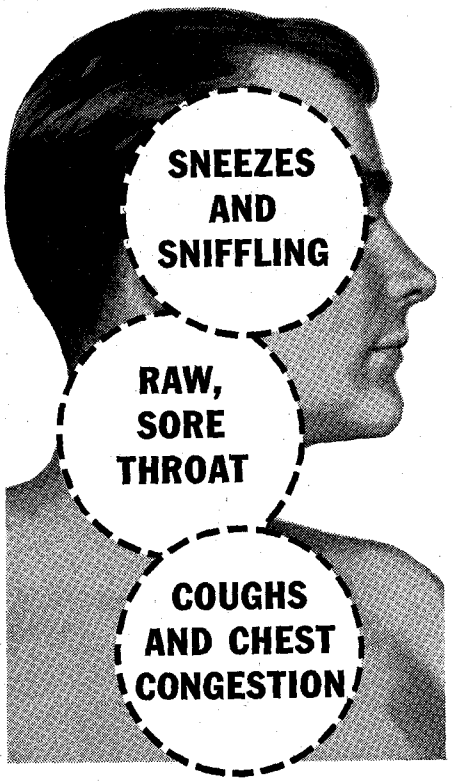

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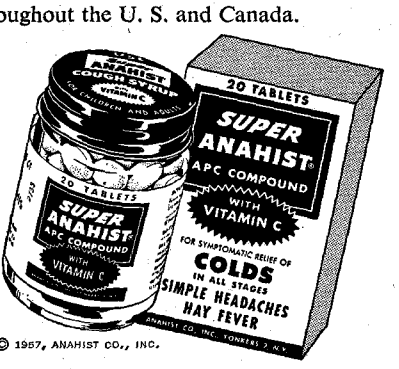

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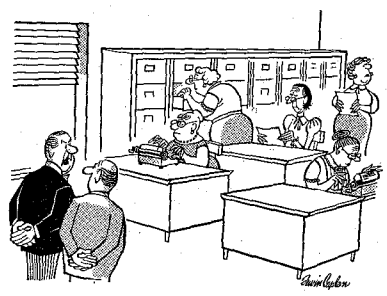
Letters

Old Reliables

Dear Sirs:

May I respectfully suggest that the attached cartoon [by Irwin Caplan, October 12. See cut] is an unkind thing; out of line with the best traditions of The Sat. Eve. Post?

R. A. CONKLIN
Longview, Texas



"What happened to our policy of adding one or two rookies each year?"

Dear Sirs:

The rookies have been added—of that you may be sure. The reason you don't see them—they are out for (1) a cigarette (2) a coffee break (3) a visit to ladies' or gents' room for lily gilding (4) a water-cooler discussion. The old bags keep the show going—and get there *on time every day.*

Believe me, I know; I'm one of 'em. (The bags, I mean.)

ELSIE RAY
San Diego, Cal.

Unfair to the Queen (Cont'd.)

Dear Sirs:

As a Canadian with Irish and American ancestry, I can not be accused of being an Anglophile. So amidst the outraged jeers and sour cheers in reaction to Mr. Muggeridge's article [DOES ENGLAND REALLY NEED A QUEEN?, Oct. 19], I have this to say.

In these days when moral standards appear to be deteriorating and a sense of responsibility decreasing, it is a fine thing that there exists such an example of human dignity and devotion to duty, transcending party affiliations, local disputes and bitter differences. Queen Elizabeth II means exactly that to untold millions of people, regardless of race, creed or color, within or without the Commonwealth.

Not only does England need a Queen—the whole world needs her.

C. M. BRICKENDEN
Simcoe, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

How right Mr. Muggeridge is in everything but his timing.

Of course, the British aristocracy with its tradition of gutter morality looks down in envy on the respectability of the Royal Family.

Why don't the British people use their heads and just abolish the aristocracy? It would be no loss to England or the world.

ANGUS MACARTHUR MACMILLAN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It is as well for Mr. Muggeridge that he is living in the more tolerant age of Elizabeth II. In the reign of Elizabeth I, such personal thoughts as he expresses publicly would have resulted in his no longer having a head to carry the self-satisfied smile shown in your photograph of him.

MRS. MARGARET HAY
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Sirs:

Malcolm Muggeridge is, believe me, very "small fry" here in Britain. He is known to the man in the street solely through his very ineffectual appearances on some tripey television program, and a thorough lambasting he got from the critics, too.

It is very much the thing at the moment for these waffling creatures to make attacks on our beloved Queen.

S. SQUIRES
Middlesex, England

Dear Sirs:

RE MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE: THE QUEEN IS NOT LIKELY TO KNIGHT HIM, BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO CROWN HIM.

DONALD H. SEYMOUR
Victoria, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

Congrats on the "Royal Family" article by Malcolm Muggeridge. Although it is being harshly criticised over here and poor old M.M. is getting it in the neck, it is safe to say that nearly all our wage earners and a large proportion of our salariat would agree with what he said. The article was sound, sober and restrained. The trouble over here is that everyone is bound and gagged by red tape.

ATHELSTAN RIDGWAY
London, England

Dear Sirs:

You have asked for it and probably, I hope, will receive more letters deploring the article than you can or care to publish.

J. R. B. BRANCH, M.D.
Crescent, Ga.

● *The Post has indeed received more letters concerning Mr. Muggeridge's article than we can publish. To the 496 readers who found the article objectionable, and the 17 who approved it, we can only reply that we feel it is completely logical and within the bounds of good taste to discuss the monarchy with the same candor that we would apply to any world institution. The article was timed for the Queen's visit to North America simply because public interest in her was high at such a time.*

In England, the same week that the Post printed Mr. Muggeridge's article, The Economist, a conservative and highly respected journal of British opinion, also took a timely look at the functions of monarchy. With the kind permission of the editors of The Economist, we quote the following passages from their lead editorial The Path of Queens.

"It is quite evident . . . that the Queen's visit has caught up the Canadian nation in one of those magical moments which traditionalists take too much for granted and narrowly logical folk find it so hard to explain. This, therefore, is a good—because triumphant—occasion to look again at the functions today of this strange force of royalty, about which controversy has once more arisen. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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To those whose ambition is a Super Chief trip

No doubt you've read and heard almost everything about this celebrated train—right down to the news bulletin under your door.

Perhaps you have also had a personal report from friends.

If so, you have a pretty clear notion of how it feels to be aboard.

You know you're exhilarated, of course. And gay. But you're relaxed, too, conscious of release from everyday tensions.

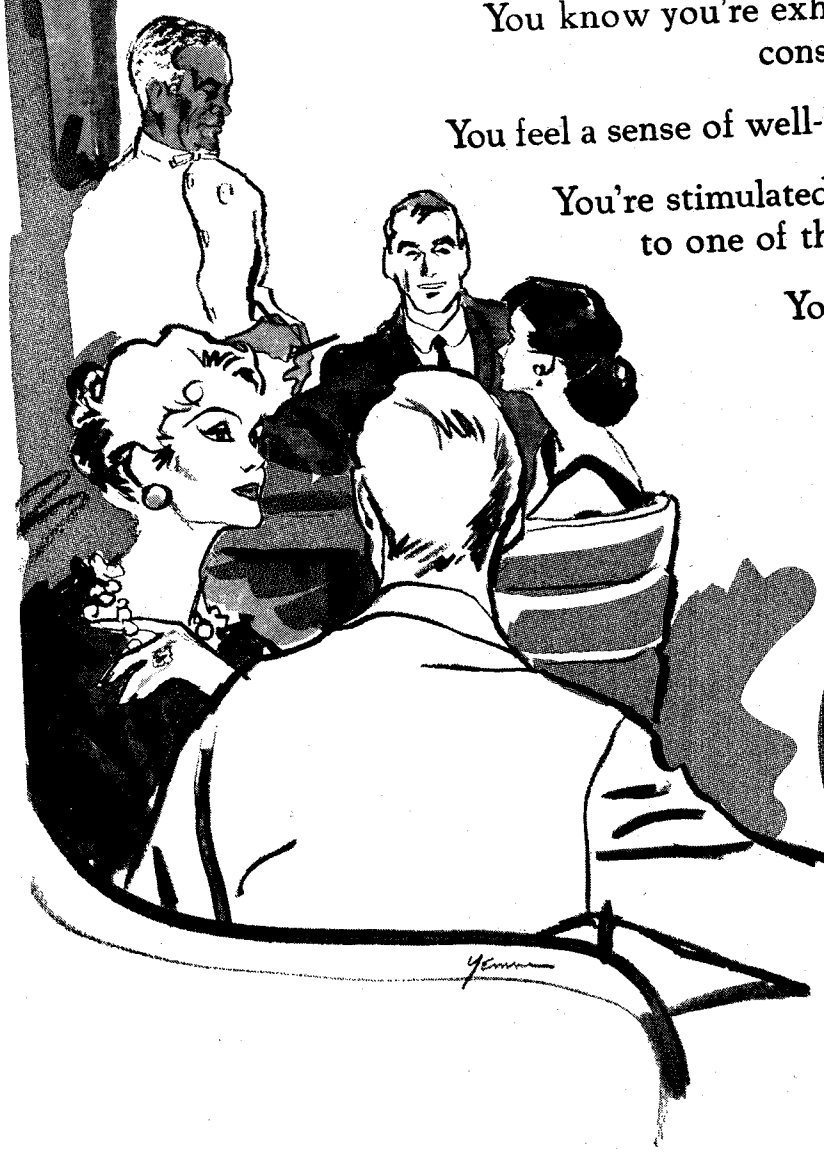
You feel a sense of well-being, born of elegant surroundings and near-perfect service.

You're stimulated by your fellow passengers. (You may be next-door neighbor to one of the greats of business, entertainment, government or the arts.)

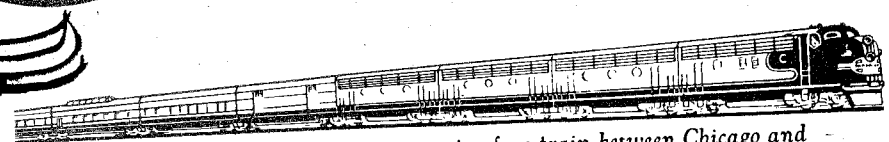
You revel in the blessed privacy, quiet and spaciousness that are unique in the world of travel.

In a word, your trip is an *event*, not just a happening.

So if you're planning a trip between Chicago and Los Angeles soon, make it an *event* that you'll always remember ... on the *Super Chief*.



Santa Fe



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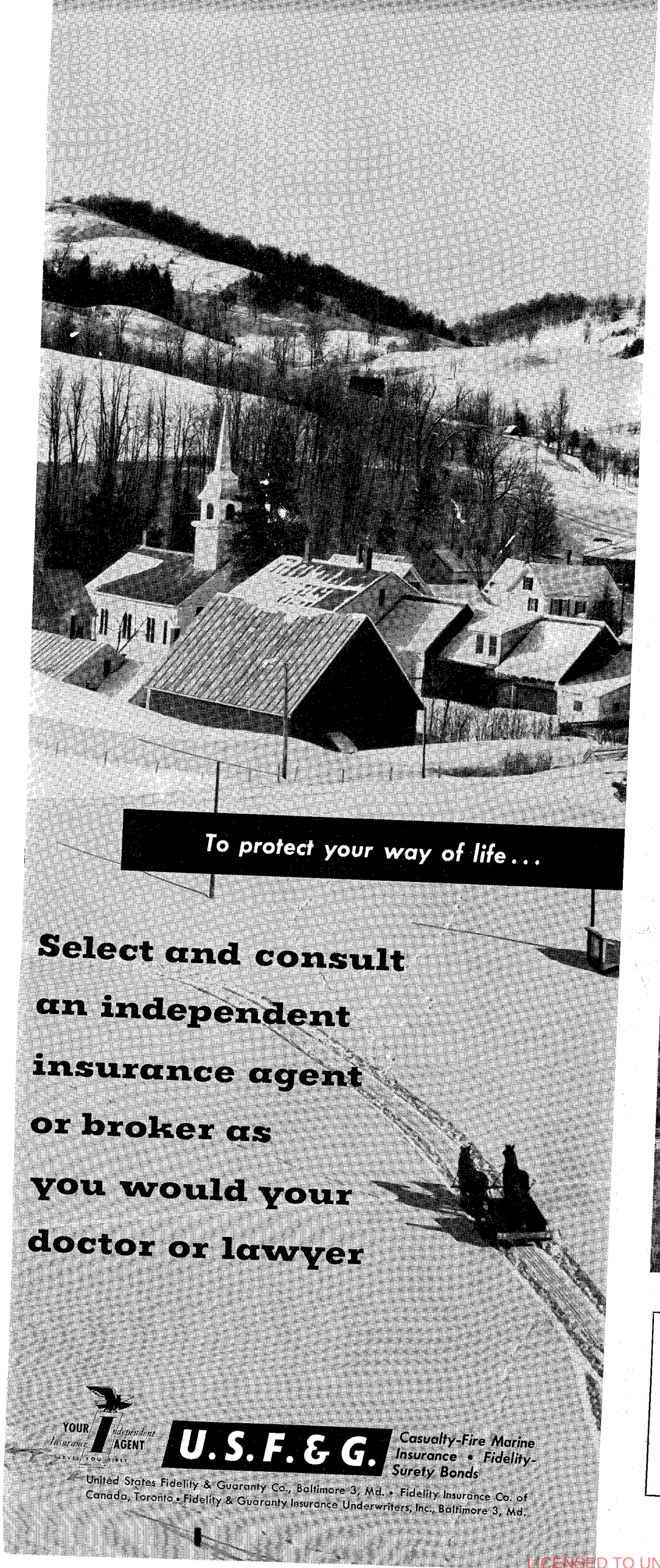
To protect your way of life . . .
Select and consult an independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer
YOUR Insurance Independent AGENT SERVES YOU FIRST
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United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore 3, Md. • Fidelity Insurance Co. of Canada, Toronto • Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc., Baltimore 3, Md.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

"The first function of royalty is to be on show: to represent and to rally, above and beyond politics, the national unity. . . . It is here that two questions can be asked about royalty today. One is whether there should not be less emphasis upon what might be called the family-type, and glamourised, popular symbol and more upon the lonely eminence of majesty. The argument that there should be—in itself rather a traditionalist argument—has only this week, when put provocatively, caused considerable offence. The other question is whether such questions should be asked at all, whether there is value, or merely impertinence, in what might be called 'dramatic criticism' of the appearances of royalty before its loyal people. Here history is on the side of the controversialists. All the evidence . . . is that there is a strong case for as much of this kind of criticism as the public itself will tolerate. The inspiring progress of the Queen and her consort in Canada is plainly the product of fresh thinking by those in charge of the stage-management of royal occasions; and it is hard to believe that recent discussions have not contributed something at least to the new version of the old magnificent play. . . .

"Those who seek to stifle discussion, or to distort it, are as culpable as those controversialists who may carry it too far." —ED.

At Home in a Home

Dear Sirs:

Have just finished reading WE RUN A NURSING HOME (Oct. 12) by Florence Berg, as told to Paul Ernst, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for publishing this very warm and enlightening article. It has certainly convinced me in a way nothing else could that I should never feel guilty, and guilty I did feel, for placing my own eighty-one-year-old mother of twelve children in a local home for the aged.

NAME WITHHELD
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

If there were more of these wonderful homes, our old people would have happy, contented late years and their families, too, would be content.

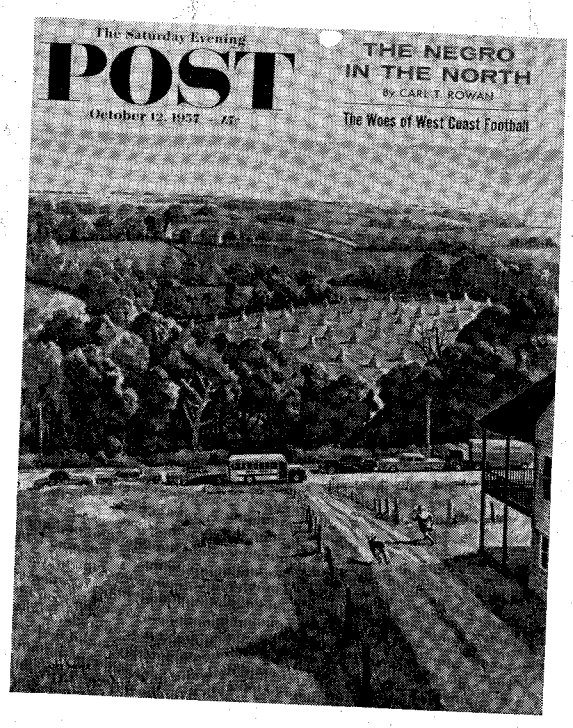
I have a young daughter-in-law who helps in a home in Cheshire, Conn., and she loves the work and the old people love her. I'm real proud of her.

MRS. JOHN A. ROSS
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

As one who had the care of an elderly aunt for the last ten years of her life—during seven of which the dear soul was blind—I know something about the problems involved with those whom the Quakers call "elderly, confused friends." Miss Berg's article presents these problems so sensibly that it has enabled me to shake off some of my regrets about not having solved all the difficulties in our own situation. Indeed, one of the refreshing things about Miss Berg's report (and this compares the piece with articles on other subjects, too) is that she never claims to have licked the problems of old people—she just tells what she and her partner have done day by day to try to alleviate matters.

MRS. ADA ROSE
Moorestown, N.J.



True to Life

Dear Sirs:

Your Oct. 12 cover picture by John Falter attracted my attention, since I have been a school-bus driver of some thirty years. . . .

In a similar situation I would very likely shut off my flashing red lights and allow the traffic to proceed until the passenger coming down the hill arrived at my bus.

A well-produced picture and certainly typical of rural America in these modern times.

HAROLD M. RIDER
Ojai, Cal.

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Reading across pages, then down:

23–United Press, Wide World. • 24–Tom Blau, Camera Press. • 25–International, London Daily Express, Wide World, International. • 26, 27–Austin Briggs. • 28, 29–Ivan Dmitri. • 30–Robert Meyers. • 31–Wide World, Paris Match. • 32, 33–Mac Connor. • 34–Gus Pasquarella, Wide World, International, Chicago American. • 35–Wide World, three from Chicago American. • 36–Larry Keighley. • 37–Stan Galli. 38, 39–Joern Gerdts. • 40, 41–Lynn Buckham. • 42–Larry Fried. • 43–Sid Avery, Larry Fried, International, United Press, two from A.B.C. • 44–George Burns. • 45–Two from United Press, George Burns. • 48–George Burns. • 49–Three by George Burns; Center Studio, George Burns. • 51–Bernard D'Andrea. • 118–Anonymous. • 152–Edward Feeney, anonymous, Associated British Pictures Corp., Jacob Lofman.

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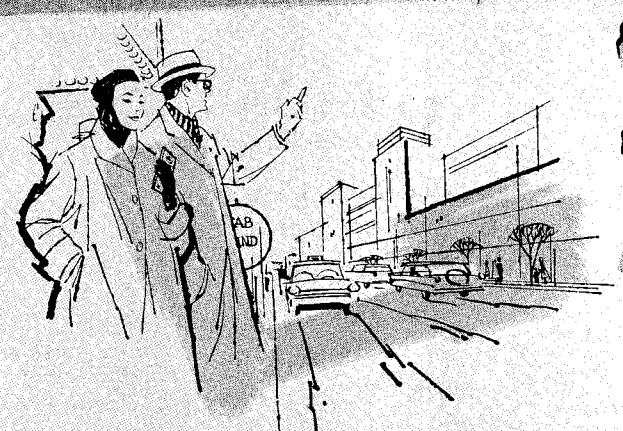
FIRST IN FASHION · FIRST IN FIT · FIRST IN FAVOR

A product doesn't get to be *first* in its price range unless it gives you *top value* and *real satisfaction.* Jarman, for example, has earned its nationwide popularity by consistently producing shoes that are fashion-right, easy-wearing and priced to fit the average budget. The distinctive new fall and winter shoes your Jarman dealer is now showing offer the latest evidence of the style leadership and the "friendliness of fit" which have made the name Jarman synonymous with fine footwear.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tennessee, Division of General Shoe Corporation



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Left: No. J4110. Center: No. J4184. Right: No. J4170 (each style also in black)—Jarman shoes available at Jarman dealers and stores, $9.95 to $18.95 most styles.

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With Buick's Rotoflow Torque-Tube Drive—the drive-thrust is already transmitted directly from the rear wheels in a *solid* power lockup.

And with Buick's big coil springs on all four wheels—the transition to 4 air pistons was a matter of re-engineering rather than starting from scratch.

So here it is—the brand-new Buick Air-Poise Suspension—with the latest perfection of the Buick ride behind it.

And see what great new magic it brings to your driving.

It levelizes itself automatically to any road, any curve, any passenger load.

It floats you over chuckholes, muffles the rhythm of cobblestones and the ripple of railroad crossings.

It's the smoothest, flattest, most comfortable ride you've ever known—the Buick ride of 1958.

So come try it.

And come take in the rest of the wonders of this B-58 Buick—its beauty, its brilliant performance, the complete change that a hundred new advances have made, and the complete satisfaction that a new precision standard of Buick quality has brought.

It's all at your Buick dealer's—see him today.

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THE AIR BORN

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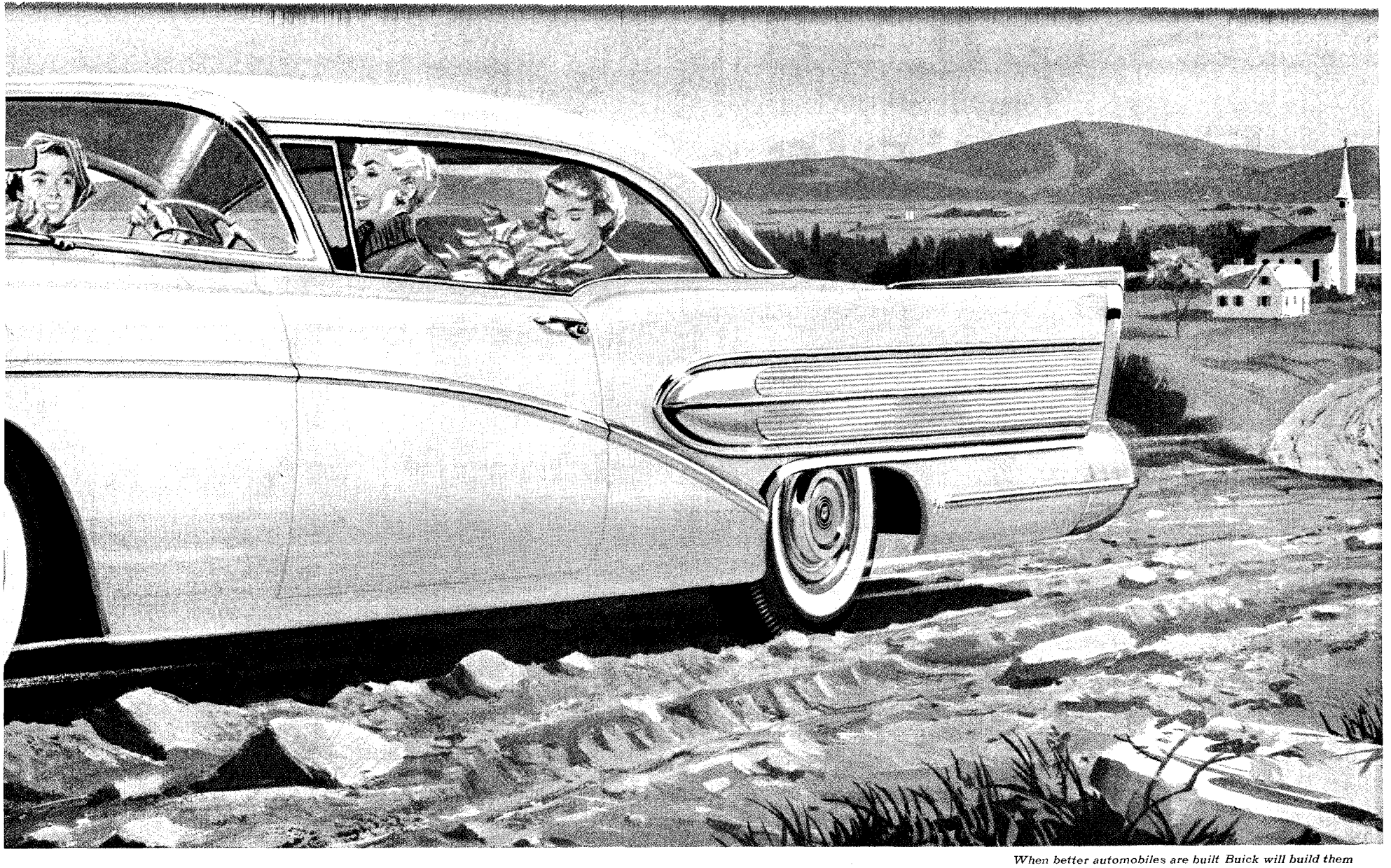
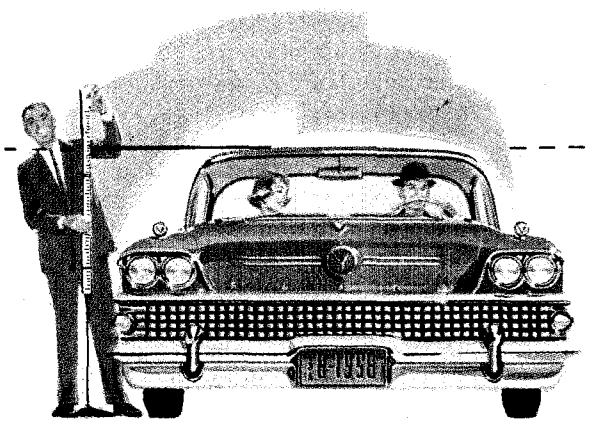
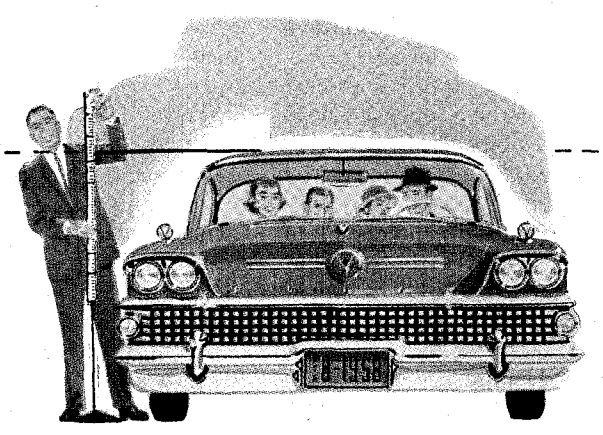


When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

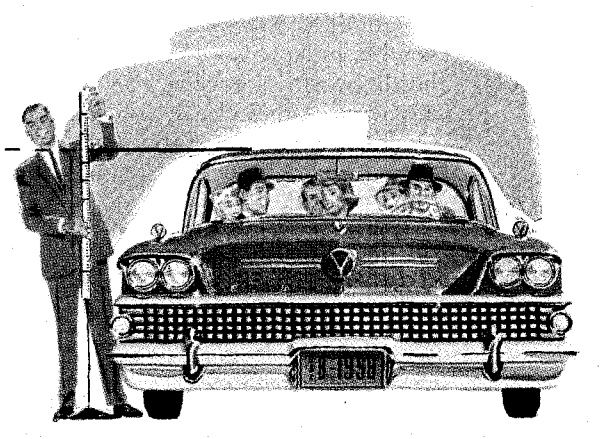
RIDE—



Two passengers? Buick's new Air-Poise Suspension carries you on the level automatically—compensates for no load in the back.



Four passengers? Compressed air raises the rear compartment—keeps it absolutely level with the front—over any kind of road.

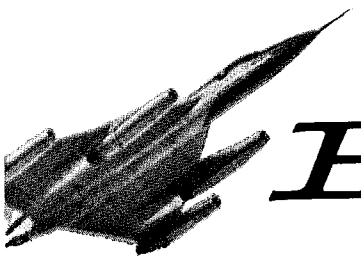


Six passengers? Count on plenty of luggage in the trunk, too. You still ride absolutely even—level as a lance.

How's it take the rough roads? Even with a full load, the 1958 Buick holds its full road clearance and full cushioning power. You always ride on the level—smoothly and buoyantly.

See TALES OF WELLS FARGO, Monday Nights, NBC-TV and THE PATRICE MUNSEL SHOW, Friday Nights, ABC-TV

GENERAL MOTORS 50 GOLDEN MILESTONE



B-58 BUICK

Born to bring you magnificent changes

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Editorials

It's Time to Stop Bickering and Catch Up!

With the Russian red moon established as one of the unpleasant surprises of the International Geophysical Year, everybody with a column at his command is rushing into print to explain why America didn't get a moon up there first. These comments reflect widespread anxiety over what looks like serious miscalculation at a high Administration level concerning our defense needs and the part physical science must play in meeting them.

The most frequent explanation among liberal commentators is that the missile program has been starved by an economy-minded Administration. Doubtless it is true that the emphasis on budget-balancing has hampered the development of various research programs. But basically the trouble has been the difficulty of obtaining agreement as to what projects were worth spending money on, plus the problem of getting the bureaucracy into gear, once a decision was reached.

Competent observers report that our scientists are frustrated, not merely for lack of money but for lack of interest and direction from Washington. Their projects are shot from under them in mid-idea; they have to fight through a bottomless pit of red tape in Washington to get any new idea approved. The budget is thrown up at them, with apparently little effort to suggest that, even with the limitations imposed, room must be made for really vital projects.

These things could not have happened if the emergency need were comprehended. The truth is that, before Sputnik, it wasn't.

Of course, now that the fat is in the fire, every expert will rush in to explain what was wrong and what has to be done next. One criticism, usually from "liberals," is that too much secrecy has been imposed on scientists by security-minded bureaucrats and military men. It is important to note in this connection that the Russians' moon and their intercontinental ballistic missile were created in conditions of complete secrecy. Whatever is to be said for or against secrecy as a general policy, it seems to us that we ought to keep the lid on military secrets—at least until we get some reciprocity.

And, of course, there were at least two columnists who blamed the whole thing on "McCarthyism" and the various congressional investigating committees which, the theory is, have scared scientists away from Government assignments. There is a lot of red tape and fussiness in some parts of the security program, but, after Fuchs and the Rosenbergs—who managed to purloin some pretty valuable information for their Soviet masters before being caught—it is rather silly to denounce Senate committees and security officials for taking espionage among scientists seriously.

The Russian success in this highly important field must bring about a reappraisal of our situation and, above all, create a sense of urgency where it is needed. However, it would be unfortunate if the emphasis on satellites should cause a neglect of weapons, especially air power, which are still vital to our defense—just as it would have been disastrous if the upsurge of interest in air power had brought about the abolition of the infantry. Interservice bickering must be discouraged, although in the defense field differences of opinion are inevitable and often sincere, and are not necessarily settled by "knocking their heads together." Indeed it would be disastrous if decision rested with one authority—and that authority should be wrong.

Our defense situation is serious and demands all the mature thought and productive energy that can be summoned to deal with it. As Bernard M. Baruch put it in a recent address, "We can overcome our mistakes, our delays, our incompetence, but this requires hard work and sacrifices and putting first things first."

Communists Can't Qualify as a Genuine U. S. Political Party

The amended constitution, produced with such a flourish after the Communists held their closed convention in New York last spring, is hardly worth discussing, except by amateurs of dialectical doubletalk. Qualified professors of this exacting science have pronounced the whole thing a fraud.

It is their exclusiveness which disqualifies the Communists out of hand. The core of what we call democracy is majority rule by elected delegates. Therefore, the object of every American political party under any rational guidance is always to widen its membership to the utmost limit.

No machinery exists for expelling from the Republican or Democratic Party anybody who insists on registering his choice and voting for the party's candidates. On the contrary, the party managers go a long way to tempt dissenters to join their ranks.

The Communists, here and abroad, act in just the opposite manner. They are constantly purging and purifying their ranks. This is because they are not interested in majority rule anywhere, any time. Their purpose is to forge a spearhead of reliable conspirators.

By comparison with what we know of their tight organization and ruthless methods, the older political parties may seem at times too loosely constructed, too happy-go-lucky. Yet this, too, is the essence of representative government.

A New Englander put it this way shortly after the birth of the republic. He said the Government often seemed like a raft, with crew and passengers up to their knees in water half the time. Then they might envy a stanch, well-found ship driving before a fair breeze. But, he remarked, the people on the raft could survive anything short of another Deluge, while the ship would go down if it struck a single rock.

It's the same way with political parties. As long as they lumber along, cheerfully picking up castaways, with a policy of the more the merrier, they are in the right tradition. But on that basis the so-called Communist Party cannot qualify and never could.

Indian Reservations May Some Day Run Out of Indians

The "first" Americans are at last leaving their bleak and dreary reservations under a "crash" program incepted five years ago.

It all began after World War II, when the Indian G.I. came back to the tribal councils and told of the delights and the opportunities in the world "outside." Soon pressures began to bear on Washington and a relocation, all voluntary, got under way.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs currently has twelve relocation offices set up across the country. Indian agents go into the reservations, explain the problems and arrange for a "passport" to civilization. To date, more than 20,000 Indians of various tribes have found jobs, homes and a new life under this program.

A typical family may entrain from the Dakotas bearing tickets and enough cash to feed them until they get to San Jose, California, one of the more important relocation centers. The family is met at the station; lodgings are found; money is provided for a month; jobs are found; school entrance for the children is arranged; ministers are alerted; doctors and clinics are brought into the picture; furniture and furnishings are provided. Then the family is on its own.

Only about 25 per cent of the Indians who broke out of the "concentration camps" have gone back home. Mostly, the reason is loneliness or the lack of acceptance by the community of choice. But a good measure of these returnees have emerged again to make a new start somewhere else.

Indian employment records are good and perhaps a little better than those of their fellow workers on absenteeism, contact with police, and alcoholism. They save their money, go to church, and maintain decorum generally.

Many Americans will be shocked to learn that it wasn't until 1924 that citizenship was conferred upon Indians as native-born Americans. They pay state and Federal taxes, but it was not until recently that an Indian could buy a can of beer or a bottle of firewater. The nation will gain by the integration.

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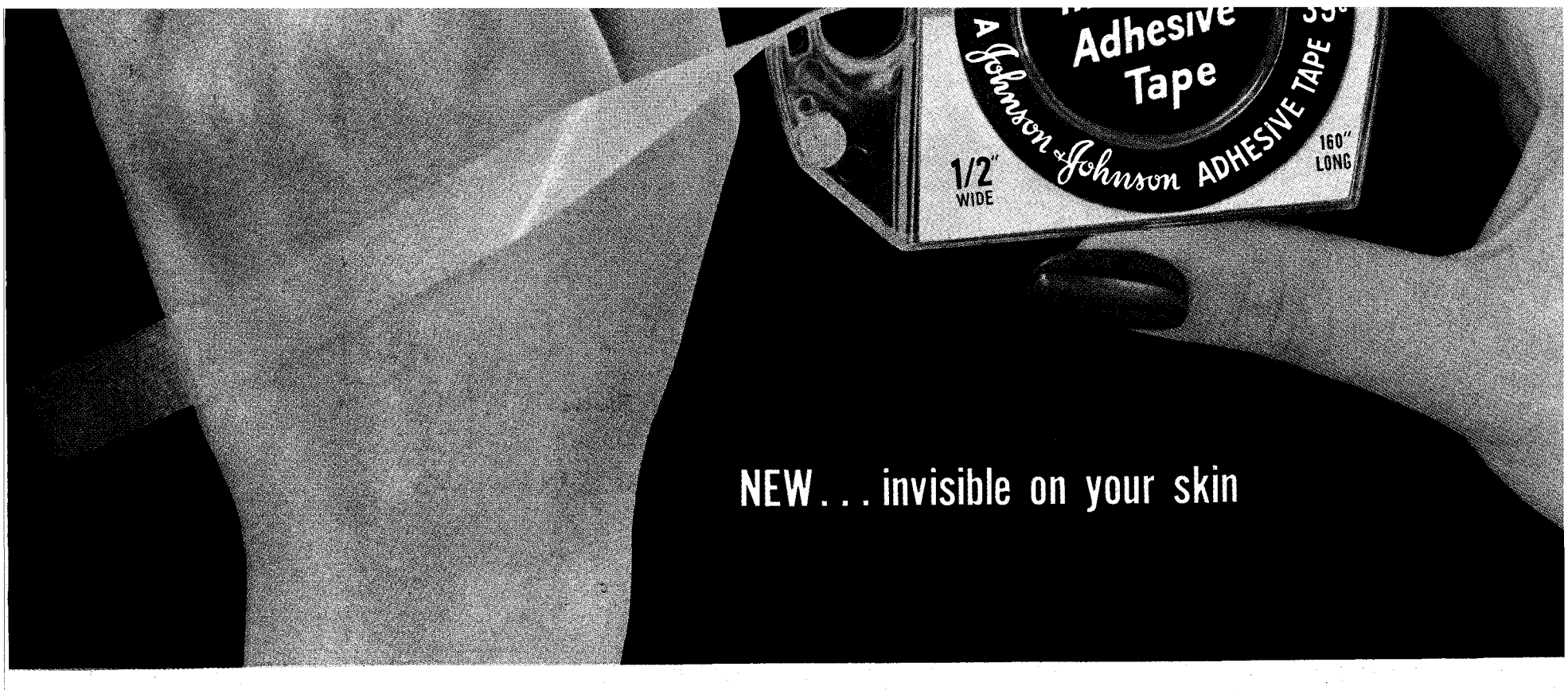

BAND-AID TRADEMARK CLEAR TAPE

The new adhesive tape that looks and acts like your skin

Invisible on your skin. Won't "shine."
Stretches with your skin.
Sticks tight. Waterproof. The handiest tape you've ever used.
New easy-to-use dispenser makes bandaging a breeze:
Flip—it's open. **Snip**—tape cut.

Buy it now!

Johnson & Johnson

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What! $42.80 for the material to build a dog house?

(WHAT WOULD IT COST TO BUILD YOUR HOME TODAY?)

Try building *anything* today. The cost may shock you. Take a house that cost you $14,000 in 1946. Based on national averages by the F. W. Dodge Corp., the same house in 1957 would cost you $21,300!

Unless you can afford to take a substantial loss, you should have enough insurance to duplicate your home at *present* costs. See The Home Insurance agent in your community now. He sells insurance you can count on when you need it.

THE HOME *Insurance Company*

Home Office: 59 Maiden Lane, New York 8, N. Y.

ORGANIZED 1853 FIRE • AUTOMOBILE • MARINE

The Home Indemnity Company, an affiliate, writes Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds

A stock company represented by over 40,000 independent local agents and brokers

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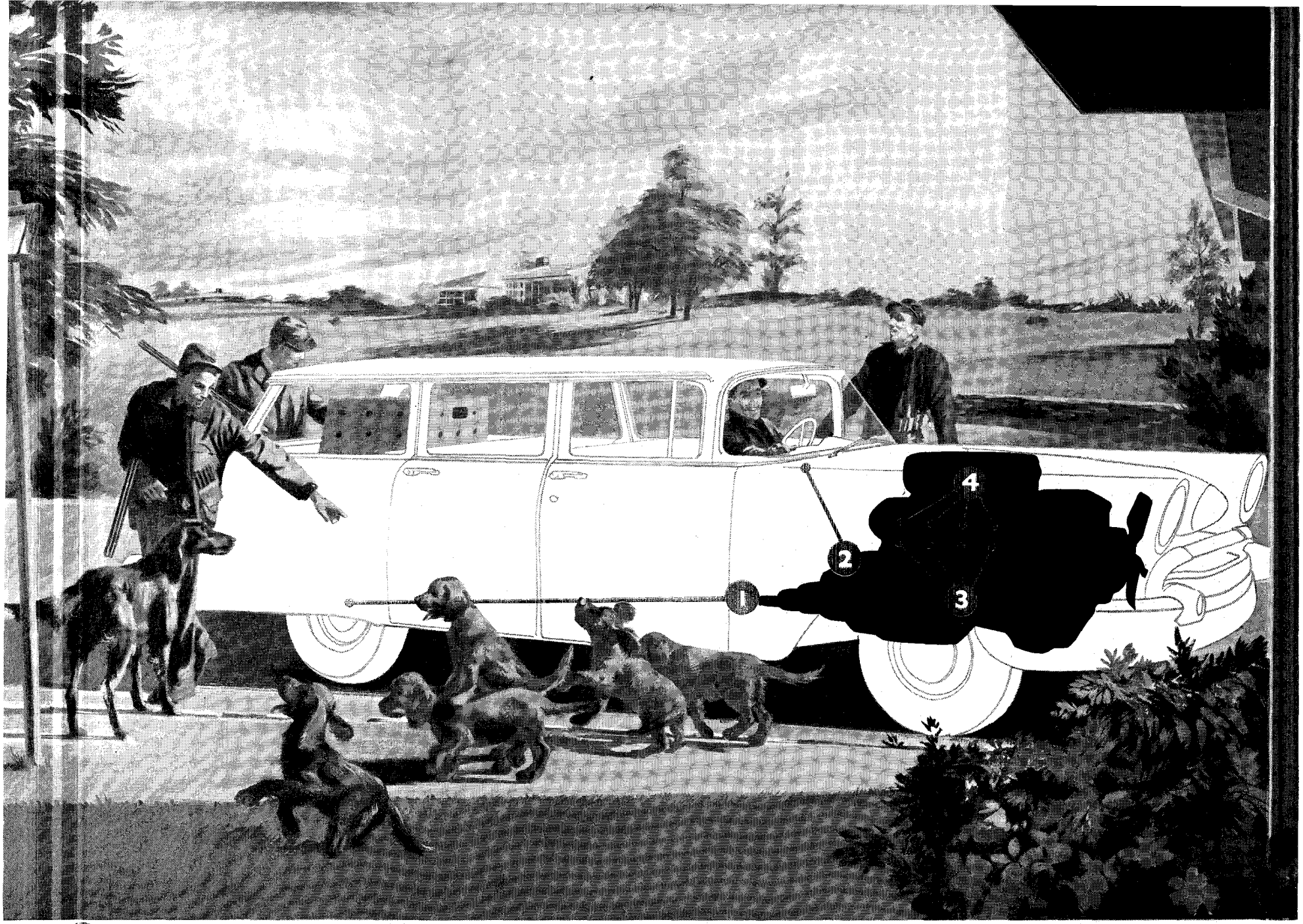
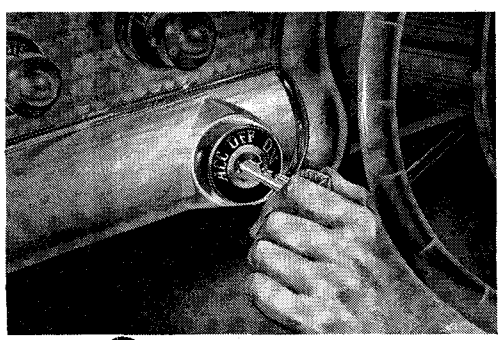


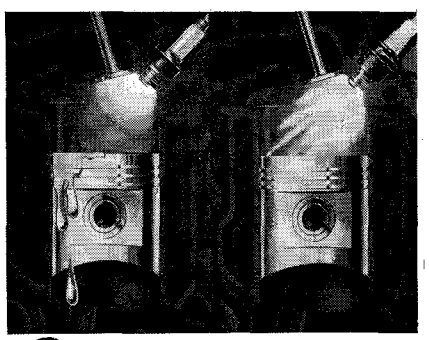
1 More road horsepower—Put the get-up-and-go back in your car with a set of new 5-rib Champions. Tests by independent engineers prove new Champions give cars of all makes an *immediate* boost in road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels. No wonder Champion spark plugs powered the car that won the 1957 Monza, Italy, "500" Mile Race—called by drivers the most grueling of all time.

If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles—

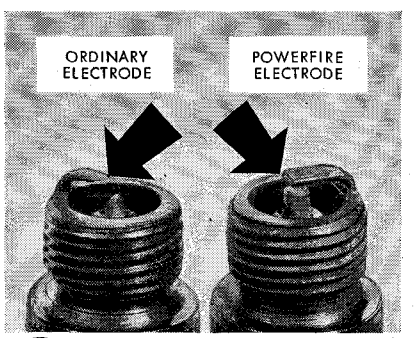
You can make your car 4 ways newer with Champion spark plugs



2 Quicker starts—Your engine will start quicker, too . . . save time and battery wear. Tests with cars whose plugs had gone about 10,000 miles show that new Champions cut starting time as much as 71%—with an average of 39%!



3 Less engine wear—You'll save costly repairs! Old misfiring plugs (left) dilute oil with raw gasoline. New full-firing Champions (right) burn the gasoline . . . protect oil from dilution. *When changing oil—be sure to check your spark plugs!*



4 Lower cost-per-mile—You get top power and gas economy for life of the plug. Champion's great new Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types—as photo above shows. Whatever car you drive, insist on 5-rib Champions!

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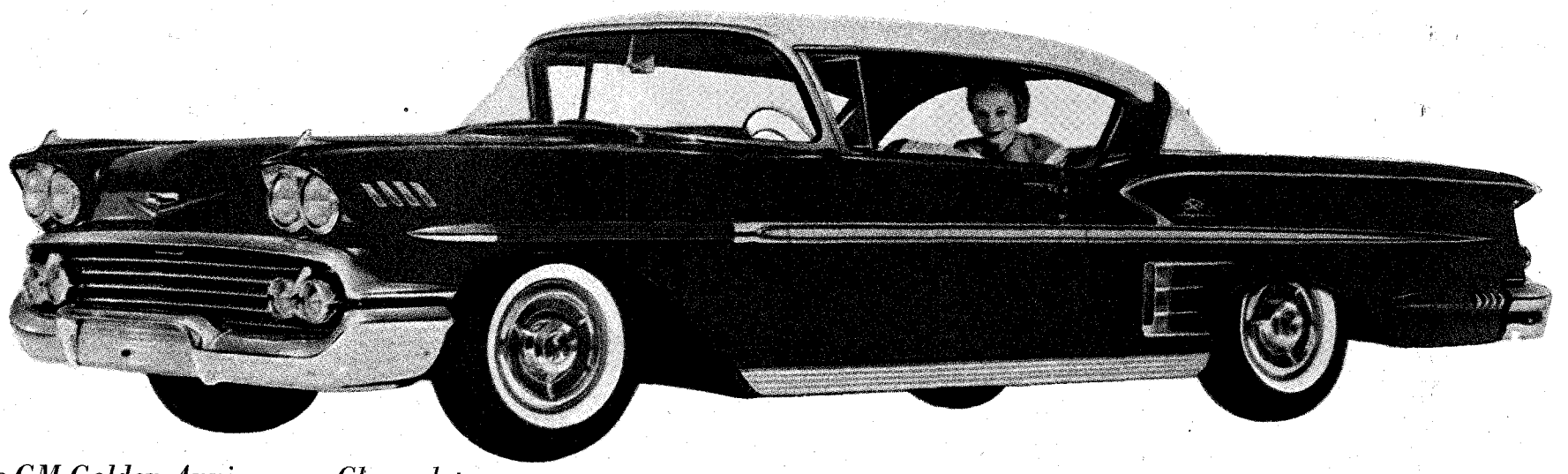
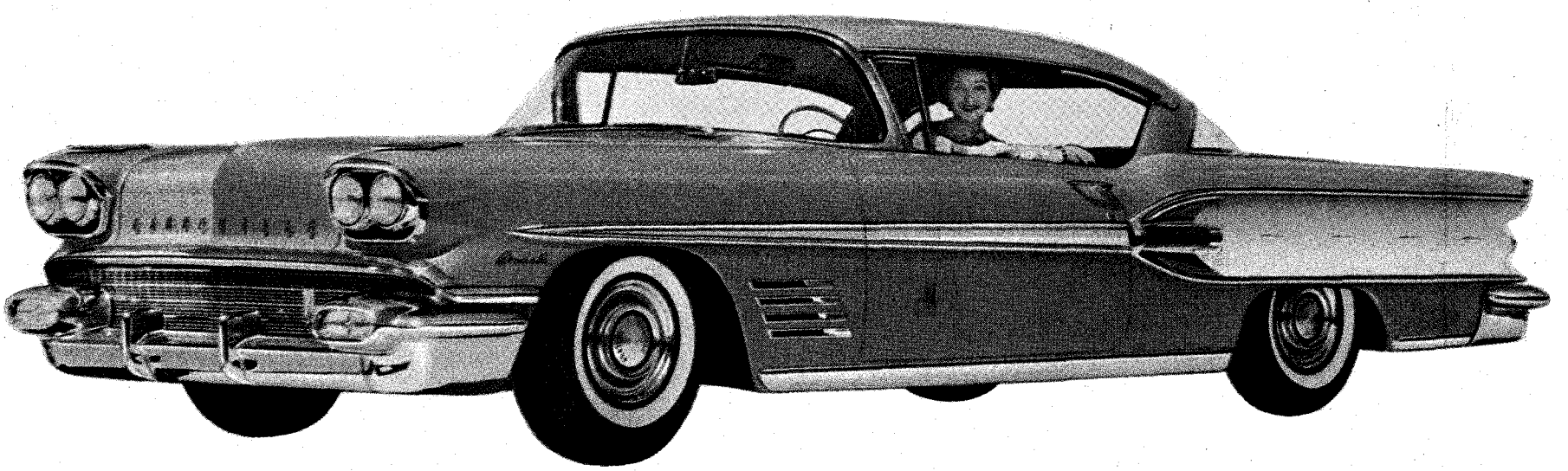
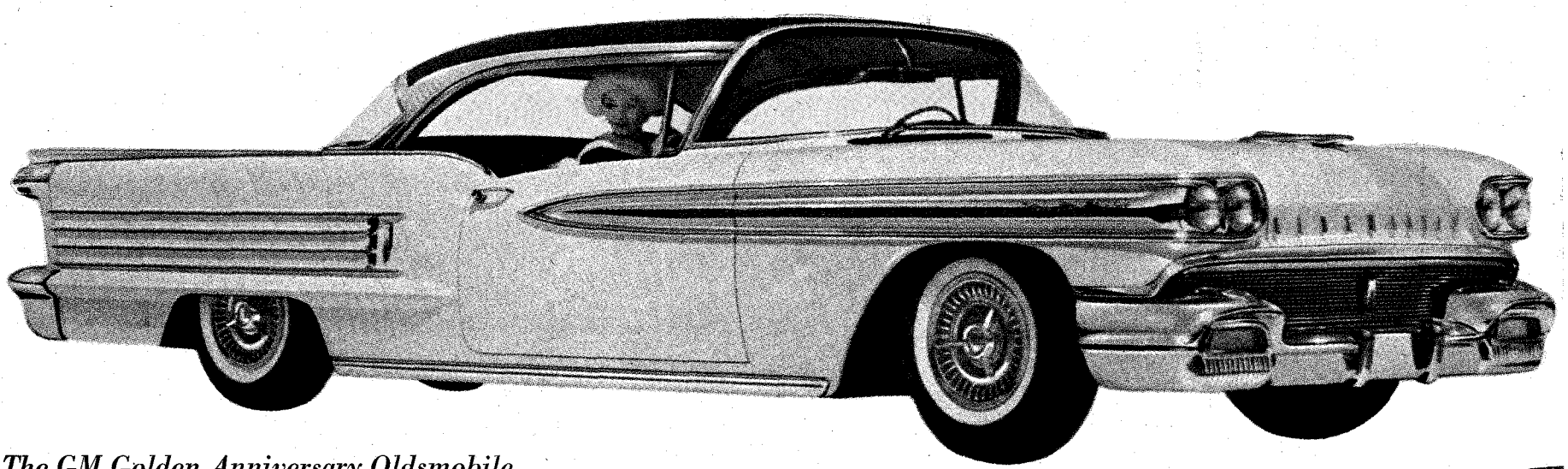
GENERAL MOTORS



The GM Golden Anniversary Chevrolet



The GM Golden Anniversary Pontiac



The GM Golden Anniversary Oldsmobile

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GOLDEN FIVE for '58

PRESENTED HERE are five typical offerings of 1958 automobiles from our five car Divisions in celebration of the fiftieth year of General Motors.

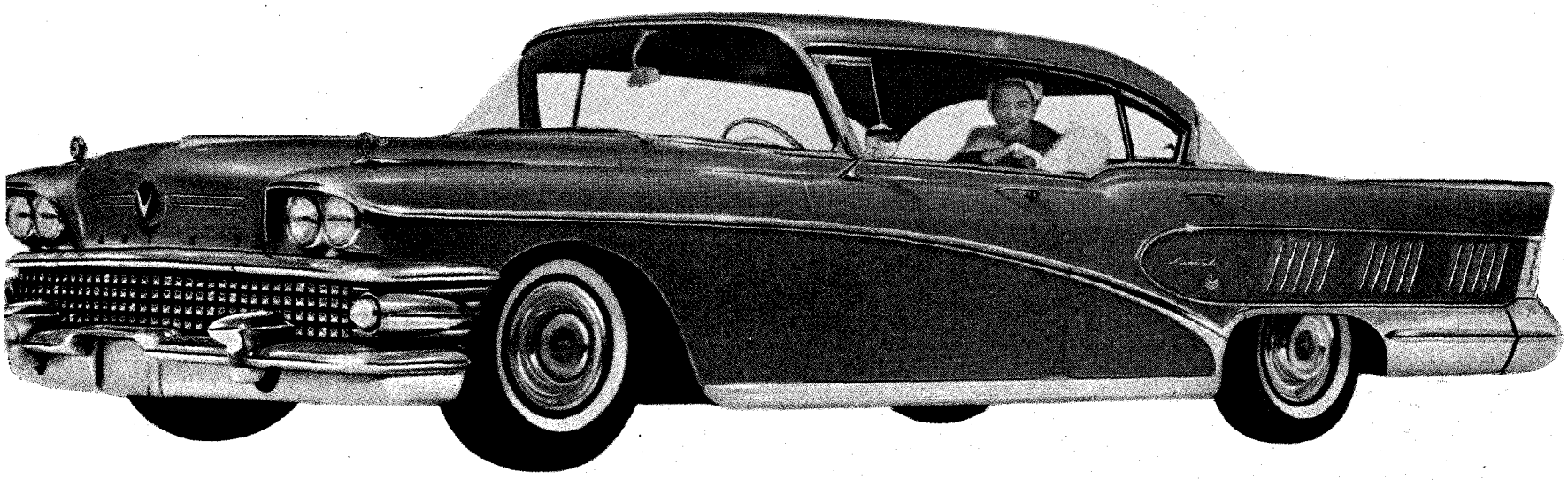
They are automobiles that—to be worthy of this event—were dedicated to surpass their own traditions.

And, while each maintains its own personality, all five cars benefit — as does the public — from the combined ingenuity of their own engineering staffs and the styling, research, development and testing resources of General Motors.

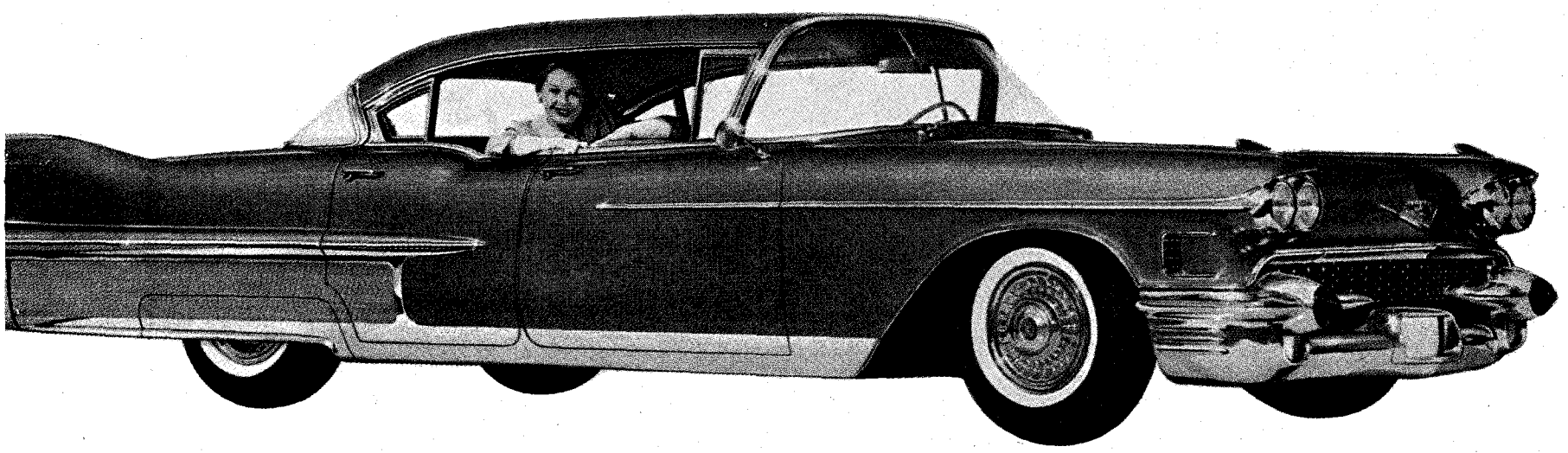
From the General Motors Technical Center comes a steady flow of advanced engineering and design developments—basic betterments in transmissions and engines—new ideas in comfort and safety features—new concepts in styling and appointments.

It is this General Motors leadership which has created such outstanding values in the cars now ready for your inspection in the showrooms of GM dealers.

They offer you, we believe, the widest selection and the most satisfying motoring to be found today.



The GM Golden Anniversary Buick



The GM Golden Anniversary Cadillac

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FROM THE PROGRESS OF THE PAST . . . THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

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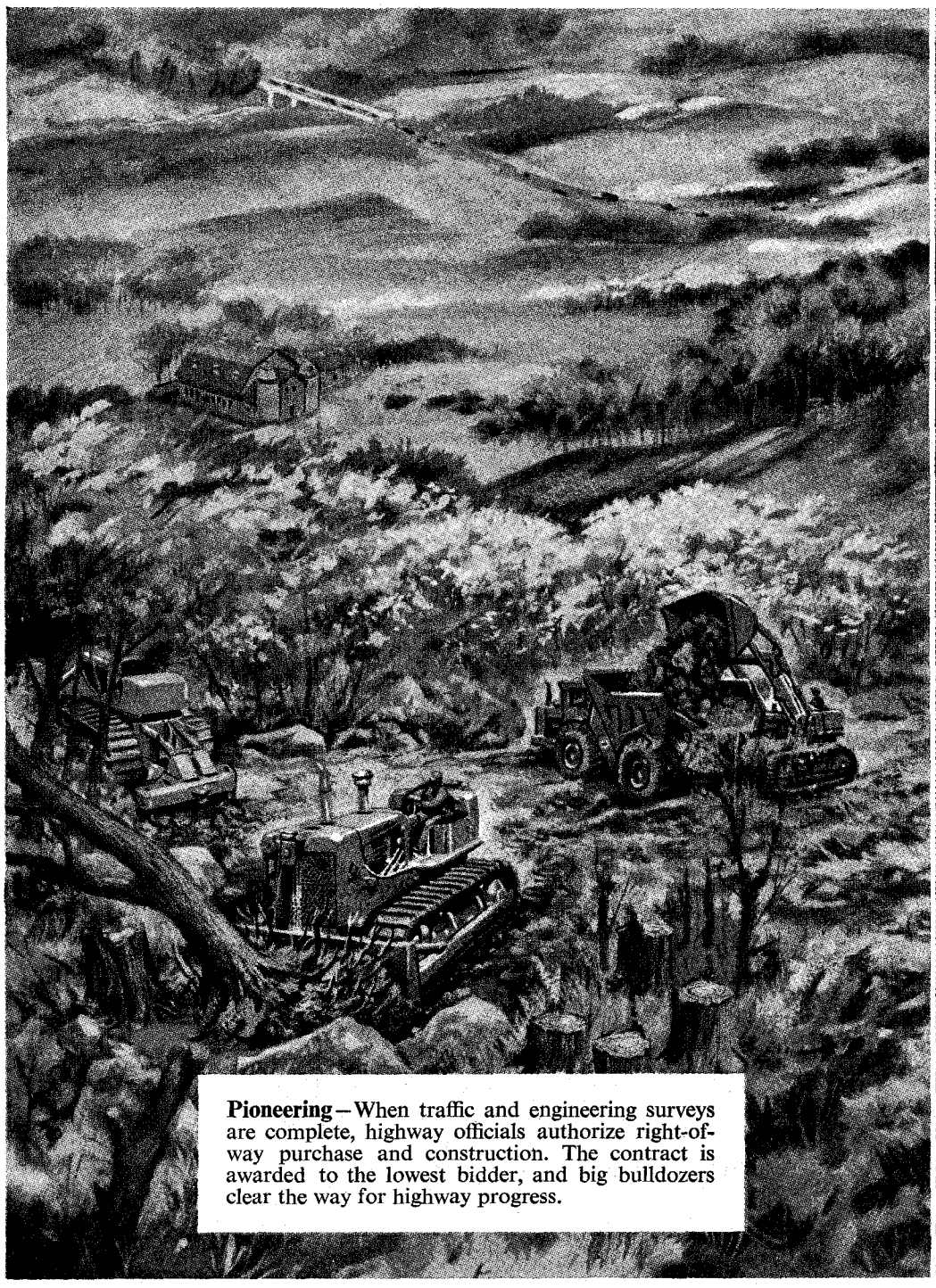
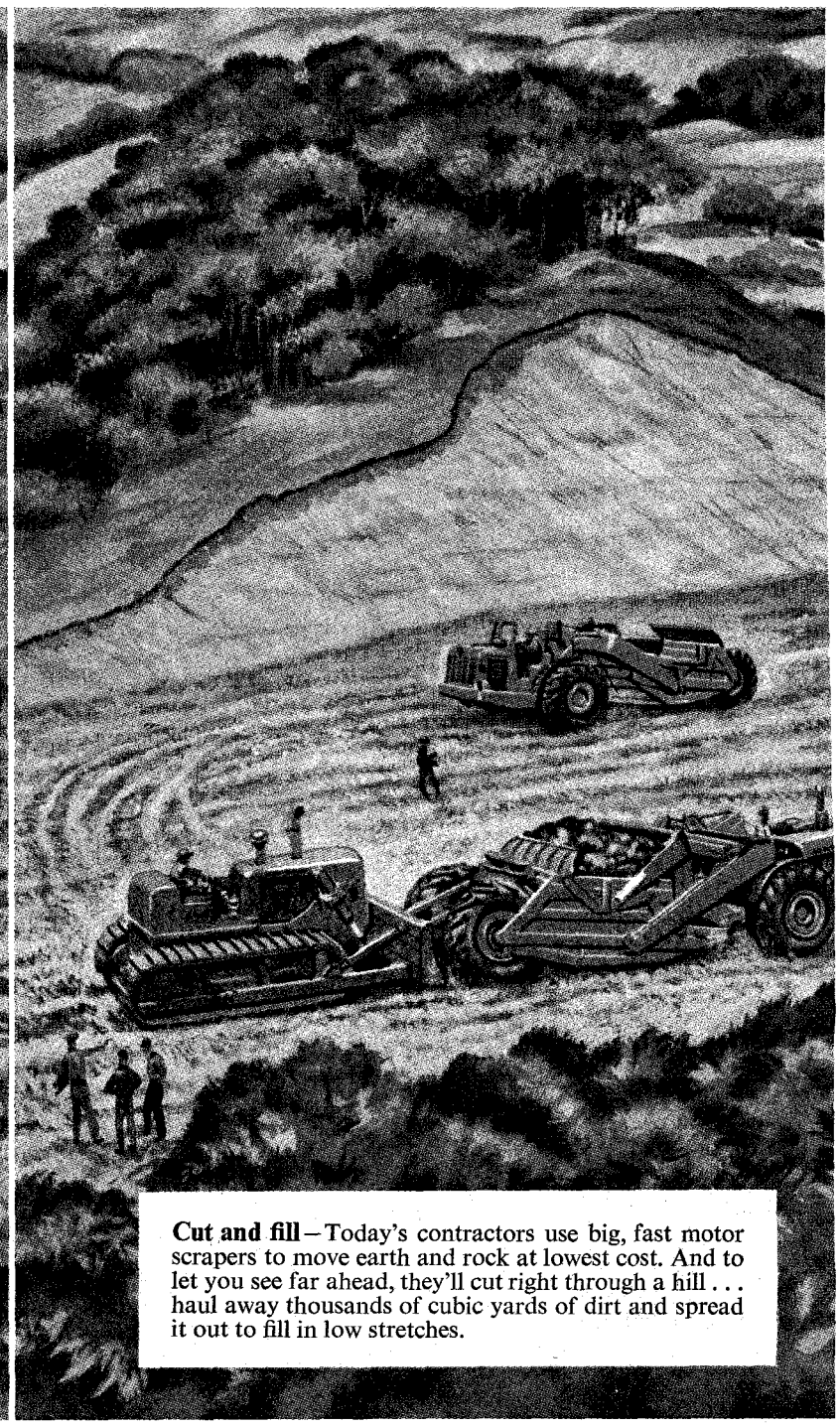


Pioneering—When traffic and engineering surveys are complete, highway officials authorize right-of-way purchase and construction. The contract is awarded to the lowest bidder, and big bulldozers clear the way for highway progress.



Cut and fill—Today's contractors use big, fast motor scrapers to move earth and rock at lowest cost. And to let you see far ahead, they'll cut right through a hill . . . haul away thousands of cubic yards of dirt and spread it out to fill in low stretches.

How America's road builders

Bulldozing giant on another new superhighway—Turbocharged diesel power and torque converter drive give this big new Allis-Chalmers crawler tractor a role of growing importance on the Illinois Toll Highway . . . a 193-mile network of roads in northern Illinois.

Day and night schedule speeds completion—Fleets of these big machines are working around the clock to help finish the Illinois superhighway. Skirting metropolitan Chicago, it links with the Indiana Toll Road to complete a "green light" expressway from Chicago to New York.

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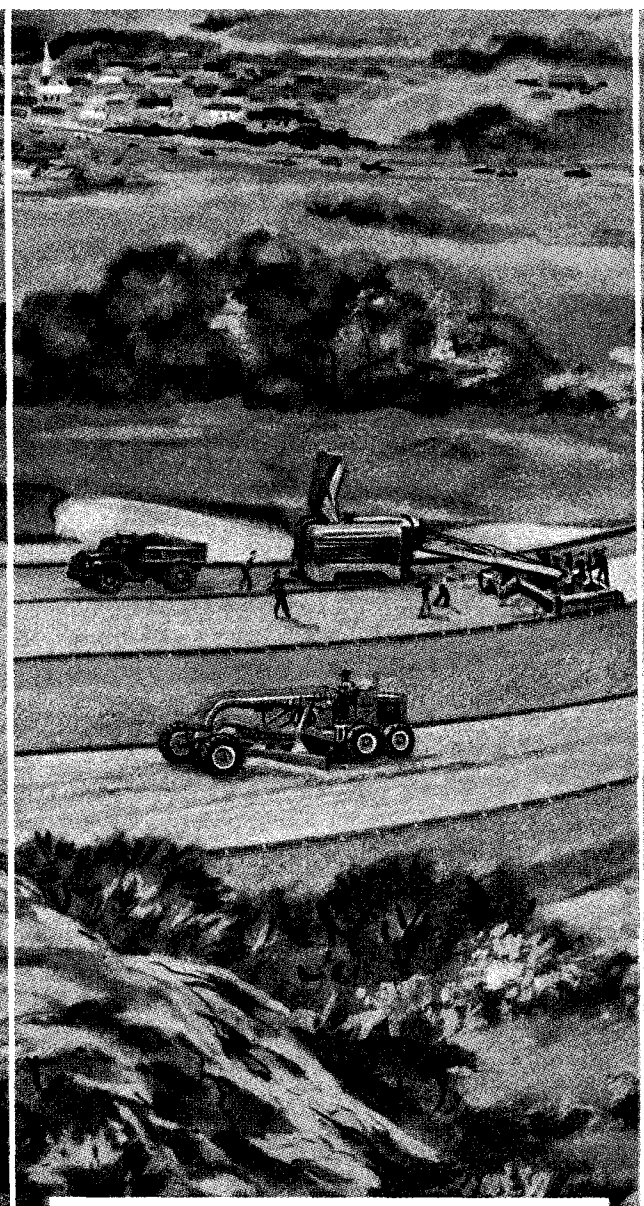
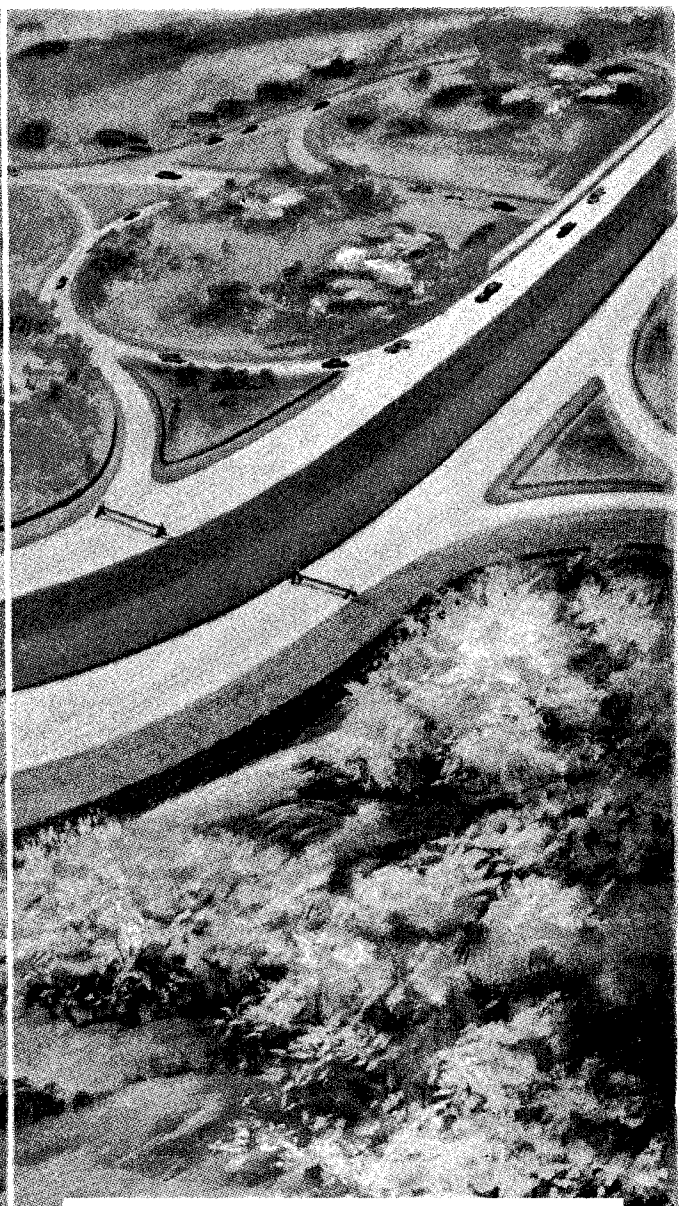
Grading to the "blue tops"—With bridges and drainage pipe in and major earth moving complete, contractors use motor graders to plane the compacted roadbed until the blue tops of precisely set stakes barely show.



Placing the pavement—Layers of gravel or crushed rock spread over firm earth assure proper drainage and a good foundation. Then come pavers that lay as much as 3,000 ft. of 10-in.-thick, 25-ft.-wide concrete a day.



Traveler's delight—Here's full measure for your road dollar: shorter routes, easy grades, broad curves, firm shoulders, controlled access. Comfort, convenience and *safety* are built in (the rest is up to you).

are getting the big job done

To speed completion of the gigantic road system our nation needs, they're using big ideas and big machines—and calling for your cooperation.

Before a new detour sign ever goes up, highway officials and engineers work for months—often years—studying traffic flow, population trends, the needs and desires of communities on or near the new road. They make use of every available tool—aerial and ground surveys, stereoscopic photos and electronic computers—to determine the route that will bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of people.

Even then, the plan is discussed with representatives of the communities affected before the job is opened to competitive bidding by qualified contractors. With the support of local officials, the press and the public, the road builders can move the job along as fast as good practice allows.

Next time you see a detour sign, look beyond it to the progress better roads bring. Try to smile at temporary delays, and you'll be doing your part to speed completion of the modern road system we all need and want. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

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Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today

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FAMILY STYLE

launch your holiday dream with an Evinrude for Christmas

Here's a family gift idea as full of promise as the first day of Spring! And so beautifully practical that anyone who can afford a vacation can sign up for Evinrude vacation living without waiting another day!

Imagine . . . being able to swim and sun and ski wherever you like, whenever the mood is on you. To fish in far-off spots where others can only dream of fishing. To cruise where only a fortunate few have cruised before you!

There never was a year when Evinrude had so much to offer a family in search of fun! So much *power*—with the fabulous 50 h.p. V-4 Starflite—incredibly smooth and capable! So much *quiet*—with the new whisper-voiced Lark—35 h.p. of pure velvet! So much that's *new! So much of everything!*

Your Evinrude dealer is the man to see. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the yellow pages of your phone book. Convenient budget payments, if you like. Or, if you prefer to give now and buy later—he has a lay-away plan just made for you—complete with Gift Certificate and all the trimmings!

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ANNOUNCING THE NEW *AUTOMATIC* HI-COMPRESSION LEWYT CLEANER!

Only Lewyt gives you all these work-saving features yet costs no more than ordinary cleaners!

NEW! ONE HORSEPOWER CLEANING EFFICIENCY! Super quiet! Vibrationless! Extra power you need for even hard-to-clean rugs!

NEW! HI-COMPRESSION CLEANING POWER! Gets deeply embedded rug-killing grit, surface lint, threads, even pet hairs in a single quick stroke!

NEW! TOOLS ALWAYS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS! All attachments ride right along on Lewyt's Built-In Tool Rack! Always handy! No more chasing back and forth!

NEW! *AUTOMATIC* POWER DIAL! Automatically gives you exact suction...from gentle cleaning action for drapes, dusting...to extra power for deep pile rugs!

NEW! BIG EASY-ROLLING WHEELS! No more tugging! Lewyt rides easiest over door sills and rug edges.

NEW! NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY! Big New Lewyt Disposable Speed-Saks have 21% more dirt capacity! You never see or touch dirt! Less changing, too!

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$89.95 Slightly higher West Coast and Canada

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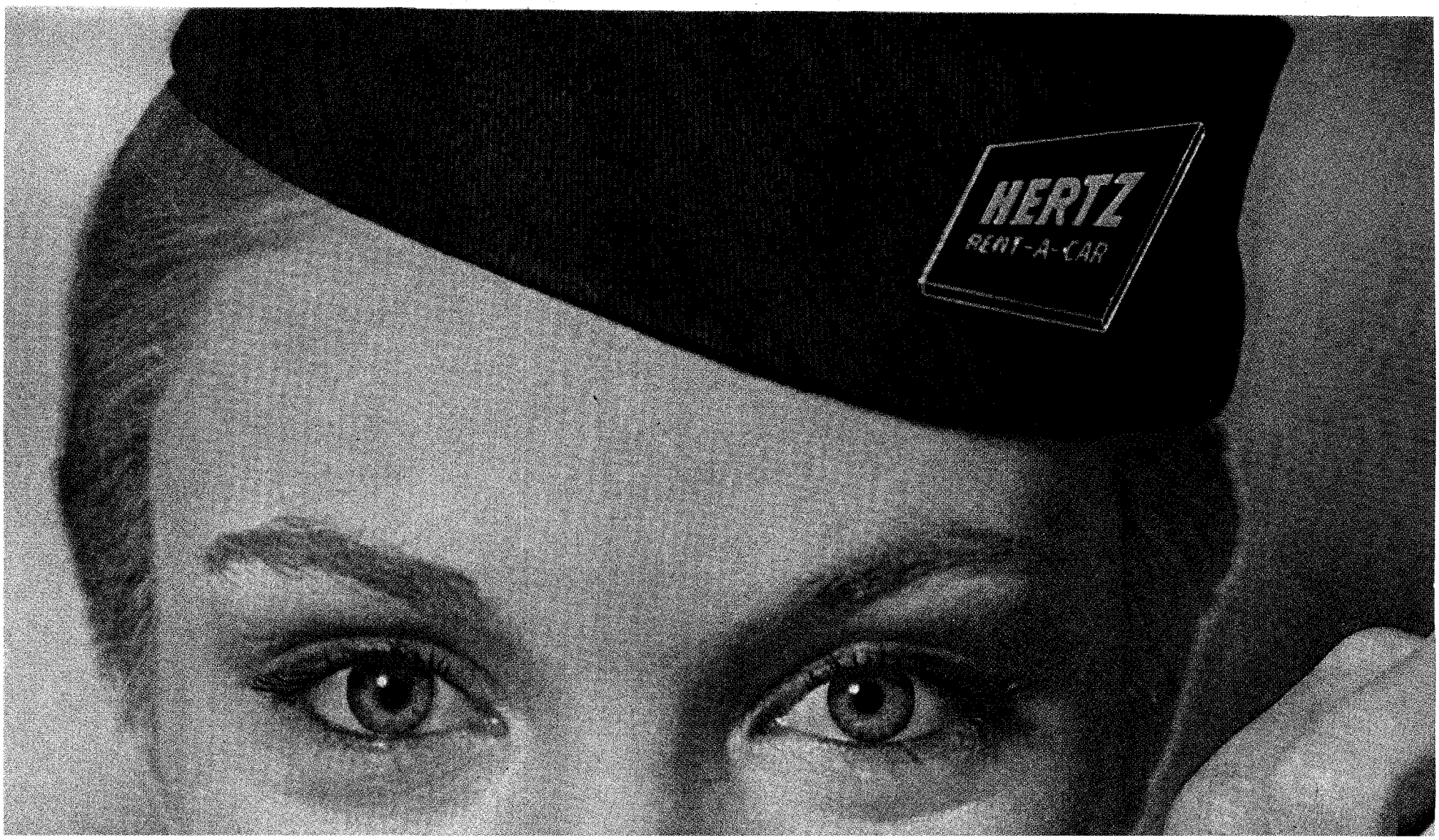
JUST OUT! NEW



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1958 CHEVROLET!

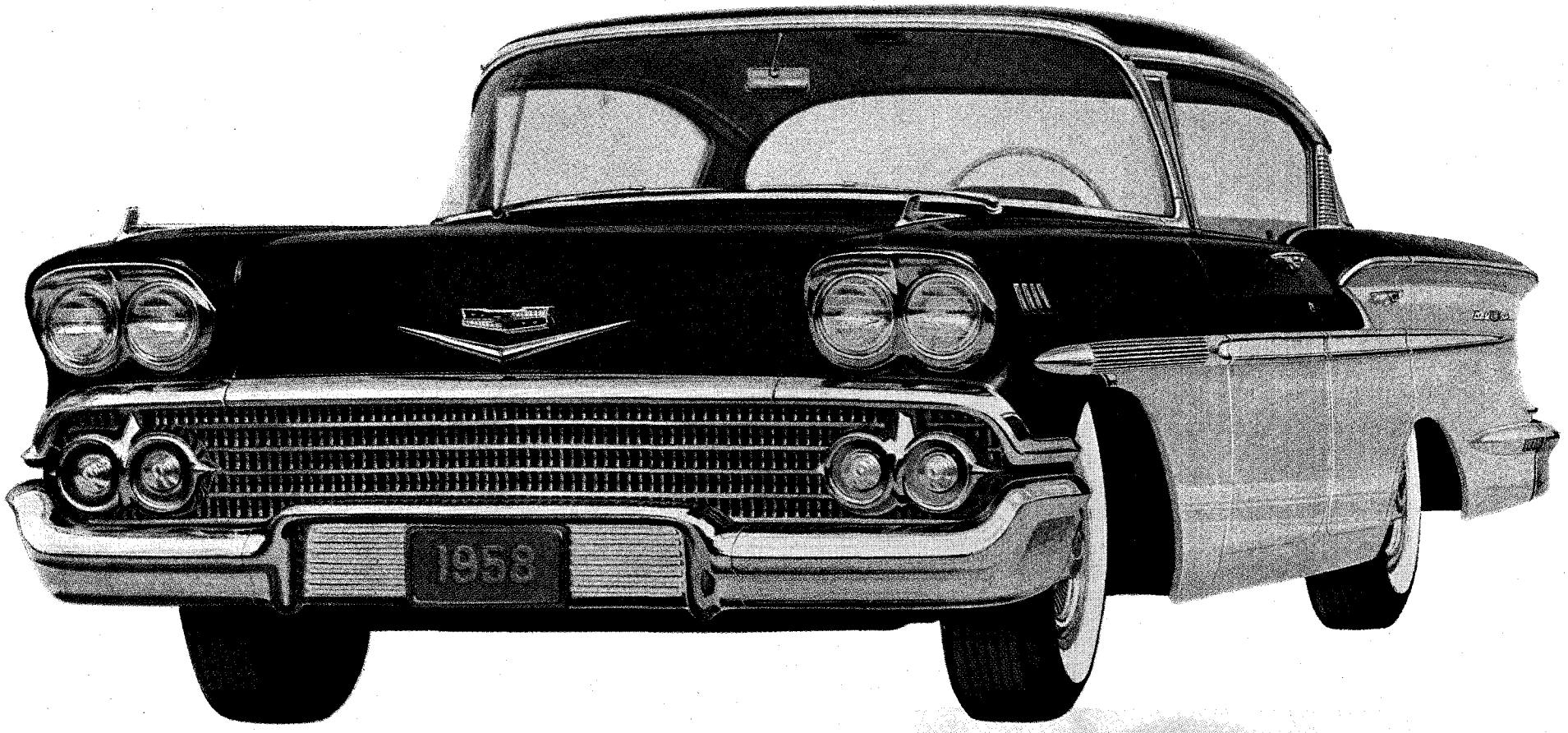
available now with Turboglide at **HERTZ RENT A CAR** offices everywhere

That's The Hertz Idea! Right now, Hertz has the car you've been waiting to drive. The exciting Chevrolet for 1958!

Just show your driver's license and proper identification at your local Hertz office. You'll get a new Turboglide Chevrolet Bel Air—fully equipped from radio to power steering—at the regular Hertz rate. National average for a '58 Chevy or other fine car is only $7.85 a day plus 9 cents a mile. And that covers *all* gasoline, oil and proper insurance.

Go anywhere! Hertz has over 1,400 offices in more than 900 cities around the world. More offices in more cities *by far* where you can rent, leave and make reservations for a car!

To be sure of a car at your destination—anywhere—use Hertz' fast, efficient reservation service. Call your courteous local Hertz office. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



"Rent it here . . . Leave it there" Now, nation-wide at no extra charge!

(Between Hertz cities on rentals of $25 or more. For Chevrolet sedans and comparable models only.)

More people by far . . . use

HERTZ

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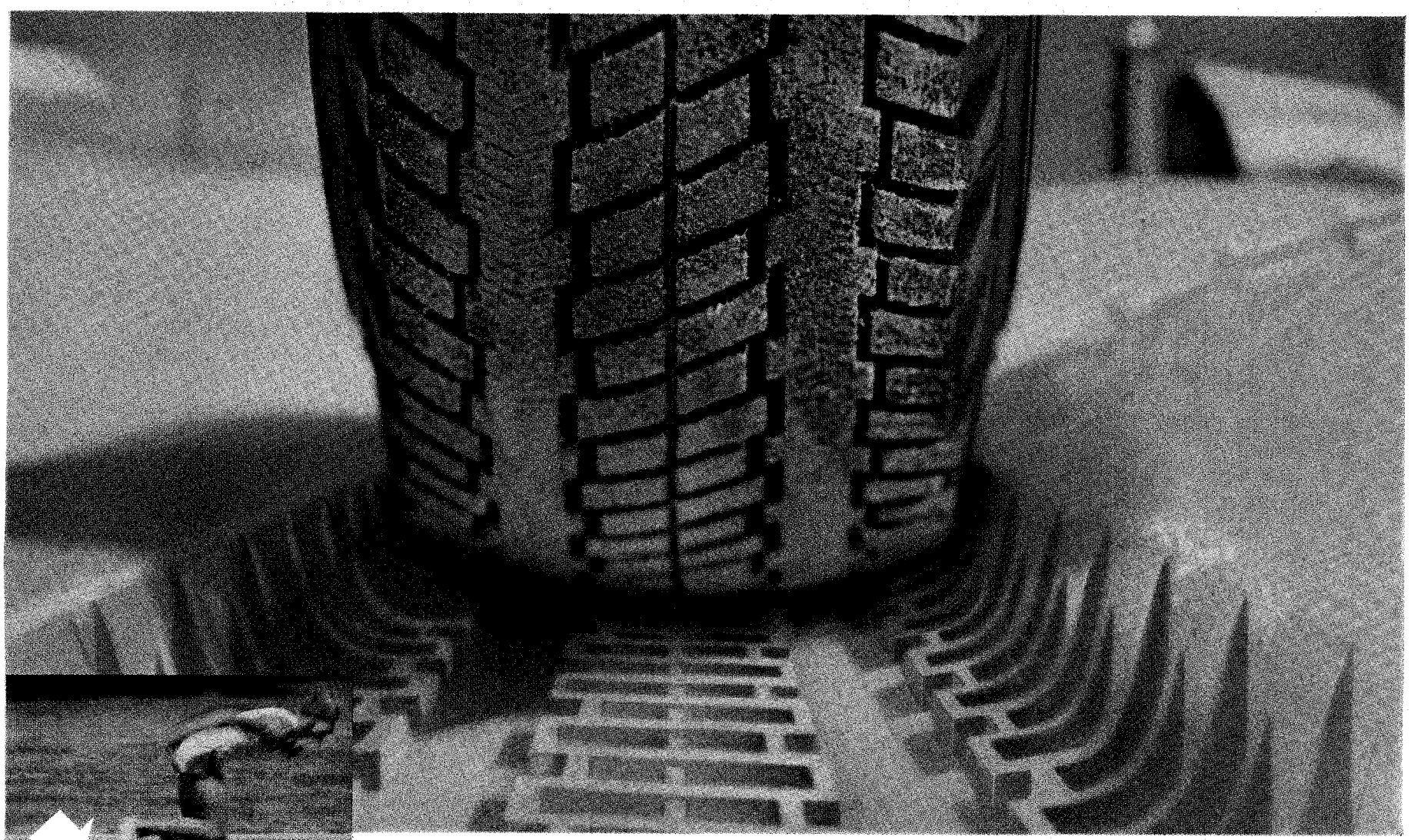
New Custom Suburbanite tread actually puts snow to work to give you more grip!



A runner pushes against starting blocks to get away swiftly and surely. Goodyear's new Custom Suburbanite presses blocks of snow behind each rugged cleat in its tread—then uses these blocks of snow as "starting blocks." It pushes against them—*actually puts the snow to work for you*—and your car's on its way surely and safely.

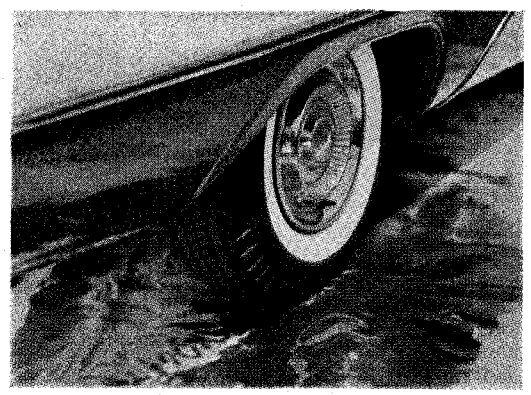
We knew we couldn't keep snow from falling this winter, so we designed a winter tire tread that *actually puts the snow to work!*

This new tread builds up blocks in the snow—then pushes against them to give you the sure-footed traction you need.

And for slippery going, this tread's 5500 biting edges give up to 55% better traction.

With a tough tread and triple-tempered 3-T Cord body, new Custom Suburbanites give up to a full season of extra wear.

Available now at your Goodyear dealer's in black or white sidewall; tubeless or tube-type; 3-T Nylon or 3-T Rayon Cord. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



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New 3-T Custom Suburbanite

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Detectives sift dirt in the garden of John Christie for human remains. Christie murdered seven women and buried three of them in this tiny yard.

My Scotland Yard Adventures

A distinguished sleuth's report on some master criminals: Christie, the mass murderer; Clapham, the profiteering priest; and others brought to book by the world's most famous detective force.

By SIR RONALD HOWE

A year or two before the war I was lunching with Heinrich Himmler, chief of the German police, and quite naturally he asked me what crime was like in London.

I replied that our main trouble was always housebreaking and shopbreaking. Himmler smiled in a rather superior way and said, "Ah, yes. We were worried about that in Berlin too. I mentioned it to the Führer, and he told me, 'The next burglars you catch, cut off their heads. That'll stop it.' So we cut off their heads, and it stopped it."

I would not regard Herr Himmler as the most reliable of men, and I do not know whether any Berlin burglar really did have his head cut off, but this conversation has often set me thinking about my own country's attitude toward crime.

The Metropolitan Police, in which I had the honor to serve for a quarter of a century, is one of the largest police forces in the world. With about 16,000 men—far too few—this force polices Greater London, an area of 750 square miles containing more than 8,000,000 people.

Christie, a bespectacled 55-year-old trucking clerk, as he was led to trial. He was hanged July 15, 1953.

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Normally, the very existence of the force is enough to prevent crime. To look after the detection of crimes committed, there has been built up a highly efficient machine which the world knows as Scotland Yard

New Scotland Yard, to give its correct title, is at once the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police and the repository of a great deal of information. The Fingerprint Department at the Yard houses the fingerprints of every criminal convicted in Great Britain, and the Criminal Record Office holds their records and photographs. There are many other departments, each with its particular function. Most of these services come under the Criminal Investigation Department, with which I spent most of my time at the Yard, first as second in command, then as Assistant Commissioner in charge of the C.I.D.

I have called Scotland Yard a machine, an assembly of parts none of which could work without the others, and that is what it is. Let me give examples of the machine in action.

In a case at Blackburn, in Lancashire, where a child had been murdered, the only clue was a bottle on which were found some fingerprints. These were referred to the Fingerprint Department at Scotland Yard for comparison with the collection held there. No result. Therefore we knew that the owner of these fingerprints was not a convicted criminal. Since no other line of inquiry developed, it was decided to take the fingerprints of every man in Blackburn, a town of over 110,000 people.

A promise was given, and kept, that the prints of all innocent persons would be destroyed. Because the British people trust the police and the fairness of British law, they agreed to this. Fingerprinting went on for about three months. Detectives even traced men who had left the district since the murder, and secured their prints too. All together, 46,253 sets of prints were taken. Eventually a set was found corresponding to those on the bottle, as a result of which a man was executed.

In another case, at Luton during the war, the body of an unknown, toothless woman was found in the river, wrapped in four sacks, but otherwise naked. Anything which might have helped to identify her, such as false teeth and finger rings, had been removed.

Two of the four sacks were unmarked. One, stamped with the name of a local potato merchant, proved to have been one of 1000 bought a year previously and distributed over a thirty-mile radius. The fourth sack was one issued by the Ministry of Food to potato dealers all over the country. This effectively disposed of the sacks as a possible clue.

House-to-house inquiries were made throughout Luton, a town of 70,000 people. Since the woman had been five months pregnant and had an appendicitis scar, these inquiries took in all doctors, prenatal clinics, maternity homes, midwives, and the innumerable shopkeepers who dealt in rationed foods which were issued as supplementary rations to expectant mothers.

The body was seen by thirty-nine different people, eleven of whom positively identified it. No two identifications agreed, and in the end the police found that the eleven women named were alive and well. More than 4000 missing women were checked, and 500 positively traced. Two hundred and fifty lorry drivers who had passed over a nearby bridge during the time the body was in the water were traced and questioned.

Because some clothing had been found, stained with blood of the same group as the dead woman's, a salvage dump in Luton was searched and over a ton of old clothing examined.

In some of the clothing brought to the police were five pieces of cloth which, put together, formed almost a complete black coat. The lining and padding were black throughout, indicating that the coat had been dyed. When the padding in the shoulders was unpicked, there was a dyer's tab. This enabled us to identify the woman, who had a husband. At first he said his wife had left him, but eventually he confessed to her murder.

It is obvious that no individual detective, however brilliant, can handle cases such as these on his own. What counts is the machine, which can quickly transport numbers of highly skilled men to the scene of a crime, and place at their disposal all apparatus of modern crime detection, from blood-group tests to photomicrography.

When I first went to Scotland Yard in 1932, this machine was in process of assembly. The commissioner at that time was Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard, a big man in every way. It was Trenchard who laid the

Sir Ronald of the C.I.D.

Sir Ronald Martin Howe, who retired this year as head of the Yard's fabled Criminal Investigation Department, has successfully matched wits with England's artful underworld for a quarter of a century. After his education at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, he won the Military Cross in World War I and was Knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1955. Unlike most senior officers at the Yard, he did not start his career as a bobby on a beat, but as a lawyer.

The Editors

After fingerprinting the entire adult male population of the town of Blackburn to complete the investigation of a baffling murder, Scotland Yard kept its promise and burned (above) the prints of the innocent.

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foundations for the present efficiency of Scotland Yard. The Metropolitan Police had no Forensic Science Laboratory of their own. Trenchard established one. Their legal work was done by an outside firm of solicitors. Trenchard started a Solicitors' Department at the Yard.

He also invited me to come over from the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions, where I was then serving, to be second in command of the Criminal Investigation Department. I was by profession a barrister. There is an excellent reason why there should be at least one trained lawyer fairly high in the detective hierarchy: snap decisions sometimes have to be taken in which the law is more important than detection.

In June, 1946, for instance, by which time I was Assistant Commissioner in charge of the C.I.D., a woman was found murdered and mutilated in a London hotel. She had booked in at the hotel with a man calling himself Lt. Col. N. G. C. Heath, and we were quickly able to establish from the files of the Criminal Record Office that there was an N. G. C. Heath who had had convictions for various minor offenses, including posing as a lieutenant colonel.

We also found a taxi driver who remembered that about midnight on the night of the murder he had driven a girl and a man answering Heath's description from a night club to the hotel. The night-club receptionist was also able to identify the couple from their descriptions. Heath was missing, of course, and at this stage all we had to connect him positively with the murder was the evidence of the taxi driver and the receptionist. Three days after the murder, I heard that a daily newspaper had a photograph of Heath and proposed to publish it.

A detective might have said "Go ahead. The more people who know what Heath looks like, the more quickly we'll catch him." But a lawyer had to take into account another consideration. If the photograph were published, a defending lawyer could have attacked the evidence of our two principal witnesses, and said that they had identified Heath only because they had seen his photograph in the newspaper. (Continued on Page 62)

MANY OF SCOTLAND YARD'S CASES ARE WORLD-FAMOUS

Donald George Thomas (hatless, between two plain-clothes men), the armed and desperate murderer of a policeman, was captured by unarmed Scotland Yard detectives, who almost never carry firearms, despite danger.

The Reverend Harry Clapham pocketed vast sums from benefactors who thought they were giving to the poor.

Neville Heath (below, left) murdered and mutilated a woman in a London hotel. Twelve days later he did it again—a girl he met at a seaside resort was the victim. Crowds gathered (right) at Pentonville Prison the day he was hanged.

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KILLER BY TRADE

Only one man knew the terrible secret behind the brutal murders.

First of two exciting parts
by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT
author of The Cruel Sea

When my brand-new, enchanting and unpredictable wife announced that we were going to fly 6000 miles, from London to South Africa, in order to spend our deferred honeymoon with her father, even I, the world's most placid chartered accountant, tried to put my foot down.

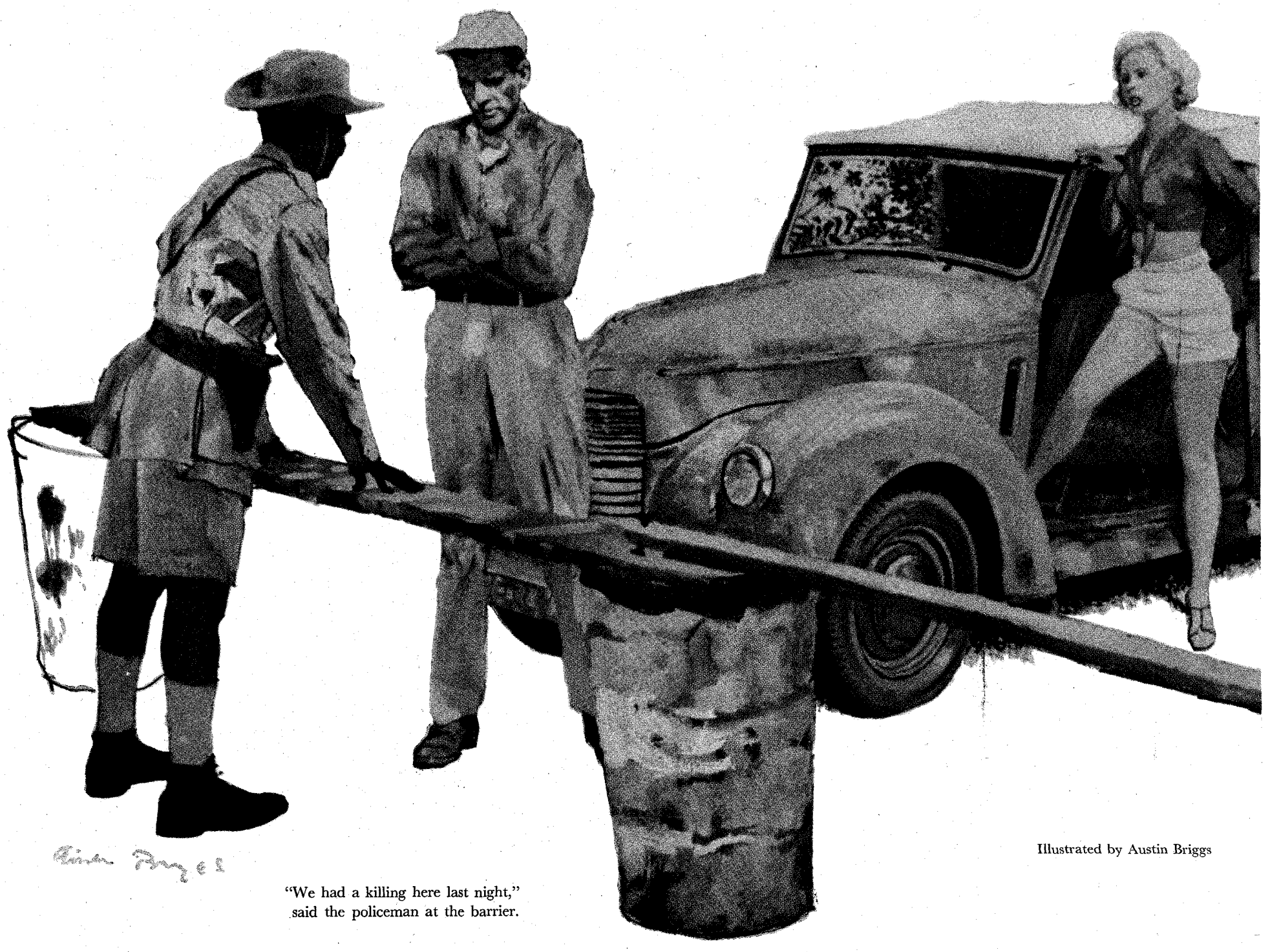
It was after dinner; she was looking entirely ravishing, in the sort of housecoat that no modern house should lack; the traffic outside was a low murmur, the fire burned brightly, the poodle was asleep. Against these heavy odds, I strove to put the realistic point of view.

"It's much too far to go," I said, just to start with.

"It's twenty hours," said Helene. (I don't know any other woman in the world who can make a sentence such as "It's twenty hours" sound like "I love you now.") "It's just a little hop," she continued, on the same note of insidious witchcraft. "People spend twenty hours just going to Scotland."

"Let's do that," I said.

"I want some sunshine." She raised a slim arm and a beautifully formed hand to tick off her list of requirements. "I want some sun. I want to see my father. I want you to see South Africa. I want a nice honeymoon."



"We had a killing here last night," said the policeman at the barrier.

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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I took the last point. "We can have a nice honeymoon," I said, "and scarcely take a step."

Helene looked at me, a melting look, no good at all for resistant husbands. "Yes, indeed," she said. "But this will be something special. South Africa is the most beautiful country in the world. You must see it. Dad has a house right on the sea, between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. There's a wonderful place—a sort of island peninsula, called the Robberg—where we'll go and fish. We can lie in the sun, picnic, look for wild orchids, shoot guinea fowl and catch sharks weighing hundreds of pounds."

I considered all these things. Guinea fowl are something I can take or leave alone—except at the dinner table—sharks I have been brought up to avoid. But the rest sounded magical. Weakening, I went through a modest catalogue of objections.

"I can't get away."

"You've more than two months' leave due to you."

"It's too expensive."

"We can use the wedding checks."

"There won't be room in the house."

"There's a whole wing of it, waiting for us."

And finally, in a judicious, chartered-accountant voice, "It's very unusual," I said, "to spend a honeymoon with one's father-in-law."

"He's a poppet," said Helene. "I adore him, and so will you. Next to you, he's the nicest man in the world. He'll just love having us."

"But it's a honeymoon."

"That's all right," said Helene. "He's terribly deaf."

"Better for us if he were terribly shortsighted."

"Now that," said Helene, "is one of the most unkind remarks I've ever heard."

Naturally, we caught the Johannesburg plane forty-eight hours later.

Helene had been right, as usual; South Africa—politics apart—was the most beautiful country in the world, and the corner where my father-in-law lived was a jewel of sunshine, noble scenery and soft-lapped luxury. It was called Plettenberg Bay; in the nineteenth century it had been a famous whaling station, named for a former Dutch governor of the province, who undoubtedly showed wonderful taste in choosing this base for his operations.

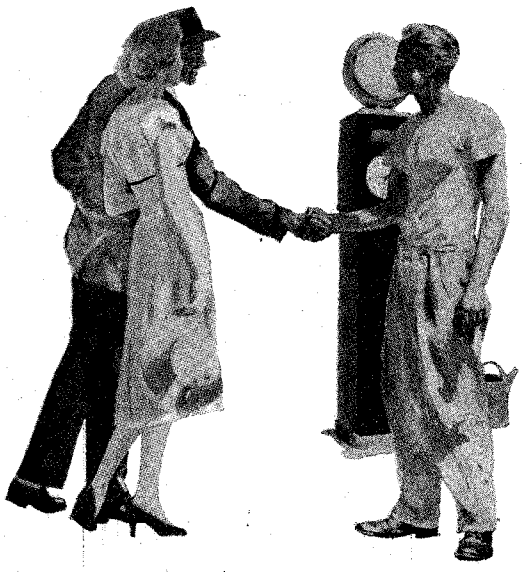
The small village lay in the arm of a bay on the Indian Ocean, well protected, benevolent in all its aspects. It had a long sandy beach, a gentle warmth and a backdrop of mountains with the unpronounceable name of Tzitzikama, which supplied, every morning, noon and night, a contagious hazy magnificence. After grumbling about everything, from the price of the airline tickets (£374 each) to the quality of the souvenir leopard-skin slippers which we bought at Nairobi on the way south, I still had to admit that it was a dream.

My father-in-law—whom I had never met—was not a dream; he was something else again. His name was James Forsyth; he was old—eighty—highly individual, and a man of extreme local influence. He was rich, as all fathers-in-law should be. In his day he had been a famous athlete; indeed, he was the oldest living South African Rugby football International. He was tough, magnificent, endearing and totally formidable. He was also selectively stone-deaf.

After he had embraced Helene, he turned to me. His handshake was sinewy and enveloping. As I clasped his hand, I hoped that when I was eighty years of age I could still give as good an account of myself.

In a deep, rumbling voice he said, "Welcome to my house." And then, pointing toward Helene, with whom he clearly had a special, tender relationship, he said with Old Testament authority, "Make her very happy."

Our first dinner was well up to what I came to know as South African standards—a fish broth, a fresh-caught yellowtail, a mountainous steak, a cheese soufflé and coffee as thick and strong as Manila rope. My father-in-law, casting envious glances every few minutes, ate two soft-boiled eggs and drank a glass of buttermilk. After that, Helene went off to unpack, while I sat outside on the wide stone veranda, and gazed with deep contentment at the Indian Ocean a few score yards off, and watched the stars come out, and talked with old James Forsyth. London and foggy drizzle and dreary politics seemed much more than 6000 miles away.



"Hello, Murderer!" I said.

I thought my father-in-law delightful, if somewhat disconcerting. He was indeed deaf; one had to shout; but, occasionally, it seemed his hearing came on again and he picked up a near whisper not necessarily intended for his ears. Mostly, on this night, I was content to listen, while he rumbled on in a deep bass voice. It was small talk from a large man; village politics, local stock losses, the fishing prospects, the weather. Life for him, and for everyone else in Plettenberg Bay, was clearly tranquil, blessed alike by nature and by man.

Only as we said good night did something disquieting intrude upon this paradise.

"Well, now!" said old James Forsyth. He levered up his immense frame from the armchair and consulted a gold pocket watch that must have weighed half a pound. "That's my bedtime." He gave me a sudden startling, conspiratorial wink. "You'll be sitting up late, I suppose."

It was odd to blush, and to have such an appreciative witness of it.

"Well, no," I answered; "I think it's about my bedtime too."

"She's a good girl," said James Forsyth. "The best that I have." He walked toward the doorway, calling as he did so, "Timothy!"

Timothy appeared on the instant, a small, spare, smiling Negro in immaculate white, from pointed shoes to cotton gloves. I already knew, from Helene, that he had been everything from kitchen boy to children's nurse, from chauffeur to major-domo, in this not inconsiderable household during the past thirty-five years.

"Master," said Timothy.

"Have you locked up?" asked James Forsyth gruffly.

"Yes, master. All safe."

"Garage too?"

"Yes, master."

"All the boys in?"

"Yes, master."

"Put the bar on the kitchen door. And then help me with my boots."

It sounded strange, and I remarked on the fact. "Do you really have to lock everything?" I asked.

He cupped his hand to his ear. "Hey? What's that?"

"Must you lock up?" I shouted. "In a village like this?"

(Continued on Page 92)

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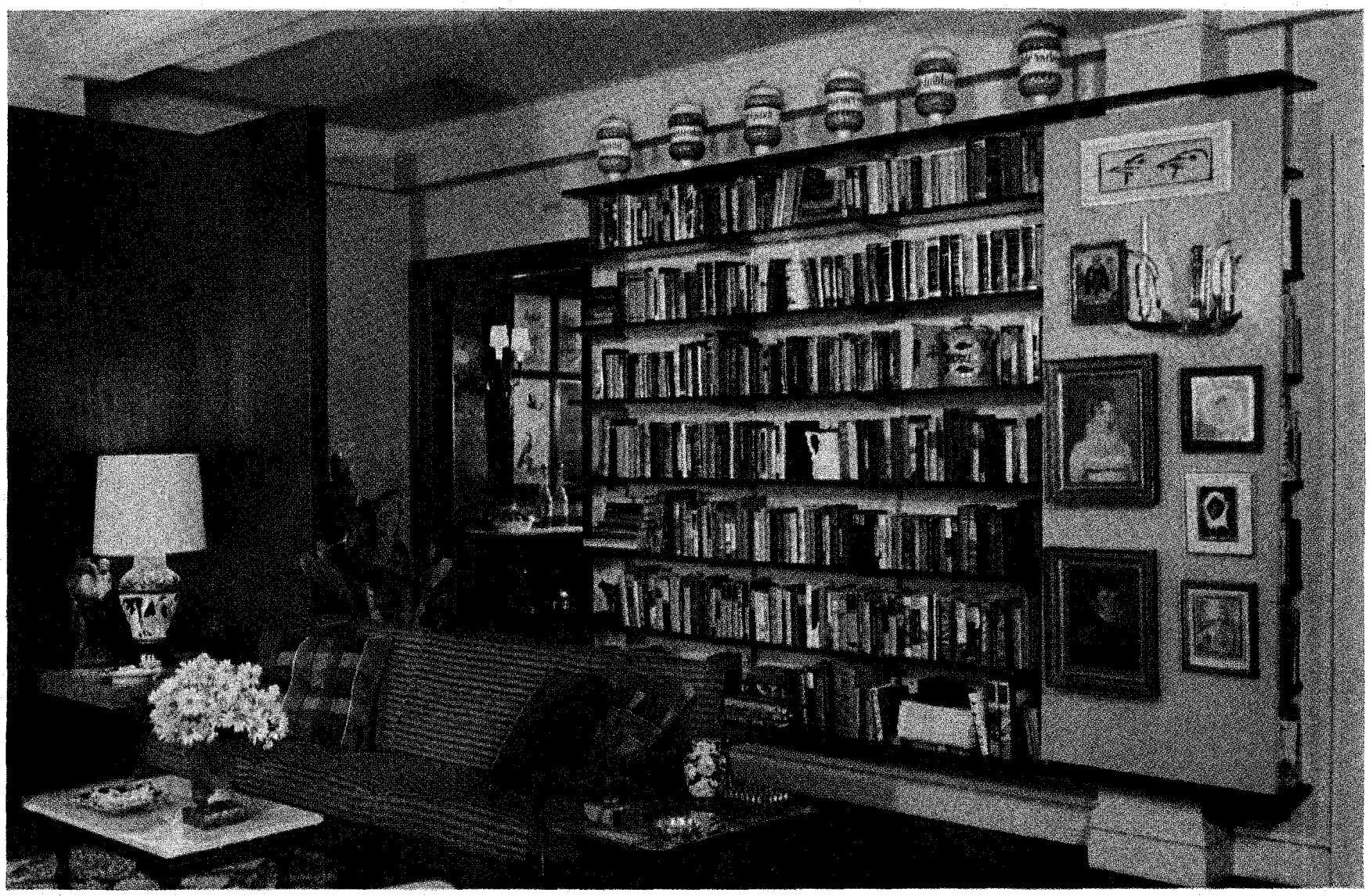

Manhattan's East Sixties:
writer Margaret Cousins' apartment had ugly walls. Pahlmann covered them with bookshelves and panels.

Sands Point, Long Island:
the former home of wealthy Cobina Wright. The present owner, Mike Axinn, engaged Pahlmann to "humanize" its vast spaces.

MILLION-DOLLAR DECORATOR

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

William Pahlmann

For this interior decorator's exotic touch, the well-heeled gladly squander huge sums. And they do just as he says, no matter how preposterous his orders may seem.

William Pahlmann, a rawboned giant from Texas, happens to be one of the most fabulously successful interior decorators of our time. An interior decorator is a person who is employed to solve such profound problems of modern life as: Shall we lay down wall-to-wall carpeting? Shall we do the dining room in English Regency or Swedish Modern? Shall we paint the foyer salmon pink or cerulean blue? (In high-style decorating circles, there are no such colors as just plain pink or blue or green.) (Continued on Page 141)

Beacon Street, Boston:
the home of textile executive Arthur Wellman. "Blue," says Pahlmann, "is good for everybody and any room."

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Abby became strangely fierce. "It's a man's dream, and they can't get over it—looking, looking for something."

Interpretation of Marriage

By WILLIAMS FORREST

Marcia couldn't understand her own husband, until this strange woman explained him.

"Mommy, mommy!" Charles was calling from outside. "A cowboy—a cowboy!"

"What are you talking about, Charles?" she said, going to the door. She shaded her eyes against the alien, and, to her, vicious glare of New Mexico in the summer. She felt the restless irritability that always possessed her when she was uprooted from the calm New England city where she had spent most of her life.

Charles was already running from her, gesticulating wildly. "A cowboy, a cowboy!"

His sister, Betty, tall, fourteen and showing some signs of being a lady, was on the left side of the yard, shading her eyes. She turned and called, "Mother, a man on a horse is coming!"

Marcia did not like the sound of it; she was unused to mounted men riding up to her house. And when she walked up and stood beside Betty, she was even more unsure. This man was like something out of a Western movie; riding with an easy seat in the saddle, wearing a broad hat that obscured his features, and wearing tight jeans, boots and a blue shirt. He had a rifle in a sheath against the saddle, and she saw the butt of a pistol curve forward from the left side of his belt. He came toward them with a grim majesty that made her want to herd her children together under her arms. *Oh, this is silly*, she thought; *this isn't the wild West*. Or was it? In his exploration for oil, as a geologist for a big company, Bob, her husband, went to some fantastic places, and on occasion he had been wrong when he allowed her, and the children, if school was out, to accompany him. She would never forget that ghost town in Canada, and the big, all-too-friendly rats.

"'Day, ma'am," said the rider, and swept off his hat.

Black hair poured over his ears. His face was scraggly with dark reddish hair. He had a long nose, a large mouth and small eyes that were sharp and steady. His voice was honed by fatigue and what seemed like suspicion, but there was a homely courtliness in it.

Charles was awed, but he was leaping from foot to foot, and clutching at himself suddenly, so that Marcia was afraid he had to go to the bathroom. This homely incongruity made her (Continued on Page 102)

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Hussein (right) with his bosom friend, Army chief Nuwar, later a treacherous ringleader.

In surrounded Amman, a loyal Arab Legionnaire demonstrates for the king.

How the Boy King Foiled the Plotters

By JOSEPH ALSOP

Young Hussein of tiny, strategic Jordan upset the best-laid plans of Nasser and the Kremlin. A behind-the-scenes report from the troubled Middle East.

Take the basic story of David and Goliath. Combine with a somber psychological drama, with the theme of friendship betrayed. Enrich with a classic international intrigue. Vary with scenes of violent action—wild night rides, blazing troop mutinies; rapid, mysterious movements of armed men. Then add a final climax from an old-fashioned boys' storybook, in which a boy king snatches triumph from disaster by an unparalleled display of dashing courage.

There you have the approximate scenario of last April's crisis in the little Arab land of Jordan. Using all their massed power, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and the masters of the Kremlin jointly reached for control of Jordan. Almost alone and singlehanded, young Hussein, King of Jordan, saved his country by a hairbreadth only. And in so doing, he saved far more than Jordan.

Here Syria is the measure. Remember how the free world quivered with alarm when small, corrupt, disordered Syria succumbed to the recent coup d'état of its pro-Soviet, pro-Egyptian faction. Remember further that Jordan, not Syria, is the natural approach route to all the most vital regions of the vital Middle East. Imagine how the free world would be responding today, if Soviet-Egyptian coups d'état were also taking place in rich Iraq, in the oil sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf, and even in the Arab homeland, Saudi Arabia itself. This was the chain reaction that the Egyptians and the Soviets hoped to start in Jordan, and that young Hussein narrowly averted.

Having watched him in action in the days of crisis, I wanted to learn more about the twenty-two-year-old king who upset Nasser's and the Kremlin's best-laid plans before his beard was fully sprouted out. So I went back to Jordan later on, to talk with him for many hours on end. The result is this story of Hussein. It tells much about the dark and unfamiliar forces that (Continued on Page 147)

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Stan looked up. The boy was on his hands and knees beside him.

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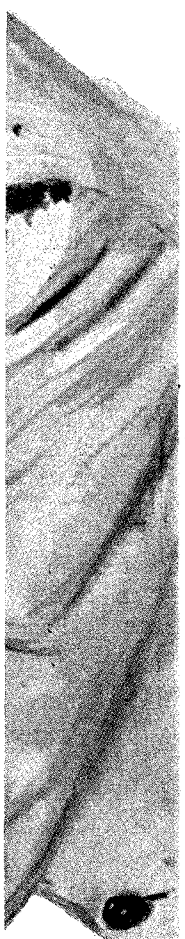
SOLDIER'S BOY

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

He was twelve years old, with a burden to bear that would be too much for most men . . .



The aide knocked as General Brisk came out of the shower that last morning, toweling his lean frame. "Good morning, sir. Several more telegrams." Lieutenant Barraclough had them sheafed in his hand.

"Good morning, John. Just read me the signatures," Stanton Brisk grunted. "Not what they say. I know the whistle's blown, damn it. I know I'm retiring," and he raised his coffee cup to stand at the window, sipping the steaming liquid.

"Signed just 'Jingles,' sir."

Stan turned around quickly. "Jingles Mallory had the Armored Division from St. Lô on. Corps later. Is he still in Turkey with the mission?"

"Dated from Istanbul, sir." John Barraclough rustled the next wire, waited a moment. "Signed: 'Respectfully, Thomas F. Utterfield WO 1.'"

"No!" the general snorted. "Bless my soul. First Sergeant Utterfield, after all these years, to remember? Couldn't've, though. Must've read the orders. Where's it from?"

"Washington, sir."

"Saw the orders, then. Always reads the orders to the letter, Utterfield. My old C Troop top soldier from the Horse Army at Fort Sam. A lifetime before yours, John."

"Yes, sir. Two more, sir," the aide said evenly. "Just read the signatures with these two as well, sir? Are you sure?"

"Just read the signatures, John. I'm quite sure."

"The Chief of Staff, general, and the President."

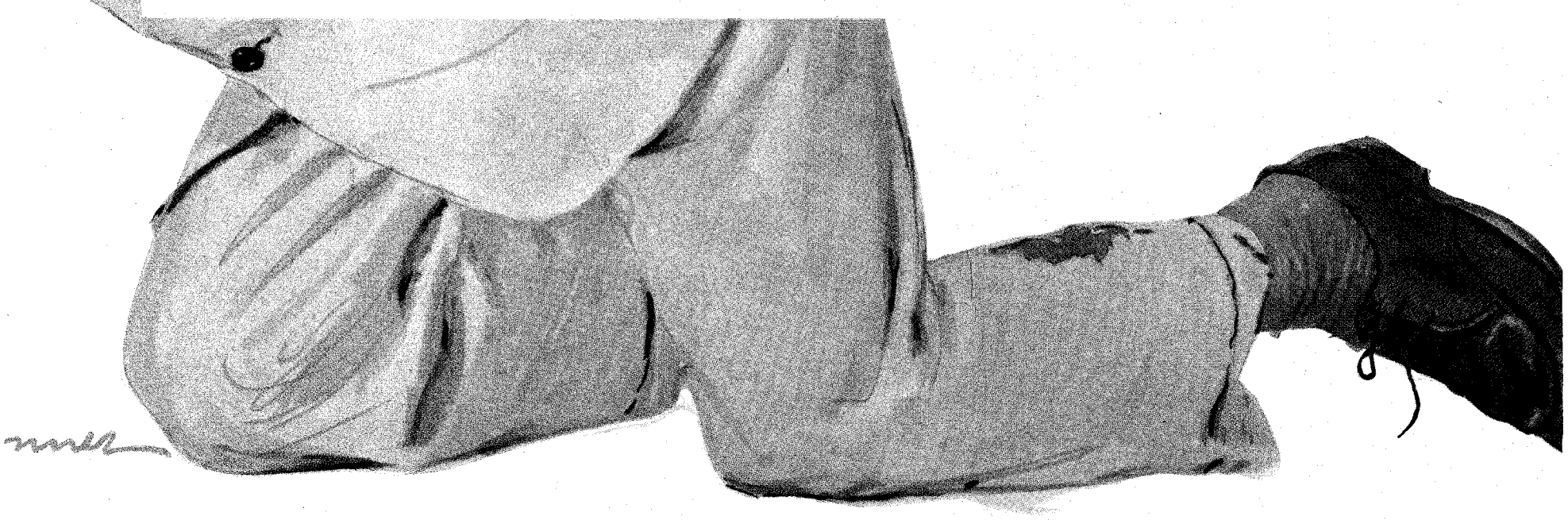
Stanton Brisk put his coffee cup down. He took the telegrams and turned away. He saw his face in the mirror, and turned away. The aide was a very smart boy. He went out and closed the door softly.

For a moment a sense of dreadful futility came over the general. At this day's end he would have no work to anchor him ever again. For that is the essence of service retirement. It turns you out footloose and idle, and there might be ten years of life ahead, twenty, with only the worms of an old soldier's memory to bore other people blind. Only the memory that a few people had trusted you in your time and not found you wanting. Only the comfort that they remembered to wish you well, when the door was swinging shut for good.

It was shortly after nine o'clock. There was the last of Stan's personal things to take from the quarters he was relinquishing here, to the apartment he had rented at Surf Village. And there was his wife, Edith, to see at the rest home in Palolo Valley. He dreaded that more than he ever had before, because it would be impossible for Edith to comprehend his retirement.

To his wife he was still Captain Brisk. They could not tell the general exactly what (Continued on Page 123)

Illustrated by Mac Conner



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My Forty Years in Pro Football

Before he gave up coaching two seasons ago, Halas' record stood at 368 victories, 117 defeats, and 27 ties.

By GEORGE S. HALAS

The author—and the immortals among his Chicago Bears—helped bring the game up from the back lots to the big time. Here is his own story of a rough-and-tumble career.

Part One

My wife, Min, may lose her car keys occasionally, and she has trouble locating gloves and earrings, but she's the most careful woman in the world about one thing—reading the sports pages of the newspapers. When Min spots a story about the Bears, she tears it out and drops it into an old breadbox we've had around the kitchen ever since she started keeping house. When the breadbox is filled, Min pastes the clippings into a scrapbook.

Over the years, Min has put together thirty-eight scrapbooks—one for each season since 1919, when I broke into professional football playing right end for the Hammond Pros against Jim Thorpe and the Canton Bulldogs. Naturally, I get a big kick out of skimming through Min's scrapbooks. They stir up a lot of memories.

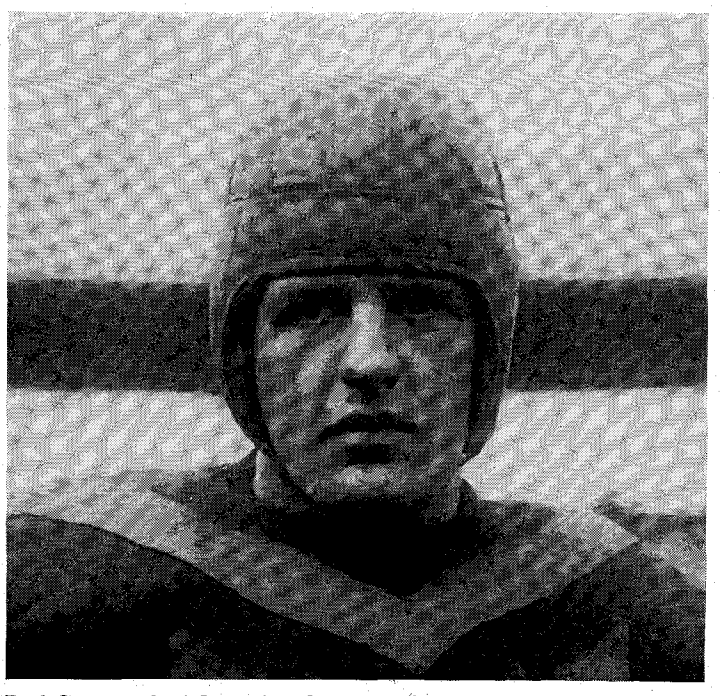
That first game against Canton, for example, was a pretty rugged initiation. Early in the first quarter, our big fullback, Gil Falcon, tripped Thorpe with an ankle tackle and bounced him across the side line into our bench. The collision dazed Thorpe. Blood trickled from a cut over his right eye. He took time out while somebody slapped a piece of tape over the cut, then went back to work at left half.

On the next play, Thorpe smashed through our line and powered straight for Falcon. This time Thorpe lowered his left shoulder and drove under Falcon, knocking him about three feet in the air. Gil landed with a Whoos-sh-h-h—flat on his back—and we took another time out while the trainer pumped some air into him.

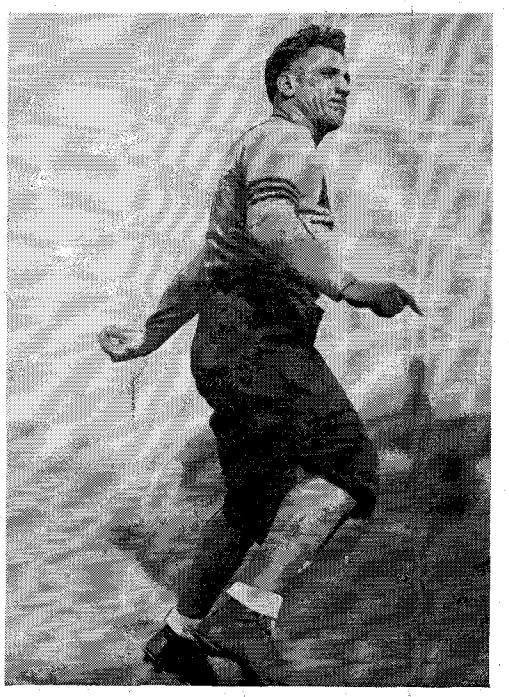
That's the way Thorpe played ball. Every tackle was a challenge. Jim had a fierce pride in his own strength. No matter how hard you hit him, he came right back and hit you just as hard or harder.

Thorpe's club beat us, 7 to 0. Jim scored the touchdown, bulling over from the four-yard line. Our only scoring opportunity came late in the final

(Continued on Page 117)



Red Grange, the "Galloping Ghost," was a star who helped the Bears create more legends and win more titles than any other pro team.



"Bull" Doehring of the mid-1930's Bears could throw a behind-the-back pass for 40 yards.

Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian: "Jim never used his arms in orthodox tackling style," Halas recalls. "Instead, he hunched his shoulders and rammed his 210 pounds into the ball carrier."

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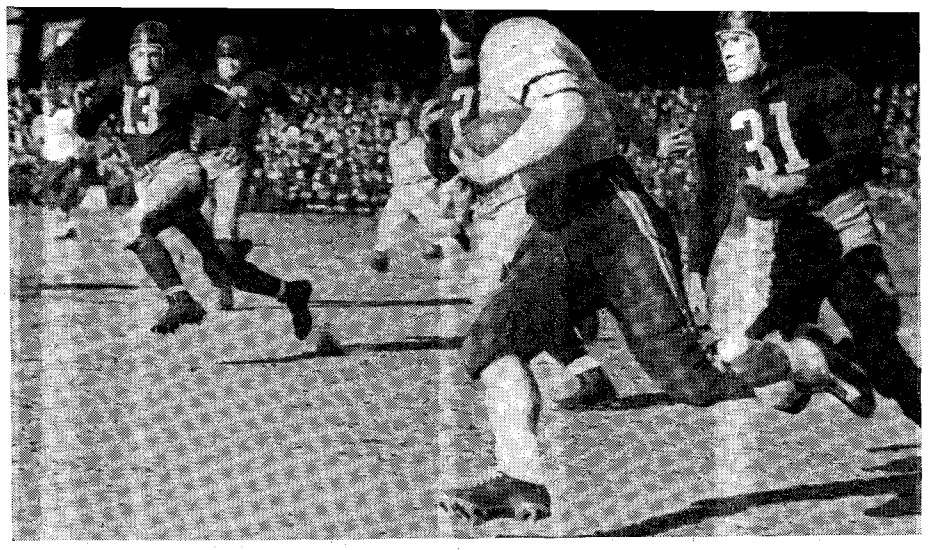
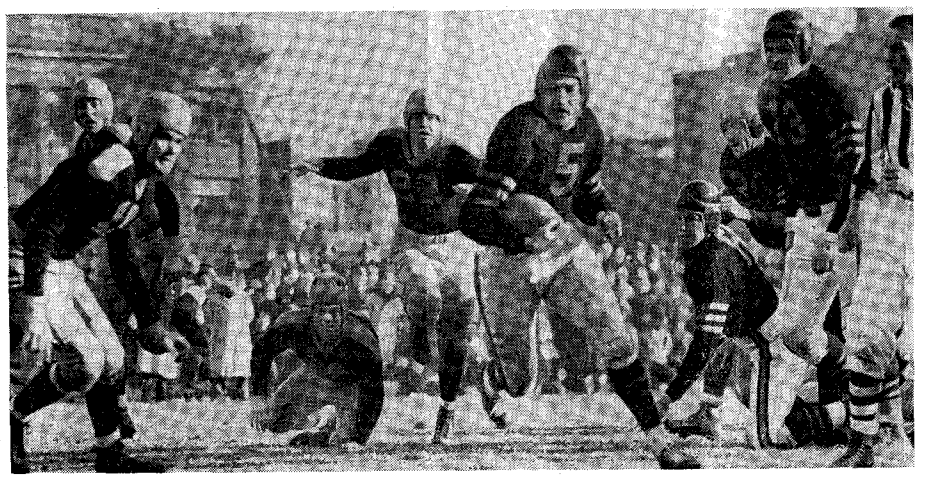
THESE BONE-CRUSHING BEARS LEFT LEGENDS BEHIND THEM

Fullback Bronko Nagurski demonstrates his tremendous straight-ahead power in a snowy game against the Cleveland Rams in 1937. The Bears went on to win this wintry battle, 15–7.



In the Bears' 73–0 slaughter of the Washington Redskins in 1940, Bill Osmanski races 68 yards to score. This game made the T formation famous.



George McAfee breaks loose against the Bears' rivals, the Green Bay Packers, in 1941. He was "one of the best players ever to wear a Bear uniform."

Despite the brute force of "Pug" Rentner (right), the Bears lost this 1937 game to Green Bay. Today the pass-catching end is the biggest long-distance threat, says the author.

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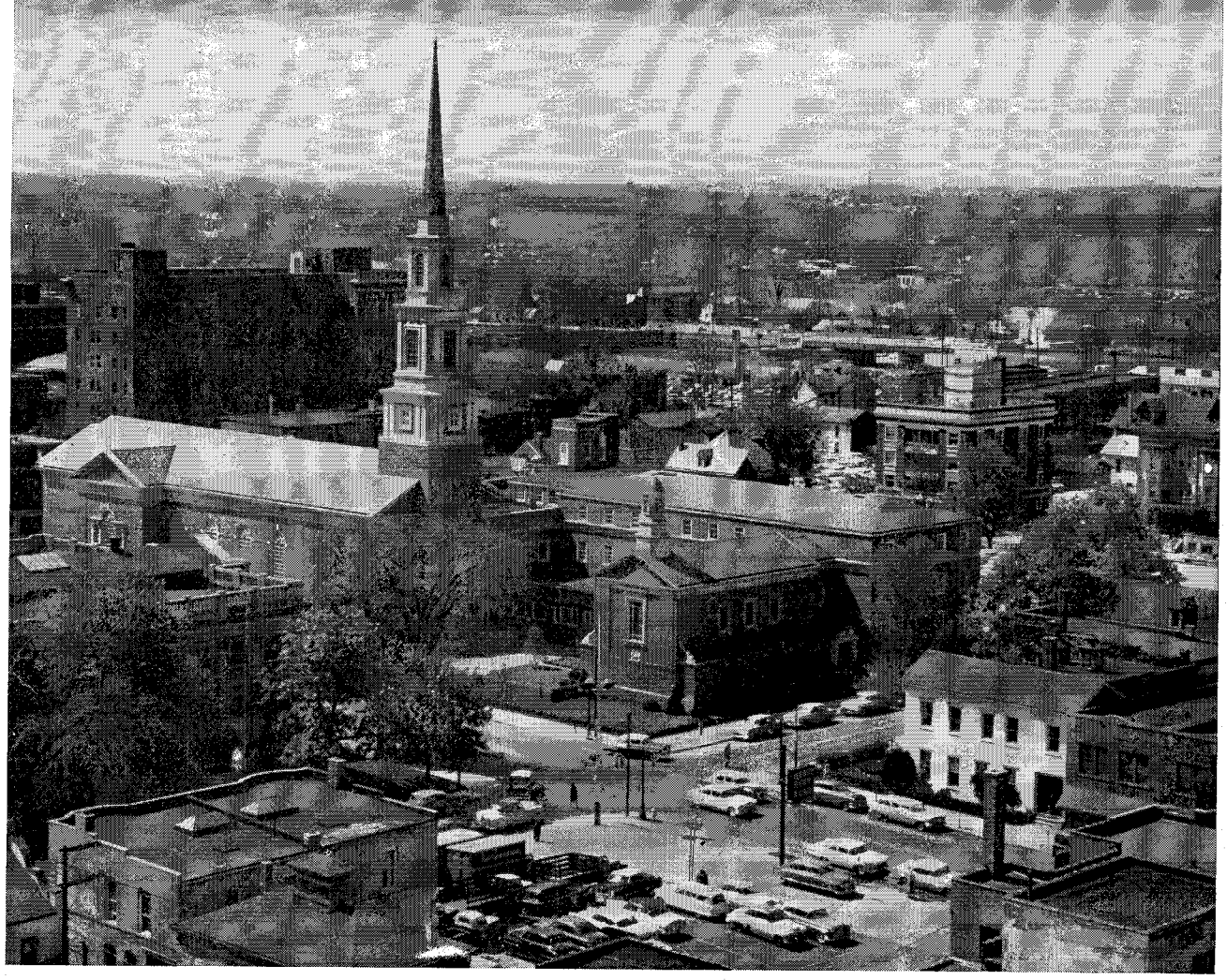
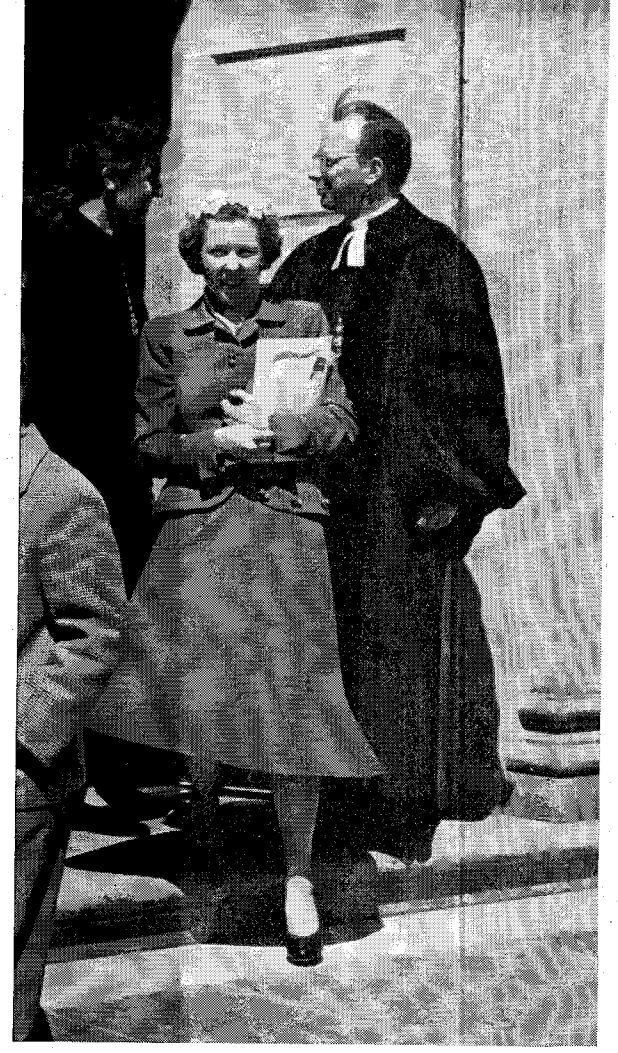


The new First Presbyterian Church, built in a once-deteriorating section, has doubled its membership.



Dr. Meister: His parishioners help "to win the city back."

The Church That Wouldn't Leave Town

How an Indiana congregation refused to join the suburban stampede and learned, instead, to serve the special needs of city dwellers.

By Jerome Ellison

On Friday nights from 9 to 11:30, teen-agers—sometimes as many as 500—take over the youth lounge for dancing.

You might suppose, the sitter situation being what it is, that young Mr. and Mrs. Tom Perkins, of Fort Wayne, Indiana—with a six-week-old on formula, a toddler of two, and a harum-scarum four-year-old—would find it hard to make church together of a Sunday morning.

Not at all. They load the outfit into the family car, and park that vehicle back of the First Presbyterian Church, the extraordinary new downtown religious center planned for the needs of a whole city. Here they distribute the gang according to age, and stroll unfettered into the 9:15 service. The baby goes to a crib in the nursery, where a trained mother stands by to bottle, burp and change. The toddler and the preschooler romp with contemporaries in supervised playrooms. Mom and dad can pray in peace while the kids worship in keeping with their conditions.

This version of the second freedom—to worship—was brought into being when the folks at First Presbyterian decided several years ago to fit out their church to serve a city instead of a neighborhood. Here "service" may mean one thing to young Johns and Marys, new and alone in town and hoping to meet someone nice of the opposite sex, and something quite different to a young couple like the "Sam Smiths," who'd come to Fort Wayne with their two children on the lure of a sales job.

Sam had been promised salary and commission, but the salary lasted only a month and commissions

(Continued on Page 119)

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TRAP ROBBER

The story of an Indian's revenge.

By ROBERT MURPHY

In the skillfully hidden little camp in the quiet gloom of the spruces the tall half-breed Johnny Coureau stood up, threw his tin cup superciliously to the other man, and spat into the dying ashes of the tiny breakfast fire. He moved well, but with an air of arrogance.

"Maybe this is the last time," he said in the *patois*. "Maybe not. I will be the judge of that. I am still the judge of it, no?"

"But yes," the other half-breed said quickly. His name was Baptiste Gabrielle; his round moon face, ordinarily rather sleepy-looking, held a worried expression. "I only said maybe we have stolen enough fur from the old Indian. As we know, he is smarter than the rest, and maybe if you go one more time it is one time too much."

"Bah!" Johnny Coureau said. "No Indian will ever catch me. To be smarter than other stupid Indians is still to be a stupid Indian. Indians!" he said with great scorn. "Dirty savages. Pfui!" He turned away, and then turned back again. "I am still Johnny-the-Wolverine." He reached into the bag slung over his shoulder, brought out the spread, dried animal paw and held it up. It was the paw of a wolverine, that big weasel so maliciously destructive in its trap robbery and so uncannily clever in outguessing trappers who tried to catch it that legend said it was inhabited by the souls of dead trappers who knew all the tricks and had hated their fellows while they were alive. "I will leave the paw mark in the dirt near his trap," Johnny said, "and then, maybe, we will go."

He stared at Baptiste for a moment; but Baptiste shrugged and said nothing, and he swaggered off into the spruces. Two hours later he was moving silently a few yards off the old Indian's trail along his trap line, thinking that the next trap he came to would be the last one he would disturb. With the two mink he had in the sack and the others back in camp he had taken enough. Soon it would snow, when trails would be easy to follow; he had a fine profit, and the old man would have suffered enough by now to be on the edge of swallowing his pride, admitting defeat, and calling in the young bucks to help him.

The old Indian, whose reputation for woodcraft, taking fur and catching trap robbers, was known far beyond his own territory, had lured Johnny into that country; for when Johnny had heard of it, five hundred miles away, he could think of nothing but defeating such a paragon. He had started (Continued on Page 85)

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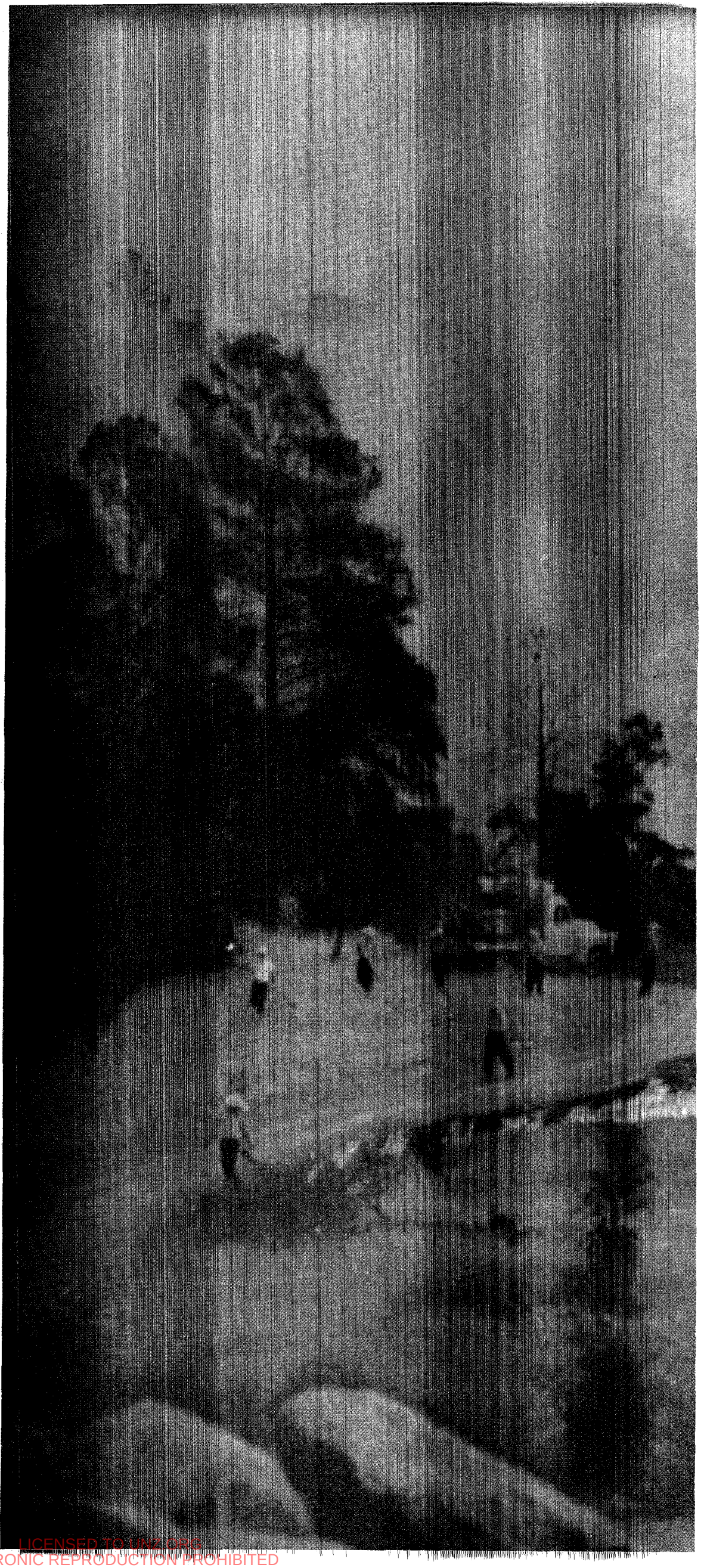
The Face of AMERICA

Under Control

This fire is not out of control—it was set on purpose, to burn off brush choking out rangeland grasses in California's cattle country. Here, in the Tollhouse area of Fresno County, ranchers band together each dry season to put the torch to overgrown grazing grounds. At right, a few of the 100 men taking part in Walter Weldon's "burn" last September lay a new fire line, while others stand guard in smoke-filled groves. It's dangerous work riding herd on this captive conflagration, as it rages through the tangled growth. Often a wind-whipped whirlwind of flame "splashes" across the bulldozed firebreaks. Then the fire guards have about one minute to kill the new blaze before it gets too hot to handle. Until recently, such burns were banned by law because they threatened the surrounding countryside. But today they are held yearly from ranch to ranch. Many small animals die, but the fiery sacrifice makes the land richer.

• Photograph by Joern Gerdts



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A NIGHT FOR LOVE

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

There was something compelling in the air on this unforgettable summer evening.

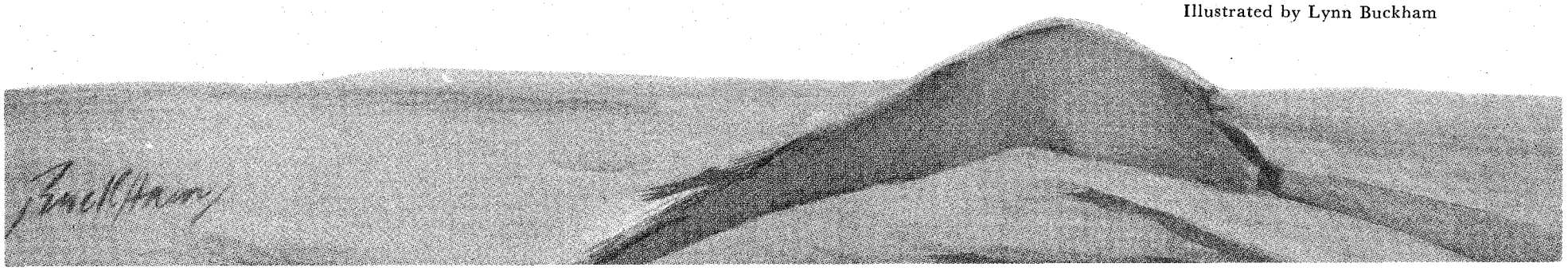
Moonlight is all right for young lovers, and women never seem to get tired of it. But when a man gets older he usually thinks moonlight is a little too thin and cool for comfort. Turley Whitman thought so. Turley was in his pajamas at his bedroom window, waiting for his daughter Nancy to come home.

He was a huge, kind, handsome man. He looked like a good king, but he was only a company cop in charge of the parking lot at the Reinbeck Abrasives Company. His club, his pistol, his cartridges and his handcuffs were on a chair by the bed. Turley was confused and upset.

His wife Milly was in bed. For about the first time since their three-day honeymoon, in 1936, Milly hadn't put up her hair in curlers. Her hair was all spread out on her pillow. It made her look young and soft and mysterious. Nobody had looked mysterious in that bedroom for years. Milly opened her eyes wide and looked at the moon.

Her attitude was what threw Turley as much as anything. Milly refused to worry about what was maybe happening to Nancy out in the

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham



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moonlight somewhere so late at night. Milly would drop off to sleep without even knowing it, then she would wake up and stare at the moon for a while, and she would think big thoughts without telling Turley what they were, and then she would drop off to sleep again.

"You awake?" said Turley.

"H'm?" said Milly.

"You decided to be awake?"

"I'm staying awake," said Milly dreamily. She sounded like a little girl.

"You think you've been staying awake?" said Turley.

"I must have dropped off without knowing it," she said.

"You've been sawing wood for an hour," said Turley.

He made her sound unattractive to herself because he wanted her to wake up more. He wanted her to wake up enough to talk to him instead of just stare at the moon. She hadn't really sawed wood when she'd slept. She'd been very beautiful and still.

Milly had been the town beauty once. Now her daughter was.

"I don't mind telling you, I'm worried sick," said Turley.

"Oh, honey," said Milly, "they're fine. They've got sense. They aren't crazy kids."

"You want to guarantee they're not cracked up in a ditch somewhere?" said Turley.

This roused Milly. She sat up, frowned and blinked away her sleepiness. "You really think ——" she said.

"I really think!" said Turley sharply. "He gave me his solemn promise he'd have her home two hours ago."

Milly pulled off her covers, put her bare feet close together on the floor. "All right," she said. "I'm sorry. I'm awake now. I'm worried now."

"About time," said Turley. He turned his back to her, and he dramatized his responsible watch at the window by putting his big foot on the radiator.

"Do—do we just worry and wait?" said Milly.

"What do you suggest?" said Turley. "If you mean call the police to see if there's been an accident, I took care of that little detail while you were sawing wood."

"No accidents?" said Milly in a small, small voice.

"No accidents they know of," said Turley grimly.

"Well—that's—that's a little encouraging," said Milly.

"Maybe it is to you," said Turley. "It isn't to me." He faced her, and he saw that she was now wide awake enough to hear what he had been wanting to say for some time. "If you'll pardon me saying so," he said, "you're treating this thing like it was some kind of holiday. You're acting like her being out with that rich young smart aleck in his three-hundred-horsepower car was one of the greatest things that ever happened."

Milly stood, shocked and hurt. "Holiday?" she whispered. "Me?"

"Well—you left your hair down, didn't you—just so you'd look nice in case he got a look at you when he finally brought her home?"

Milly bit her lip. "I just thought if there was going to be a row, I didn't want to make it worse by having my hair up in curlers."

"You don't think there should be a row, do you?" said Turley. (Continued on Page 73)

Very beautiful and mysterious,
Milly looked up at the moon from her bed.

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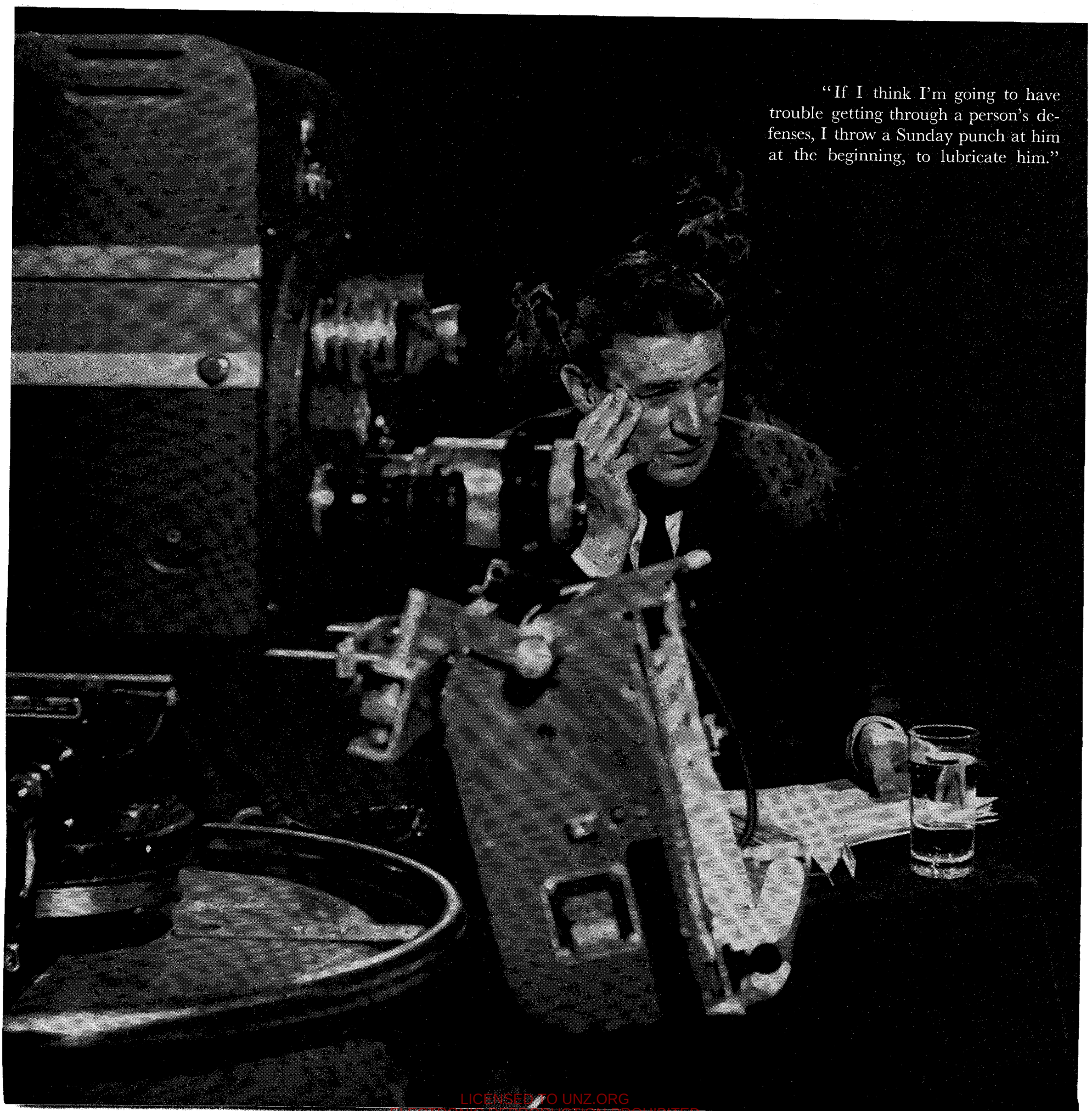
I CALL ON MIKE WALLACE

A Post editor turns the tables on TV's controversial inquisitor, and grills him concerning the methods Wallace uses to corner famous people.

BY PETE MARTIN



"If I think I'm going to have trouble getting through a person's defenses, I throw a Sunday punch at him at the beginning, to lubricate him."

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THE UNINHIBITED INTERROGATOR NEEDLES SOME CELEBRATED OCCUPANTS OF THE HOT SEAT

The voice said, "Good evening. I'm Mike Wallace. The show is Night Beat." It was a smooth voice, but it had bite in it. Gravel and grit were just under its surface and it scratched my nerves, which had been exposed since the day before, when I'd found out I was to be a guest on the Mike Wallace show. That hadn't given me much time to prepare for sitting before a few million people with my soul hanging out.

"Tonight," said Wallace, "we go after two stories. The first from one of the most exciting entertainers in show business—Sammy Davis."

I was in the studio where the Wallace show originated, because I wanted to do a story titled I Call on Mike Wallace. It seemed to me the best and quickest way to do that would be to meet Wallace by sitting in what is known to the public as his "hot seat." Felix Adler, the clown, who had been scheduled to be Wallace's second guest that night, had fallen ill. When the Wallace office heard I was to be in New York, they had called me and asked me to substitute for Adler.

I said "yes" before I had a chance to think, but I had been brooding about it ever since. I'd heard about the scarifying experiences some of Wallace's guests had had, and while I regard myself as only normally sinful and as having no more skeletons in my closet than the average man, once I had agreed to submit to Wallace's probing, my soul seemed blacker and the few skeletons in my closet began to dance a jig.

I listened to Wallace ask Sammy Davis about the humiliations suffered by a Negro entertainer in some parts of the country. Davis was small-boned, desperately intense, impressively sincere, but my mind wasn't on him. I was trying to anticipate the disreputable corners of my life into which Wallace might delve. Then Davis said good-by and was off to the Copacabana, where they were holding the show for him.

That afternoon one of Wallace's legmen had spent more than an hour questioning me. Among other things, he had asked me about my reportorial assignments. I told him about a wartime trip I had made on a submarine. When I seated myself in the chair vacated by Davis, and Wallace focused his attention upon me, he mentioned my submarine assignment in his first sentence. I wondered what else I'd told his legman. Thinking back over it, it seemed to me that I had burbled like a schoolgirl.

"Our second guest tonight is a writer whose beat has taken him, among other places, below the ocean on a submarine," Wallace intoned, "and more recently—and far more enjoyably, we suspect—into the boudoir of Miss Marilyn Monroe. Who tells Pete Martin what can and cannot be said in one of his articles? Does he portray his celebrities with complete attention to their foibles or are they only reasonable facsimiles thereof? When he says that he leaves things out that might be in bad taste, how does he define bad taste?"

Fasten your seat belt, chum, I told myself. *Here we go.*

"Ordinarily," Wallace said, "we have more opportunity to do research on one of our guests than we've had tonight, so bear with us." Turning toward me, he began to bore in. "Let me ask you this," he said: "In your stories about such celebrities as Merman, Godfrey, Crosby, Hope, Marilyn Monroe, do you always tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" I knew that the "whole truth and nothing but the truth" was a phrase borrowed from the courts of law; nevertheless, I thought it a fairly insulting question. What he really was asking me was are you a part-time liar?

(Continued on Page 107)

Stripper and burlesque queen Lili St. Cyr: "I think that among the men on the planet Venus, there will be less lust, less greed."

The author with Wallace just before they faced each other in front of the cameras, where Wallace popped the disputed question.

Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus at Little Rock: "Some of the finest citizens we have in Arkansas are Negro citizens."

Writer Malcolm Muggeridge, critic of royalty's hangers-on: Does England really need a queen? "Most emphatically, yes!"

Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, who is 88: "I'm not as crude as I'm generally reported to be."

Actress and author Diana Barrymore: "I know I'm not strong enough yet alone."

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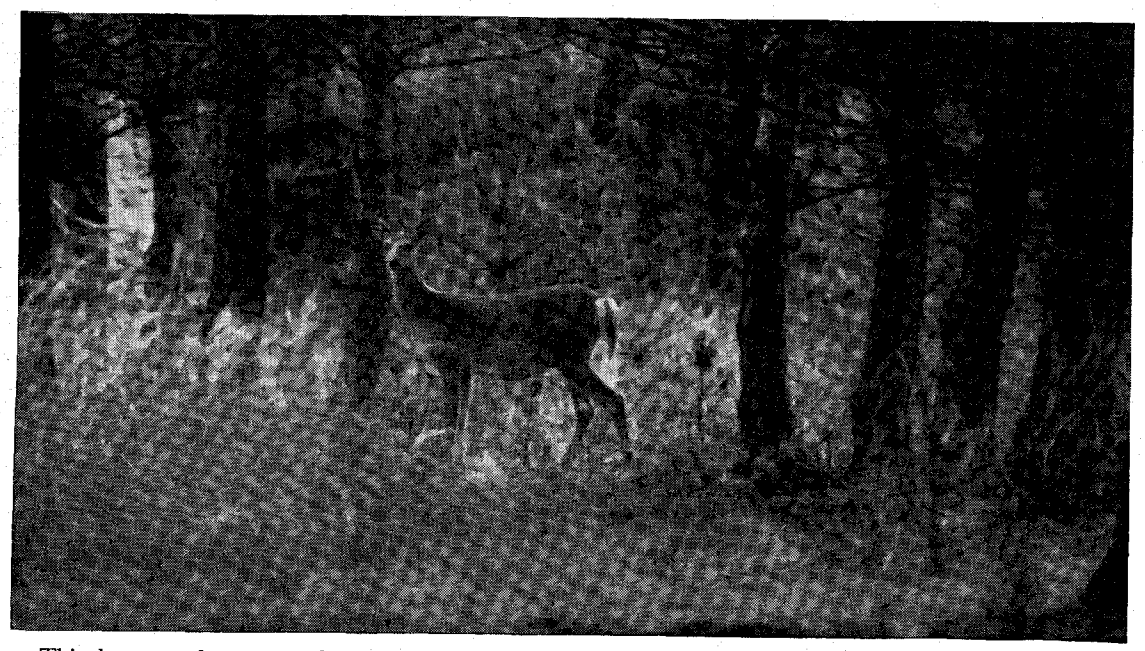
Running a road block: Hunters trying to smuggle out poached deer sometimes try to run down wardens. Here, New York game protector Dwinal Kerst re-enacts a close call.

I'm Glad I'm Not a Game Warden

Ruthless poachers still run the American woods, slaughtering illegal game, cheating the law—and sometimes committing murder.

By HAL BURTON



This doe, one of 1,500,000 deer in the Northeastern states, offers a tempting off-season target to "jackers."

The lights of a fast-moving car bored a tunnel through the darkness enveloping U.S. Highway 9, high in the Adirondack Mountains, late one night last autumn. Far down the pavement, a red blinker flashed a warning signal. Two New York State game protectors, trim in forest-green uniforms, stepped out beside a sign that cautioned: GAME CHECK POINT. ALL CARS STOP. The driver trod on the brakes, rolled to a halt and lowered the window beside him. He shivered a little as the cold November air flooded in. It was the final day of the Adirondack hunting season.

"Just checking to see how many deer have been killed," said the younger of the two wardens. "Helps to estimate how many there are in the state. By the way, I see you had some luck." He nodded toward the carcass of

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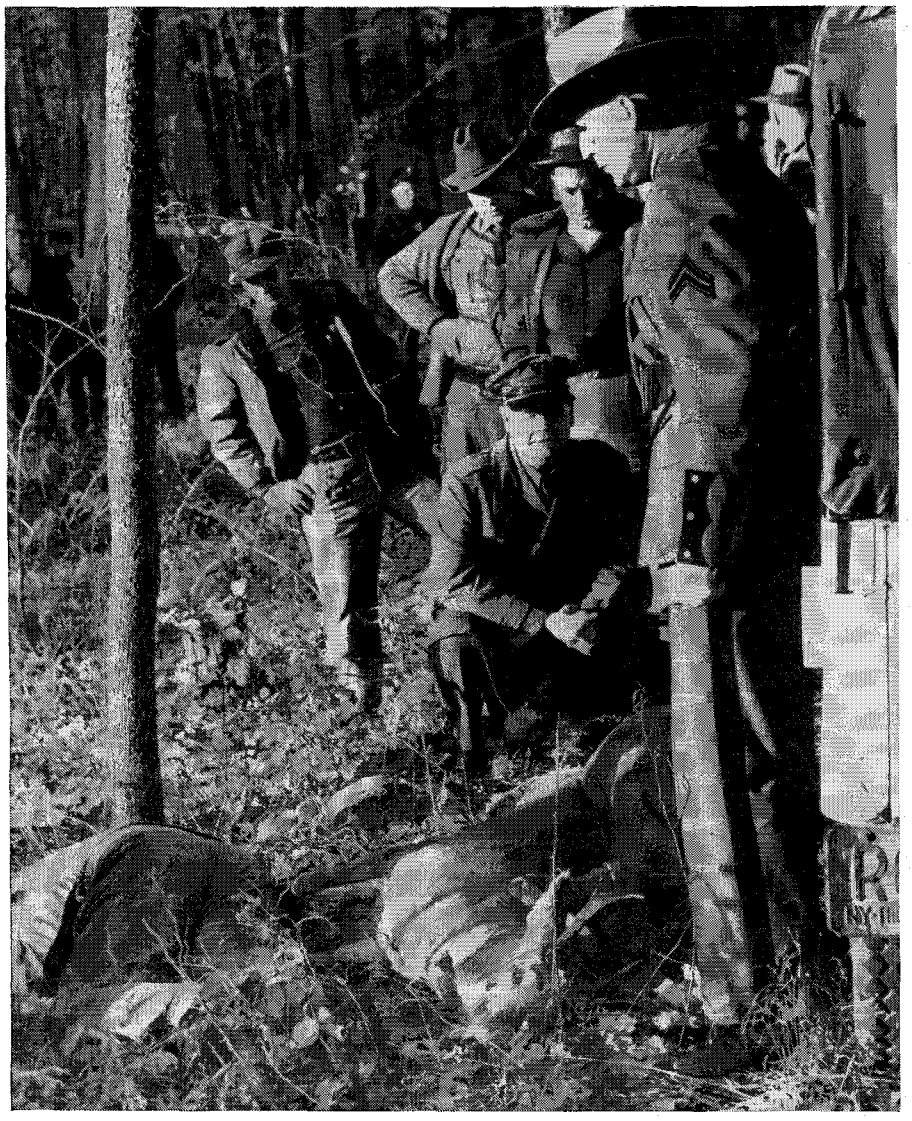
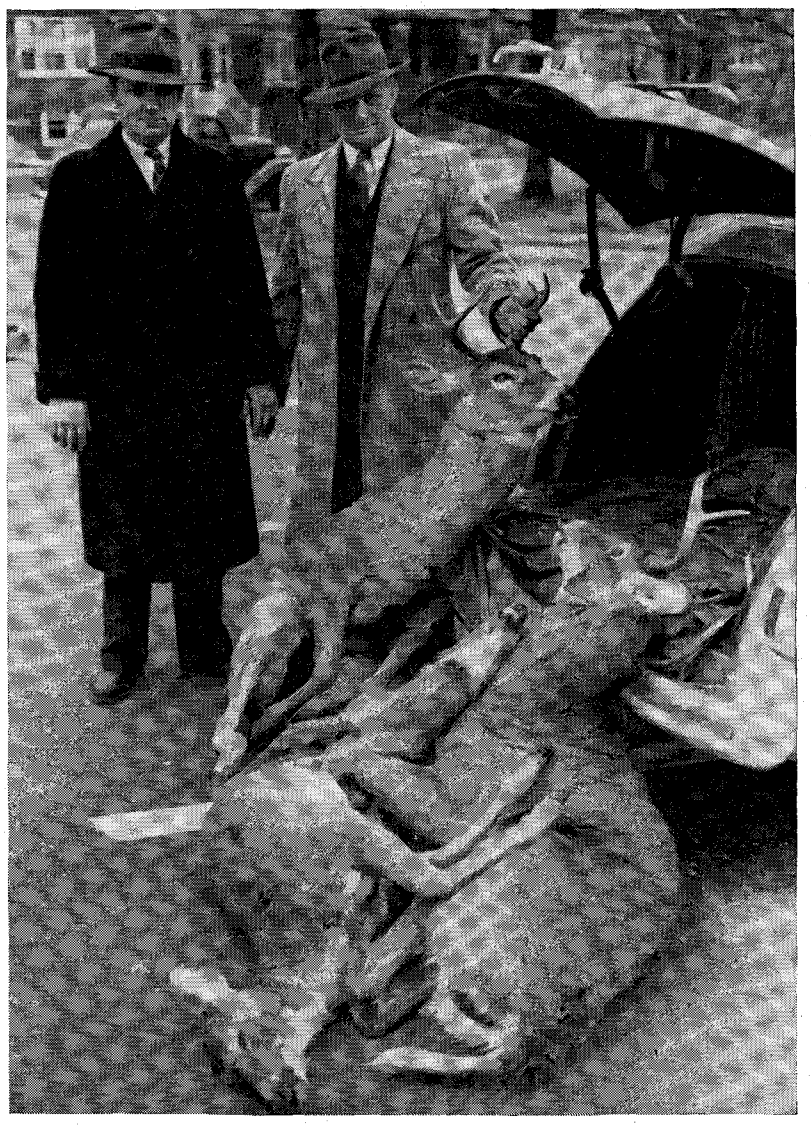


New York game officials are still seeking a solution to the five-year-old murder of two hunters who were evidently shot down by deer poachers in the Ramapo Mountains.



Confiscated venison: Detectives found these deer, killed out of season in Wisconsin, hidden in an automobile delivering them to Chicago restaurants.

a male white-tailed deer, draped over the right front fender and lashed down by ropes with only the head hanging loose. It was a buck with twelve spiky prongs on his antlers, by eastern standards a handsome specimen.

"Look at that rack of antlers!" said the warden. "That's a beauty!" He strolled around the front of the car, checking the tag attached to the carcass, which is issued as a part of every deer license. Admiringly he took a firm grip on the antlers, lifting them to get a better look at the head. There was a loud twang of snapping wire. The horns came loose in his hands. For a second he stared at them in amazement. The driver by now was out of the car, reaching for his wallet.

"You got me," he said. "That's no male deer. What's the fine going to be?"

The rack of antlers, borrowed from the trophy room of an obliging north-country hunting guide, had been wired to the head of a female deer, or doe. There being no open season on does, the fine was $102.50, assessed by a nearby justice of the peace. It was a pretty expensive piece of venison. The man who shot it never even got a taste.

As required by state law, the deer was confiscated. In accord with custom, the prized meat was turned over to the nearest county poor farm, where guests of the taxpayers dined handsomely on steak, chops, roast and stew with a faintly gamy flavor. During the open season this fall, except for a single day at the very end when the shooting of does will be permitted, it may be presumed that all deer whose sex is in doubt will be subjected to a wrenching or yanking of antlers by the game-protector force.

The tricks hunters play on the wardens are not always conceived with such subtlety, but too often they are vastly successful. For this the deer in a sense are to blame, being prolific beyond reason. They can thrive in the piny woods, fatten on the clover in a farmer's meadow, or with equal ease subsist on the flowers and vegetables in a suburban garden. The deer country of the Northeast comprises nine states, stretching from Pennsylvania and New Jersey through Maine. In fact, deer roam almost to the city limits of Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Within this area, census techniques have indicated a deer population of more than 1,500,000. This figure is substantially accurate. The on-the-spot observations of game wardens and foresters have enabled scientists to determine how many fawns will be born each year to a female deer, how many will be males, and how many will survive the deep winter snows or the depredation of predators—two- or four-legged. It adds up to a great quantity of venison on the hoof, a constant temptation to the weak-willed man with a gun in his closet and a few drinks under his belt. (Continued on Page 53)

A New York officer shows how a hunter may conceal an illegal hen pheasant under the hubcap of his car to avoid detection at roadside check points.

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I Told Harry

These women who can't talk without telling what they told their husbands just get me down flat. We've all heard them. But my next-door neighbor takes the prize. Every sentence begins with: "I told Harry.".

"I told Harry the house does need a new coat of paint, but I need a new coat much worse than it does. . . . I told Harry the next time we go on a vacation, I'm going to dump the kids someplace. He leaves his work behind when we take a trip. So why should I take mine along?" And so on and so forth every time she sees me.

I told my husband, Charles, it wouldn't be so bad if she'd ever tell what Harry says. But no, she just gallops on with other bright sayings of her own.

The other day she was out mowing the lawn. When she spied me she came over to the hedge. "I told Harry if I'm going to have to take care of the yard, he's going to have to get me a wife-sized lawn mower."

I told Charles that night I knew that woman hoped I'd think she made that up. But she couldn't fool me. I'd read that little joke in a magazine. She can't even make a joke without bringing Harry into it.

Once she said, "I told Harry I was so tired last night I didn't know which end I was standing on." That disgusted me. I told Charles I hoped Harry was able to enlighten her.

What did Charles say? Well, I think he laughed but I don't remember that he said anything.

RUTH WILSON KELSEY

"It's not chilly in here—you're sitting on my ice-cream bar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now there goes a well-trained retriever."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Well, Now, if We're Going in for Progress

I can stand a world that is rocket-shipless,
Surrounded by outer space that is mapless,
If someone will make me a tap that is dripless
And a piece of elastic that won't go snapless.

I'll trade my share of nuclear fission
For a paper bag that is snag- and tear-proof,
A skid-proof bath mat, and please, in addition,
A blue serge suit that is animal hair-proof!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Now, There's a Sneaky Answer If I've Ever Heard One

"I know that it's none of my business, but how much did you folks pay for your house?"

"Actually, not so much as you might think, because, at the time we made our offer on it, the guy who owned the house was anxious to get out to California. Seems he had some sort of a real good job lined up out in Santa Monica. And, speaking of real good jobs, did I tell you about what happened to Gus Sommers? Gus, somebody was telling me ——"

"I've always been sort of curious. How much do you make at a company like Hawthorne and Sons?"

"Well, I'm on what's known as a salary-plus-commission-plus-annual-bonus arrangement, so I make quite a bit more than if I were on a salary basis, or, for that matter, on just a salary-plus-commission basis."

"Say, I've been meaning to ask you something. What was the date of your birth?"

"April nineteenth."

"Oh? How much trade-in did they give you on your car?"

"Believe it or not, about two thirds of what I originally paid for it."

"How much did they stick you for the cruise that you and your wife took last summer?"

"Well, an inside room clear down on the A Deck doesn't run to much, but, of course, if you take an outside suite, it runs quite a bit. We had what I guess you'd call a sort of a medium room, which ran more than the inside rooms clear down on the A Deck, but less than the outside suites, so ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Thanksgiving Thruway

The through-the-fields-to-grandma's-house
Tradition ends this year—
The turnpike cut the farm in two
And grandma's eating here.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

How to be Brave on a Safari, or No More Small Talk With the Pygmies

Now that the airplane people are offering split-week safaris at three dollars down, and the rest if you live, more and more penny-ante-poker players have decided that they are ready for the big game. They picture themselves as the whiter-than-white hunter come to rescue the poor primitive natives from the wild beasts who stalk their young!

I've got news for you, *Bwana*. This is for the Kiwana. What with all the movies and TV shows they have been shooting in darkest Africa, the natives are about as primitive as Pat O'Brien. The only thing that really scared them in more than a decade was Arthur Godfrey trying to land a plane in a thorn bush.

And you can also forget all that stuff about the poor natives. They're loaded from doing character parts. Most of the natives have more expensive rings in their noses than your wife has on her finger.

And as for animals—that is WILD animals—forget it! The beasts are all unionized and have their own S.A.G. (Screen Animals Guild). This provides graduated pay scales, depending on whether the scene requires growling, stalking, leaping or just scaring. And no more of that Tarzan stuff either. The animals consider him uncouth.

Of course, this has caused a great change in the living habits of the average animal. For instance when last reported, the wolves were wearing fox, the foxes were wearing mink, and the minks were wearing people. And the lions have really got it made. Most of them not only have a den but a rumpus room and swimming pool as well.

With all their new-found affluence, it is natural that some of the more ambitious animals should band together to form their own film company. This they have done, with the guidance of a relative from M-G-M, and word trickles through that their first picture will be a documentary about PEOPLE. I believe the working title is I REMEMBER MAU MAU.

HAL BLOCK

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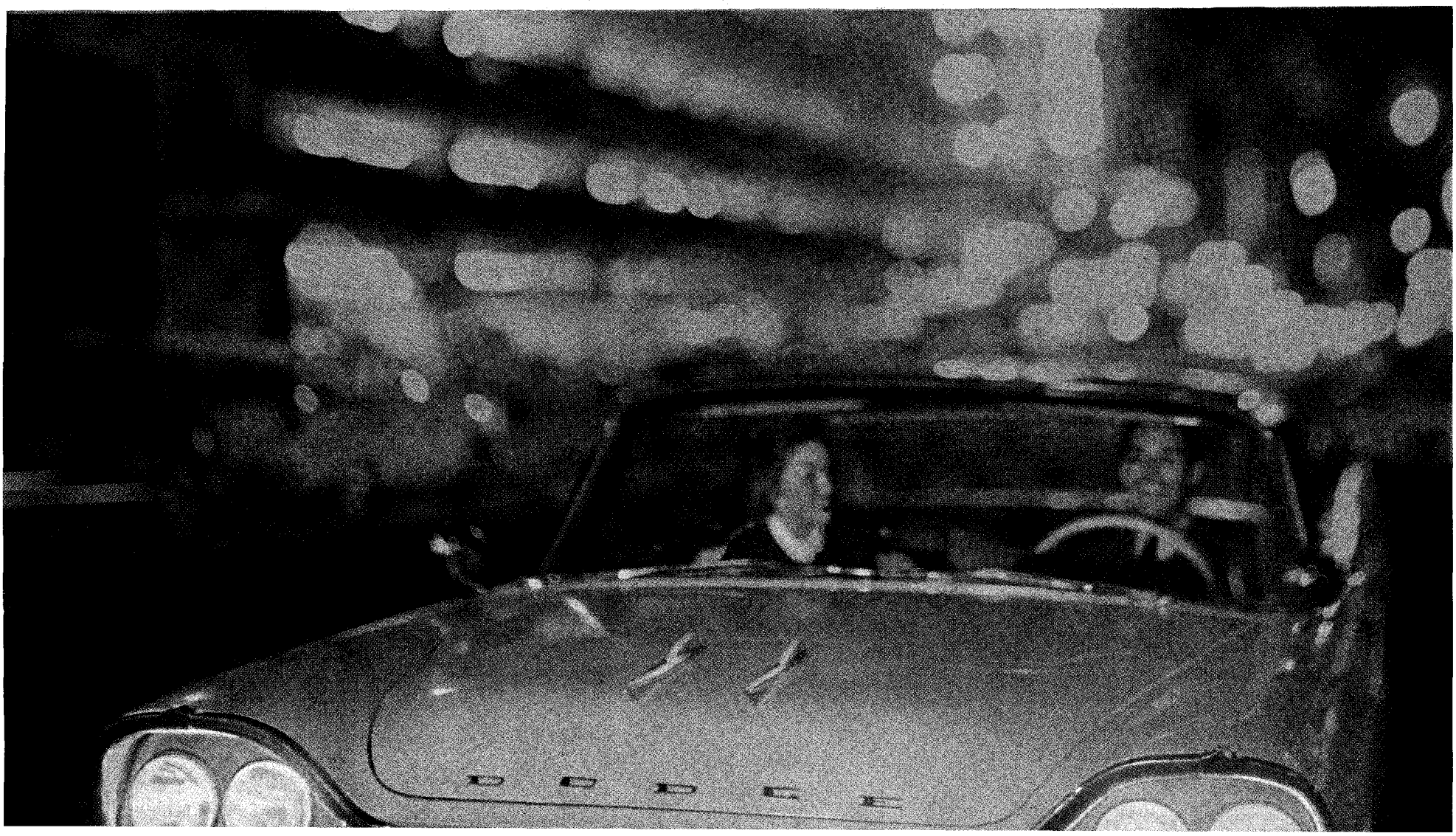

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In the Schenectady factory where it was built, workmen guide the giant generator stator into a carrying skid for the shipment. The machinery, which weighed more than 450,000 pounds, bore the nickname "Boston Eddie"—after its destination.

Photographs by George Burns

The seagoing derrick Monarch lists under its burden as it hoists "Boston Eddie" ashore at Everett, Mass. At this dock, the mammoth contraption had to be eased over molten-sulphur and sulphuric-acid lines.

So You Think You Have Moving Problems

Here's how the experts tackled one of the toughest jobs on record: A four-year struggle to move a 226-ton generator from Schenectady to Boston.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

Since the earliest days of cartoons, comic artists have drawn pictures about the man who builds a boat in his basement only to find he cannot get it out. Had there been funny papers in Biblical times, someone undoubtedly would have depicted Noah's Ark stuck in a cave, with a couple of hyenas laughing uproariously. Two men who never laugh at the boat-in-the-basement joke are Rudi Richard Korn and Lorenz (Larry) Osterlitz, shipping experts in General Electric's large steam-turbine-generator department at Schenectady, New York. They see nothing funny about building anything too big to get where it is going. To them, this is a nightmare through which they suffer some sixty-eight times a year.

Frequently, Korn and Osterlitz wish their problem were as simple as getting a boat out of a basement. They deal with 1,000,000-pound, $1,000,000 turbine-generators. Their big headache is one part of the machine called a "stator"—a monstrous, intricately wired steel cylinder that weighs more than 450,000 pounds and is fatter than a boxcar. "Sometimes," sighs Rudi Korn, "when we are faced with moving one of these big babies over a creaky spur line in the Deep South or a quaint New England trestle or through some California mountain tunnel that is a mere two feet narrower than our piece of machinery, I find myself yearning for helicopters big enough to carry these damned things through the air."

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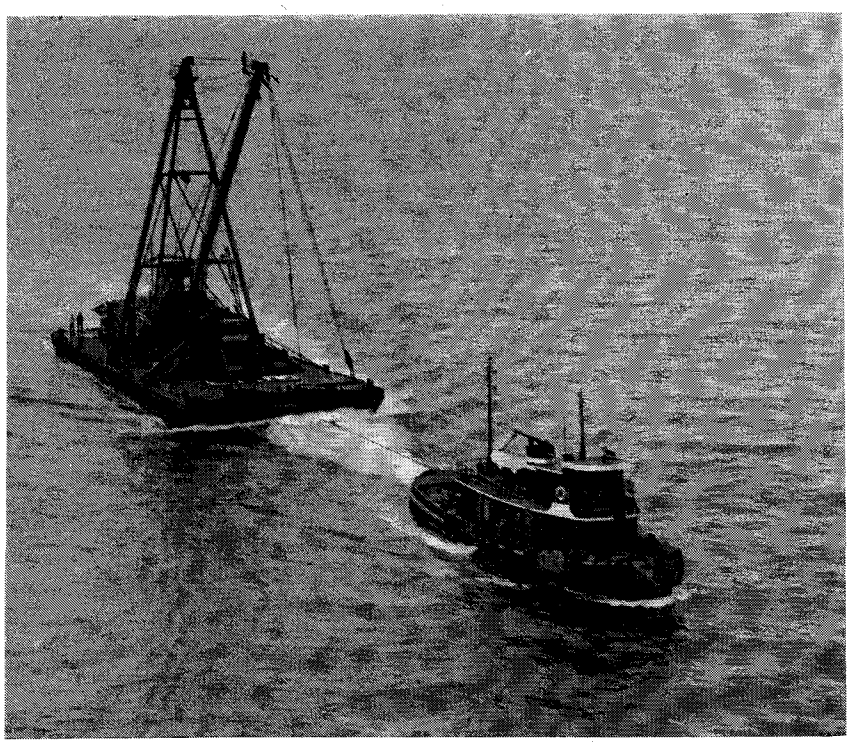
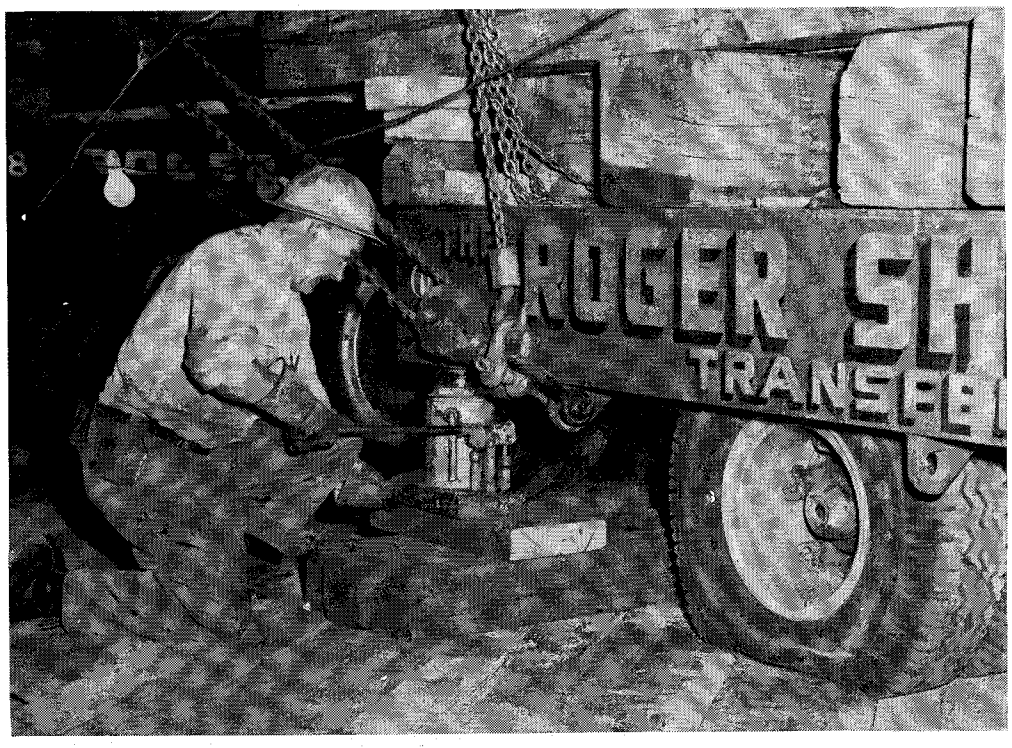


"Boston Eddie" at sea: Secured and braced to the deck of the derrick-barge Catskill, the generator navigates Cape Cod Bay on the last leg of its ocean voyage.



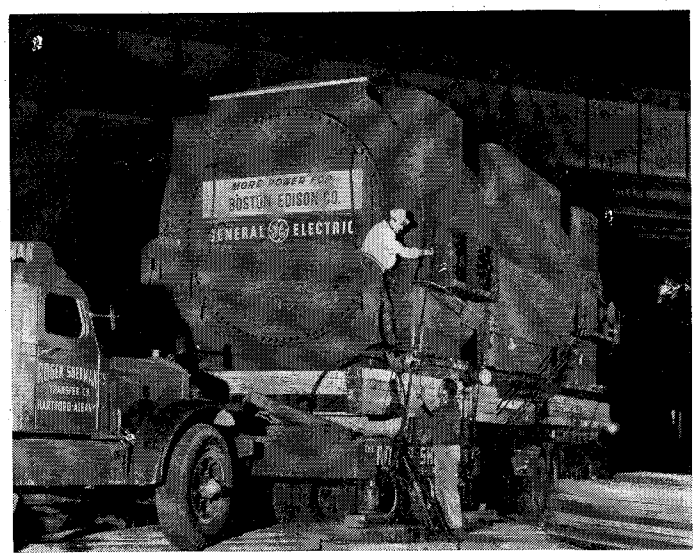
This trailer tire was one casualty of the stator's unwieldy tonnage. Here a workman takes the pressure off the collapsing tube with a hydraulic jack.

The stator is the largest single part of the huge turbines which generate electricity for the cities of America. It is the stationary unit inside which the rotor—or shaft—spins around. Recently, General Electric had the problem of delivering one of these enormous contraptions from Schenectady to the Boston Edison Company's power station on the Mystic River at Everett, Massachusetts, a Boston suburb. This particular piece weighed 226 tons and, because of its destination, it came to be known as Boston Eddie. It was to be a particularly difficult shipment by rail, water and truck. Some of the phases were so complicated that the stator, instead of following an as-the-crow-flies route of less than 200 miles, would have to travel some 600 miles. I was invited to go along to report how to move an object weighing about twice as much as an average diesel locomotive.

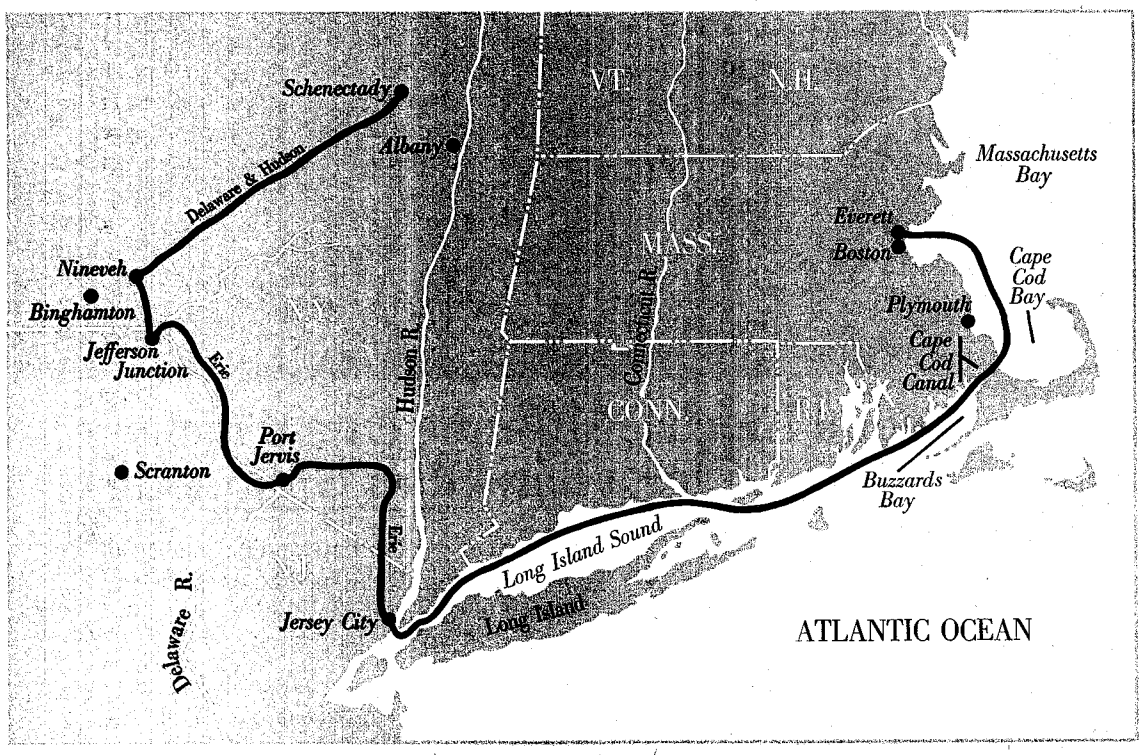
On arriving in Schenectady, I went directly to the vast turbine plant, which covers twenty-two acres, to meet the two men most intimately concerned with the impending move.

Korn is a lean, wavy-haired man of forty-seven with the shrewd, alert expression of a Norman Rockwell character. He dresses neatly and moves with slow, unruffled calm. When he was twenty weeks old, his parents came over from Germany and settled in Schenectady, where his father became a G.E. toolmaker. Rudi himself has worked for the company since he was seventeen, and, since 1951, has been traffic manager for the large steam-turbine-generator department.

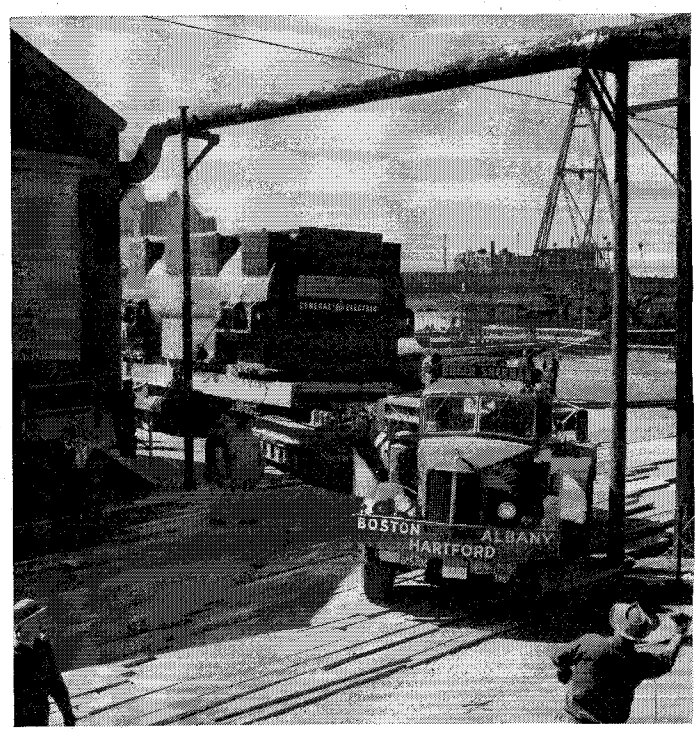
Osterlitz also has worked for the company since he was seventeen. A small, wiry man of fifty-nine, Larry, whose title is shipping specialist, has a (Continued on Page 129)



Riggers ready their carefully balanced cargo before squeezing it under the elevated tracks.



The land-and-sea journey of "Boston Eddie": Although Schenectady and Boston are less than 200 miles apart, the generator's cumbersome size forced the movers to choose this 600-mile route, which took 20 days.



On a road surface beefed up with heavy planks, the tractor inches its way around a tight corner.

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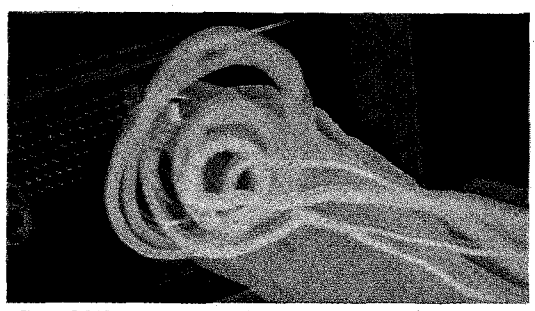
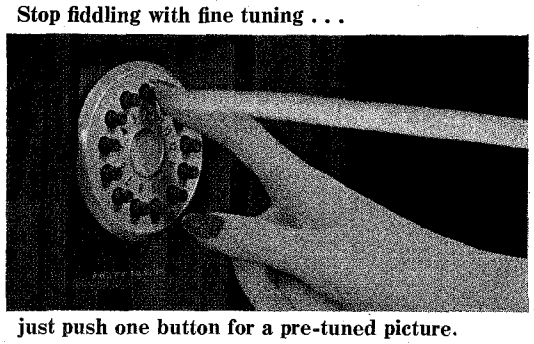


Stop fiddling with fine tuning . . .



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Stop fiddling with fine tuning now General Electric brings you Electronic Self-Tuner

You just touch a button and the next channel comes on with a sharp-tuned picture and sound the way you like it.

It's automatic—for you pre-tune each channel individually the day you get your set. After that you hardly ever have to touch the fine tuning. Now remote control is truly practical—you don't keep jumping up.

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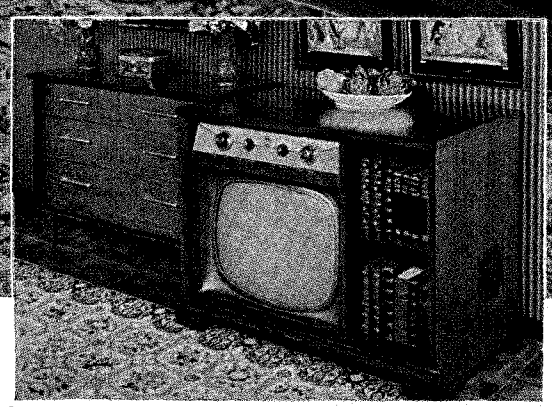

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MURDER ON MY STREET

It was plain who the killer's next victim would be: The little girl who knew his face . . .

By EDWIN LANHAM

"It's him, Laura! I saw him!" cried the terrified Pam as she caught sight of the murderer in the crowded store. Ten-year-old Pam was a key witness in the death of Adele Sharp. On her alone the police rested their hopes of finding the killer. Now, on a shopping trip with Laura Parker, fashion editor of the newspaper on which her father, Bruce Carter, was city editor, the girl saw the strange man again. Carter meanwhile discovered that the new managing editor, Harry Banks, was somehow involved with Sylvia King, missing cousin of the dead girl. But Carter was unable to find a real clue to the Banks-King relationship. However, he knew that the police suspected that the King girl was involved in the narcotics traffic and that Pam's life would be in grave danger if the killer believed the child could identify him. Now Pam had revealed her terrible knowledge.

IV

"Bruce, prepare yourself," Laura said on the telephone. "Something scary happened. Pam is all right. Don't worry. But, Bruce, she saw him!"

"Saw him?"

"Yes, here in Beacham's. I had to make a call and she wandered off to look at something on a counter."

"Where is he?"

"He melted into the crowd."

"Did you see him, Laura?"

"No, I was in a telephone booth."

"It doesn't seem possible," Bruce said. "In a crowded store in broad daylight?" He put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to Molly Conley, "Pam thinks she saw the man in Beacham's."

"Tell them to stay right there," Molly said crisply. "Tell them not to budge until somebody gets there. I'll call Digby."

"Laura ——" Bruce began.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "In this city of nine million people why should she run onto him, of all people? Obviously he was following us, don't you think? . . . Wait, I'll put Pammy on. She's here with me in the booth."

Pam's clear, fresh voice said, "Hi, pop."

"Pammy, you should have stayed close to Laura," he said.

"I'm sorry, pop. I forgot."

"Tell me what happened."

"I told you I didn't think I'd know him, but I did," she said. "He was standing there looking at me, pop, and his eyes were shiny, just like I said, and he had thick black eyebrows and a gray hat on."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, he just looked at me and then he ran off."

Molly Conley was at Bruce's elbow, saying, "I called Joe Digby and he's on his way up there. Tell them to wait near the moving stairs and keep an eye out for him."

"Put Laura on again, honey," he said, and when Laura answered, he told her, "Wait inside, near the moving stairs. Lieutenant Digby is on his way there. You both know him."

"All right," Laura said.

Bruce stood staring numbly at the dead face and the blank, open eyes of Harry Banks.

Bruce hung up and met Molly Conley's eyes. "What do you think?"

"What I always think is take no chances," she said. "I don't know your kid yet. Does she make up stories?"

He shook his head. "Not that I know of. No more so than any child her age."

"Is she normally insecure? Does she crave attention?"

"I suppose the answer to that is yes, to a degree."

"She's been in her glory, of course," Molly said. "Maybe she wants to keep it that way. Maybe she wants to worry daddy and everybody. But I'll tell you this, Mr. Carter. We'll have no more shopping expeditions without a bodyguard. I want that clearly understood."

"O.K., Molly."

"We had a lucky break this time," she said. "Maybe Pam saw the murderer and maybe she didn't, but you know something? Digby thinks maybe she did. He has a lot of respect for that kid's judgment, he said. He's taking what she says as gospel, he said, until and unless it's proved otherwise."

"But what chance would he have of kidnaping Pam in broad daylight in a crowded department store?"

"Who said kidnap?" Molly Conley said. "All he'd need would be a hypodermic needle with the right stuff in it. A quick jab in the crowd and he'd be gone again. Mr. Carter, we don't know how lucky we were. She saw him first. He didn't have a chance to grab her."

Bruce began pacing slowly up and down by the city desk. He tried to reassure himself with the thought that Pam had been the center of attraction and had loved it, that it was too good an opportunity; the one moment she had been left alone she had seen the man. But he knew Pam. She would not carry fantasy into deceit. He clenched his fists. He felt helpless. There was nothing he could do except wait and watch and put his faith in Joe Digby and Molly Conley. This could go on for days, for weeks, until the murderer was found, and each day would be a day of fear and worry.

He spun suddenly on his heel and walked to the managing editor's office. As he pushed open the gate in the railing, the new secretary half rose to her feet, but Bruce brushed past her and threw the door open.

"Harry, you and I are going to have a showdown," he said, and closed the door behind him. "I think you know Sylvia King."

(Continued on Page 134)

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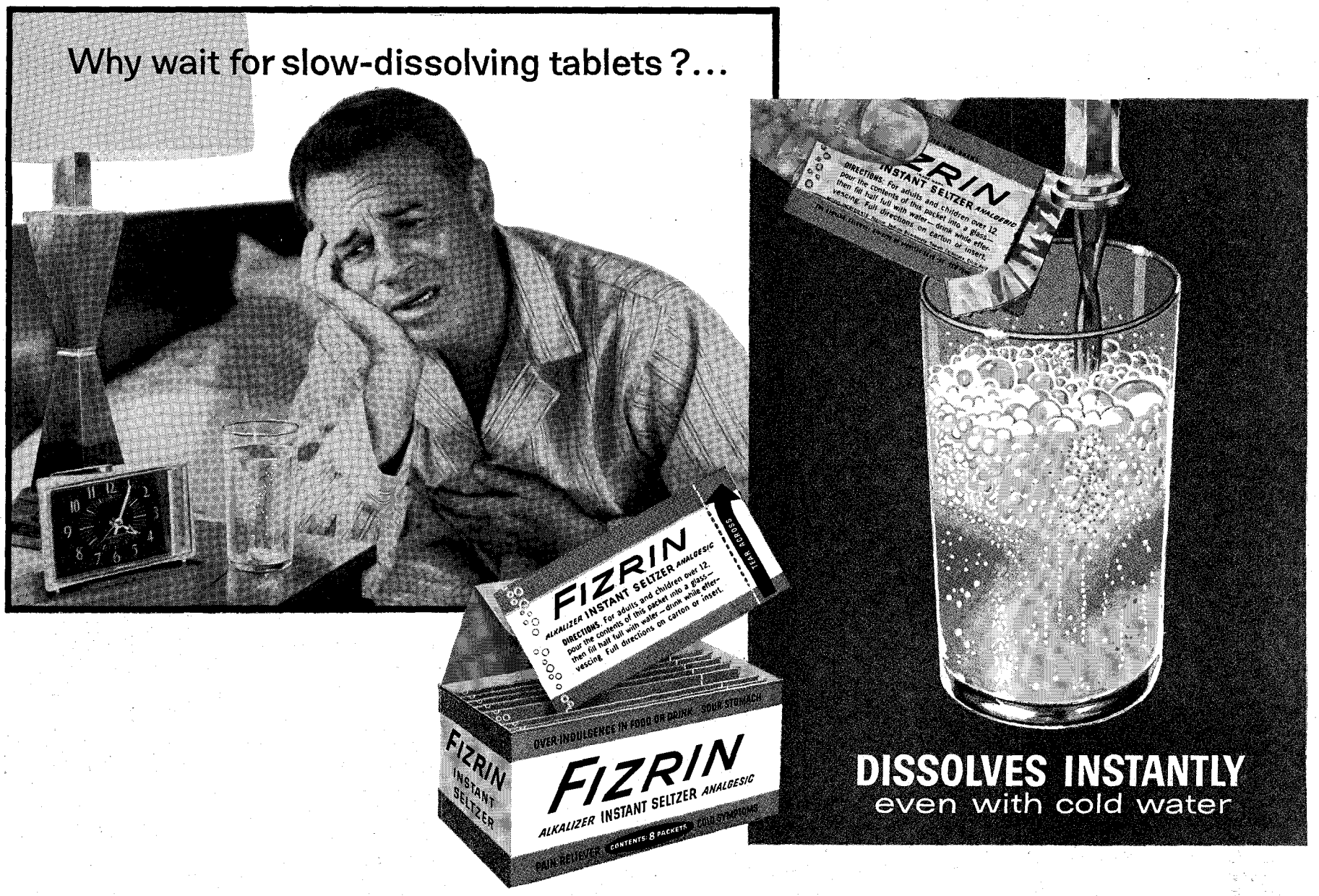
UPSET STOMACH ?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DIRECTIONS. For adults and children over 12. Pour the contents of this packet into a glass—then fill half full with water—drink while effervescing. Full directions on carton or insert.
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I'm Glad I'm Not a Game Warden

(Continued from Page 45)

While it is possible to estimate with fair accuracy the number of deer in the Northeast, there is no method short of soothsaying to establish the number of outlaws, or to determine exactly the damage they do. "If we only knew how many illegal hunters there were, there wouldn't be very many, because we'd catch 'em" was the sardonic comment of the late Logan J. Bennett, executive director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

In Pennsylvania, with an estimated deer population of 350,000, the legal kill last year was 41,921. The Game Commission has concluded that one deer in twenty is killed illegally, which would make the outlaws' toll about 2000 over the same period, as opposed to 7735 deer killed while crossing busy automobile roads. This figure seems optimistic. In New York State, the best-informed sources figure the ratio at one illegal deer to ten legal. Applied to the 1956 legal kill of 72,315 animals, this would amount to 7200, which is quite a lot of good eating. Probably the most realistic estimate comes from one highly remote Adirondack township, where the natives with good reason conclude that the figure is five illegal to one legal.

A remedy for this situation does not seem likely until each hunter is followed by a game protector. In New York State, where the seasons vary according to locality, 171 game protectors must keep an eye on 110,000 licensed deer hunters. The average game protector has from 300 to 600 square miles of territory to patrol—about the same as if one policeman were assigned to patrol a whole city.

Under these adverse circumstances, the game protectors do remarkably well with a collection of lawbreakers who range from the accidental to the calculatedly murderous. The former, having killed a doe or fawn in a fit of overeagerness, then tries to sneak the animal home undetected. He is usually caught at one of the game check points, set up without advance warning, generally at a point where all traffic funnels down a single road.

Both in and out of season, a more sinister breed runs at large—the outlaw who kills for profit. He makes his living, or at least his drinking money, by selling venison at twenty to fifty dollars a hindquarter. Such meat, even if illegal, finds a ready market among city restaurant owners. Their customers will pay well for venison bootlegged onto the dinner table, with winks and wisecracks about a delicacy called "mountain lamb."

The outlaws do not observe the niceties of etiquette. A game protector, waiting patiently at night along a woodland road, may see the wavering beams of flashlights moving through the upland meadows where deer love to browse. These are the outlaws, "jacking" deer, moving their torches to and fro to catch the greenish reflection of a pair of eyes. The twin, livid spots in the darkness never move, once the light is focused on them. Hypnotized, the deer stand still. There is the crack of a rifle, and then pitch-blackness. A few minutes later, there is a sound of a souped-up motor turning over, powering a car that can travel at hot-rod speeds. The outlaws are getting under way.

If the game protector has chosen his ambush well, he may be able to step out into the road and catch the jackers literally red-handed. Too often, however, the outlaw will shut off his car lights, speed up the motor and head his car straight for the protector. Last year, in the Catskill and Adirondack mountain areas where jackers concentrate, half a dozen protectors jumped to safety just in time. One man, who delayed for a second, was swept onto a car hood and then thrown off by sheer momentum. To his good fortune, he landed in a resilient pile of brush, escaping serious injury.

For a starting pay of $3320 a year, that is a lot to ask a young man to take. But for every job that becomes available in New York State, there are four applicants who seek it. Sharon J. Mauhs, the conservation commissioner, says: "We have the good fortune in this state to have young men who like to live out of doors and will undergo any inconvenience if they can stay there." The New York State Conservation Department has jurisdiction not only over the game protectors but also over more than

... ...

Bonfire

By M. Whitcomb Hess

These are for burning:
Even so
Not unconcernedly
Let go

Old letters
To oblivion!
First, for remembrance's
sake,
Choose one;

And read it
With a heart new-stirred
By the lost dream
And once-live word.

Now is the time
To light this pyre
Re-imaging
Forgotten fire.

... ...

2,000,000 acres of state-forest land where the deer are most plentiful.

Though devoid of most scruples, the outlaws stop short at the idea of outright murder of game protectors, even if quite willing to maim them for life. Since New York established its warden system in 1880, no protector has been killed. Narrow escapes are quite another matter. If pursued, an outlaw gang may strew the road with carpet tacks or litter it with broken bottles, ripping tires to shreds and sending a warden's car careering off the road at fifty miles per hour. It is an oddity of New York State law that a game protector may carry a pistol for self-defense, but he may not exceed the legal fifty-mile speed limit unless accompanied by a state trooper.

There is ample evidence that luck usually rides with the game protectors. In October, 1952, two plain citizens who happened on outlaws at work were less fortunate. A squirrel hunter, walking through the Ramapo Hills, just north of the New York-New Jersey boundary, came upon their bodies, lying face down over the carcass of a deer. The victims were Robert Nugent, forty-three, the town clerk of Ramapo, New York, and Charles Simpson, thirty-eight, a banker, of Saddle River, New Jersey. Apparently while tramping through the forests, they surprised one or more men butchering a deer for sale in the market. Both Nugent and Simpson were lined up at gun point, it appeared, ordered to "start walking," and then shot in the back.

The case is still unsolved, but the Conservation Department intends to solve it. The job has been given to Gerald Hollahan, assistant district game protector. Hollahan, a husky, square-jawed man in his forties, has a network of informants in the area. He has reported his strong suspicion of two local men, suspected outlaws. "We have questioned these men again and again," says Robert J. Vickers, assistant superintendent of the Conservation Department's bureau of law enforcement. "They are hard cookies. They won't admit to a thing. But I will bet my bottom dollar that one day they will talk too much, and we'll have 'em cold."

Though Hollahan still has to catch and convict the murderers, he has made deer jacking in his territory too costly for comfort. A month after the double slaying, he caught four men in bloodstained clothing driving out of a back road near Ramapo. In the trunk of their car he found the carcasses of two tiny does. The offenders paid a fine of $600 per person. Under a law passed by the New York Legislature in 1948, they could also have gone to prison for a year. Under the law, if a hunter has a high-powered flashlight and a rifle in his car at the same time, this serves as prima-facie evidence of guilt.

The new penalties have given pause to the "occasional" operators—the factory workers from the cities surrounding the Adirondacks and Catskills who sometimes absorb a few drinks too many and decide to "go after a little deer meat." A thorough program of conservation education, disseminated through the fish-and-game clubs, has helped substantially. But this does not influence the organized gangs, who prey on the deer herd ruthlessly and rob legitimate hunters of a shot.

At least four gangs operate in the Adirondacks, all of them known to the game protectors—and all generally too slick to be caught with the goods. Their leaders do not lack for volunteer followers, frequently teen-aged punks of either sex who go along for the thrill. One such gang, which makes its headquarters in a town just outside the Adirondack foothills, has been at work for at least twenty-five years—with such consummate skill that the game protectors, in all that time, have managed to exact just one fine for the possession of illegal venison.

The jacking territory of this gang is a desolate twenty-mile strip of county highway known as "the Boreas Road." This dirt-and-gravel byway passes old logging clearings and farm meadows growing up to brush, where the deer come out to graze at dusk. It extends from the hamlet of Schroon River, New York, to a point near the village of Long Lake.

The jacking season starts in late June, when the deer have begun to fatten on the tender shoots of cedar, mountain maple, sumac and basswood. All winter long, they have congregated in "yards," where thick stands of coniferous trees afford some food and protection while forming an umbrella against the heaviest snows. On a blustery day in March, one can go on snowshoes or skis into a dozen remote yards, to find dozens of shaggy deer snorting and floundering in the snow, gaunt from lack of food. It takes deer many months to recover from a hard winter. Thousands do not survive.

The deer that live are the prime specimens of the herd—and, of course, the most desirable (Continued on Page 56)

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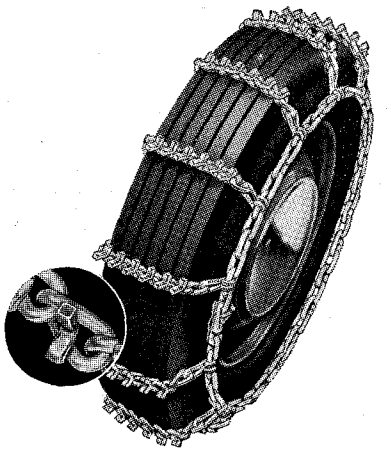
or snow tires



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The new Safety-Twin headlights, the superb Honeycombed grille, the advanced rear look with new taillights and Sculptured rear deck, new Power-Flow hood and Slipstream roof are all part of the newest look in automotive high style.

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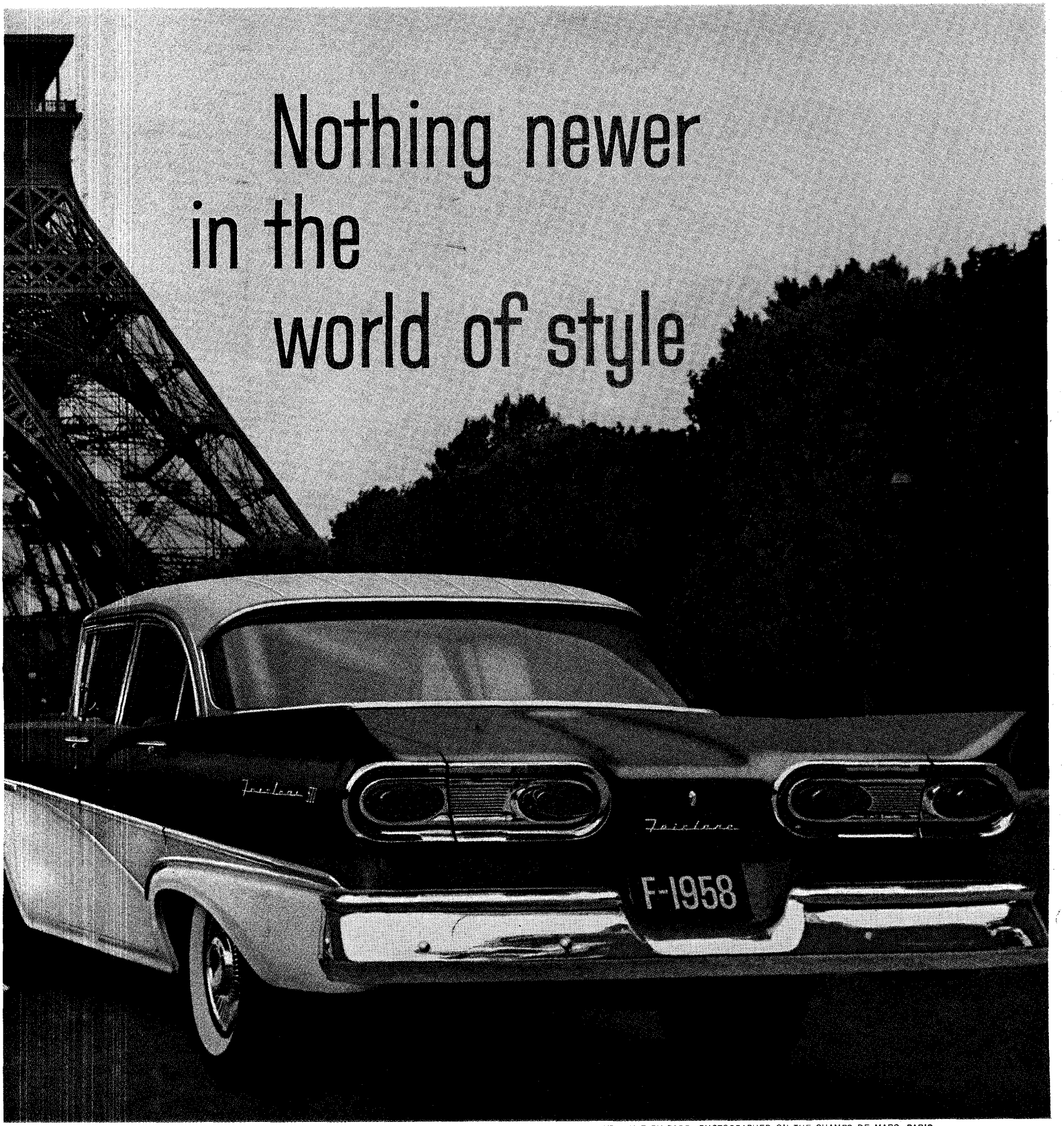

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(*Continued from Page 53*) for jacking. It is an old north-country saying that "venison ain't fit to eat till the wild strawberries begin to ripen," along toward the end of June. By this time, the surviving animals are red-coated, glossy and plump. By October they have reached their prime, and remain eminently edible until mid-December, when the first icy blasts send them back into their yards. This gives the jackers six months in which to operate.

The technique of jacking, as carried out by a gang, bears a strong resemblance to the technique of rumrunning, an art much practiced along Adirondack highways during prohibition. The jackers move in convoy. Let us, in fancy, join them on the Boreas Road at dusk.

The lead car is a decoy, carrying two couples dressed in their Sunday best, moving slowly along. If stopped for questioning by the game protectors, they can raise an indignant protest, "We're just out for a little drive." The second car loiters far behind, just within seeing distance of the first. It is loaded with the killers, armed to the teeth with powerful rifles and powerful lights. If the decoy car is stopped, they can turn around for a getaway. Or, if anticipating pursuit, they can pull up to the roadside and hide their rifles and flashlights, to be retrieved at leisure.

Finally, there is a "tail" car, also occupied by innocent-looking couples. This car keeps a lookout to the rear to avoid a double envelopment. Unless the game protectors patrolled this road every night for six months—during which time he gangsters would profitably concentrate their efforts somewhere else—it would be almost impossible for them to catch the gang. In fact, on the single occasion a capture took place, the game protector responsible went through the oddest night of his life.

Dwinal Kerst, now district game protector at Saranac Lake, but then a fairly young man in the law-enforcement business, managed to leap aboard the running board of one of the gang's cars some twenty-five years ago, when cars still had running boards. He leaned through the window and flung his arms around the neck of the driver. As the car careered down the road, those aboard tried to knock Kerst loose. Tiring of this, he finally pulled out his service pistol and shot through the left front fender into the tire. As the car stopped, the gang rolled up the windows and locked the car doors. It was then about two o'clock in the morning.

"I felt like a damned fool," Kerst recalls, "but I didn't want to lose those fellows. I crawled up on the hood and just stared in through the windshield like a big old owl. They stared back on me. After a couple of hours, they got to feeling silly, so they rolled down the windows and surrendered. They had guns and lights inside, but that was before the law was as severe as it is now. I could have prosecuted them for assault, but I was more anxious to get them on record as deer jackers. So I let them settle with a fine."

As every game protector knows, plenty of beady eyes are watching whenever he climbs into his car and starts out of town. In mountain country, there is only a limited number of highways in and out of any village. The gangs are consequently aware when the protector is on the road. This same knowledge is also useful to individual deer jackers. A man with designs on a deer may call his friend in the nearest town and ask, "Where is he?" If the answer is, "He's headed north," and the deer are grazing south of town, the flashlight and rifle come out of the cupboard with commendable celerity, and another deer bites the dust.

This gambit, however, does not always work. Protector Reg Wolf, now at Lake Placid, arrested two men and collected $250 in fines because he let it be known that he was going to a high-school band concert while stationed in another community. He went, all right, but he slipped out as soon as the lights were dimmed. He got his men, and was back in time to stand up with the rest of the audience for The Star-Spangled Banner.

Less caginess is involved in catching the one-time violators, but still many of them slip through the net. A favorite trick, according to Assistant Superintendent Vickers, is played by city dwellers living on the edge of the mountains.

"A man," says Vickers, "will stow his gun and hunting clothes in the trunk, load his wife and kid in the car, and drive up to the woods as innocent as anything. He kills a deer after dark, which is when instinct tells the deer it is safe to feed. He dresses it out—meaning that he takes the choicest meat and leaves the rest of the carcass behind—and puts the hindquarters in the trunk, leaving the rest behind to rot. He slips on city clothes again and comes rolling down the road to the check point just as sassy as you please. You can't cross-examine everybody, or there would be a traffic jam all the way back to the Canadian border. So a fair number of these people slip through.

LET'S TALK TURKEY!

Yes, it's time to talk turkey . . . about Christmas gifts!

The best gifts of all are gift subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. For the POST is packed with pleasure that returns week after week for as long as you care to give. POST gifts are economical, too—two or more 1-year gifts are only $5 each—and they're so easy to order!

Simply fill in the order form that's in this issue and mail it today. We'll gladly bill you later while your gifts are being enjoyed. A colorful card in your name will announce each POST gift in the Christmas mails.

"What you do rely on is how people behave when stopped. One fellow from Schenectady outsmarted himself. He put his wife at the wheel. She was so jumpy that I said to myself, *Something's wrong here*. She was almost crying. When I asked her to hand me the trunk key, she dropped it. I opened the trunk and found two hindquarters of venison.

"Then there was the time two young fellows drove up in city clothes. They seemed a bit too cocky about everything, and often that's another sure sign that something is wrong. 'Let me have your trunk key,' I said.

"'Why?' they wanted to know. 'We haven't got anything in there but a couple of suitcases full of clothes. We're on the way from one building job to another.' Finally, they handed over the key. I pulled out the suitcases and hefted them. From the weight, I figured they must go to work in chain armor. When I opened the bags, I found them full of venison."

Vickers has compiled a mental encyclopedia of slick tricks which did not work. There was the man who shot six pheasants out of season and tucked them inside the hub plates on the wheels of his car. There were the immigrants who didn't see why the shooting of songbirds should be illegal, since it is permitted in most of continental Europe. These unfortunates hid six songbirds inside their shirts, but were betrayed by bulges in the wrong places. There was the farmer who came bouncing down the highway, driving a pickup truck filled with milk cans. In half of the cans, it developed, there were four deer—and not a drop of milk. There was also the man who claimed to have killed his deer by bow and arrow during the short archery season that precedes the official opening day for gunning. Inspection of the wound established that the animal had been shot, first, by a rifle; thereafter the hunter jammed an arrow into the hole, but not well enough to destroy the evidence.

The advent of the long-distance truck has posed a problem that the game-protector force has not yet solved. The Adirondack roads are dark at night, and it is a long way between towns. There have been hints that some unscrupulous truck drivers, traversing the route between Canada and New York, are not averse to making a deal with the organized deer jackers. A bit of bunting may be hung on a tree, somewhere deep in the woods. The trucker recognizes this signal, pulls up and loads aboard a dressed deer or two. Since it is impossible to stop every truck, there is every likelihood that some venison gets to New York by this seemingly innocent means.

For that matter, there is grave suspicion that some of the heavy trucks carrying Christmas trees from the north woods to the big city are also carrying venison, buried deep under a load of spruce and balsam. To stop such a truck on suspicion and to unload its cargo would take hours. Protector Wolf, who has these trucks much in mind, observes, "I'm going to get me a ferret, train him to smell out venison, and put him aboard every load of Christmas trees. That way, maybe I'll catch up with some of these fellows."

More probably, such small-time racketeers will give themselves away. One drunken trucker, boasting too loudly in a village bar, will be overheard. The word will pass down to the protector force. Sometimes a gang will fall out, and a disgruntled member will deliver the tip-off. It should also be added that every north-woods town, from Pennsylvania to Maine, includes a sizable majority of law-abiding citizens who disapprove of illegal hunting and have no compunction about notifying the protectors—always with the codicil, "But don't get me mixed up in it."

Not all the business transacted by game protectors is grim or grinding. In Northwestern New York, they tell the story of the doctor's wife. Her husband phoned from Cranberry Lake, in the heart of the woods. "Honey," he said, "I've just shot two deer. Hurry down and get yourself a license and come up here and give me the tag." His wife, a notably vague woman, did not stop to consider the fact that the legal limit in New York State is one buck deer per person—with, only occasionally, a very short season on does as well. She drove down to the game protector's office, walked in and applied for a license.

"Why, Mrs. X——" said the protector. "What brings you here?"

"Oh," said the doctor's wife, "the most wonderful thing has happened. John has shot two bucks at Cranberry Lake, and I'm going up to give him my tag."

"How nice," said the game protector. "As it happens, I am headed for Cranberry Lake myself. How would you like to ride with me? It will save you a long drive."

The doctor's wife had a happy trip. The doctor, however, was not so happy when the game protector stepped out of the car.

A similarly affable situation befell protector James B. Hall, Jr., of Long Lake. Hall's territory runs up into the Cold River country, most remote in the Adirondacks. To hunt this area, a ten-mile boat trip is required, followed by a hike of six to nine miles. Having been advised that a group of hunters was in Cold River and that they seemed to have shot more than one deer apiece, Hall and two other protectors decided to investigate. They found not only the hunters but the evidence. Then came the problem: How to carry it out?

"I didn't much relish the idea of backpacking that venison for six miles," said Hall, "so I said to one of the hunters, 'How in the world am I going to get this venison out?' He looked at me, gave a disgusted snort and said, 'You guys! Why do they take a city fellow and put him in a game protector's uniform?' I happen to be a country boy, but I didn't say a word. He hefted a carcass onto his shoulders and carried it all the way out."

Cases of this order represent the lighter side of the game protector's job. Into this category also fall cases involving the local man who shoots a deer in advance of the season, or perhaps engages in occasional jacking trips just for the fun of outsmarting the wardens. One highly respected north-country citizen has been chased by the game protectors for thirty years. They never have caught him. One night, they chased him along a one-track dirt road for twenty miles, firing shots in the air, until a particularly bad bump shattered the rear springs of their car. Meanwhile, his deer-jacking companion ripped a five-cell flashlight battery into pieces and flung it out bit by bit, along with the rifle, so that, if caught, the game protectors would have no evidence that the law had been violated.

The citizen hastened home, garaged his car, put on his pajamas and hopped into bed. When the protectors arrived, he came downstairs sleepily and announced: "I've been in bed for the last three hours." At that point, one of the protectors went out to the garage, put his hand on the radiator of the car and let out a yell. "That's the first time I ever touched the radiator of a car that hadn't been out of the garage and managed to burn myself," he announced. But, minus evidence, the citizen went scot-free. A few years later, mousetrapped in a meadow near his home, he crawled into a culvert under the state highway and lay for two hours in icy water while state cars roared back and forth over his head.

A native who wants to make sure of a deer for himself will put out a salt lick in June or July, spilling a bag of salt over a rotten stump. The deer flock to this illegal bait like flies to honey. Evening after evening, the native will come stealthily to the salt lick, always moving in from downwind so the deer cannot scent him. Sometime in September he comes back with a rifle, picks the fattest specimen, and with one shot has his meat supply for the winter. This meat, butchered stealthily, goes into the home freezer, a device that has infinitely complicated the job of the game protectors. In the old days, a deer had to be hung outside, in a barn or shed, to keep the meat from decomposing. Nowadays it goes into the freezer—and to look into a man's home freezer requires a search warrant.

As opening date comes closer, the local boys hunt the apple orchards. All through the Northeast there are hundreds of abandoned farms where the apple trees still bear fruit. The deer disdain these until the first frost whitens (*Continued on Page 59*)

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Light up a *light* smoke —Light up a Lucky!

WHEN YOU SMOKE A LUCKY, YOU'RE SMOKING LIGHT!

End to end, a Lucky is made of superbly light tobacco—golden rich, wonderfully good-tasting tobacco . . . the most famous tobacco in America. And Luckies' fine tobacco is toasted to enhance the lightness . . . to make the taste even better. Want to go light? Just go Lucky!

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BRUISE DAMAGE OFTEN LEADS TO BLOWOUT WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT. NYLON'S SHOCK-ABSORBING TOUGHNESS SHRUGS OFF PUNISHMENT, GIVES TIRES LASTING STRENGTH

BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Nylon cord protects best against weakening by bumps, flex strain, moisture, heat—runs cooler on the road. That's why safety-conscious people everywhere are switching to nylon cord tires.

In just one year, sales of nylon cord tires have increased 65%. You may be surprised how little the extra protection of nylon cord tires will cost you. Nylon is your best protection against the four major causes of unseen tire damage that can lead to blowouts: bumps that occur in everyday driving, flex strain that takes place every time a tire turns, moisture that seeps in through cuts in the rubber. What's more, nylon not only withstands heat best, but actually runs up to 30% cooler.

Nylon's superiority has been proved in billions of miles use by safety-conscious truckers. Nylon cord tires are in everyday use by highway police, commercial fleet operators and taxis. All major airlines and military aircraft depend on nylon cord tires. For greater safety, insist on nylon when buying new tires or a new car. Look for the identification on the sidewall.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

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(*Continued from Page 56*) the ground. Then they move in, and with them move the local hunters.

A friend of mine, who finds nothing wrong in hunting out of season, remarked recently, "These game protectors keep chasing up and down the roads looking for violators. Maybe they'll catch a few gangs that way, and a few darned fools who don't know better. What they ought to do is to make a census of all the apple orchards in the north country and the Catskills and just keep circulating among 'em after the first frost. They'd bag a load of illegal hunters that way."

A certain *modus vivendi* exists between game protectors and natives, since too unremitting attention to one locality would simply produce bad blood and a rash of false tips about nonexistent game-law violations. This treatment can be relentless. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., later Secretary of the Treasury under President Roosevelt, was in the early 1930's the state's conservation commissioner. He took a cottage one summer at St. Hubert's, in the heart of the Adirondacks. Some well-meaning friends, in order to enhance his stay, set out a salt lick nearby, so that he could see deer feeding. Residents of the neighborhood took prompt revenge. They hung the carcass of a doe on his front porch. Morgenthau, in a fury, rallied a small army of game protectors who questioned more than fifty local citizens. But he never found out who did it, and the whole community shared the joke.

From the breed of outlaws, one type is rapidly vanishing. He is the lone wolf, who goes far back of the roads and packs out his venison on his back. One reprobate friend of mine, who still carries on, estimates that he has killed 231 deer since 1919, and has been caught only twice. The first time, he demanded a jury trial and acted as his own lawyer.

The first prospective juror was a prosperous businessman. Shifting his cud of tobacco from one cheek to the other, my friend demanded, "Have you ever shot a deer out of season, sir?"

The businessman indignantly spluttered that he never had.

"Then you don't belong on this jury," said my friend. The case dissolved in a roar of laughter, and the final verdict was for acquittal. The second time, however, he paid a $150 fine.

Hunting the backwoods calls for finesse. When the snow comes early, the outlaw must avoid the traveled trails, moving stealthily far back in the brush. He may have a cabin far back, tucked away where nobody can find it. He cooks a warm meal only at nighttime, when the smoke from the chimney cannot be observed, and he has shot holes in the stovepipe, so that sparks from his wood fire will spill out through so many openings that they cannot be observed from a distance, to guide the wardens to his hide-out. When he kills a deer, he bones it out and then makes the ten-mile trip to the highway after dark. He is foresighted. When word reached him one day that the game protectors were on his trail, he asked a woman friend to drive out and meet him. He hid the venison under a blanket on the back seat. When the game protectors approached, he flung his arms around the lady.

"What the hell," he growled, as a flashlight shone in on him. "Can't a fellow even kiss a girl without you guys hanging around?" The abashed protectors retreated hastily. About ten minutes later, the venison found a purchaser in town. This vanishing specimen epitomizes the old-time north-country man, who grew up with the idea that the woods belonged to him and that no game warden had the right to stop him from hunting whenever he wanted. Today's type, thanks to education, and perhaps to a better standard of living, is mellowing.

Several years ago, a game protector in self-defense wounded a young man resisting arrest as a violator. The Troy Record printed the following letter:

GESTAPO METHODS

The warden who shot a man for taking illegal deer should be sent away for observation. (Signed) AN OLD SPORT.

The next day, the following answer appeared in the paper:

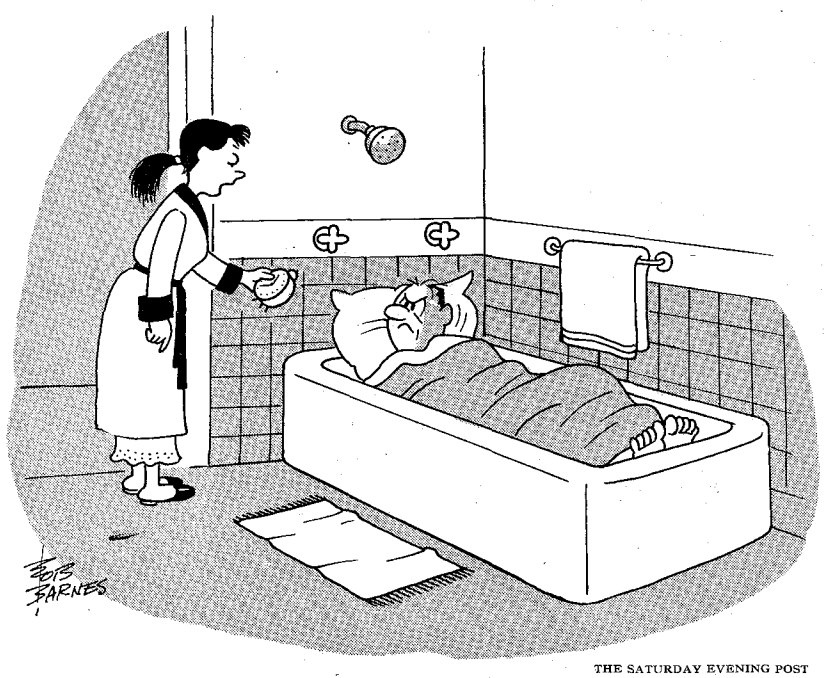
NO GESTAPO

All this talk about our Conservation Department is bunk and should be stopped. I, as an ex-violator, can prove from experience that it is no Gestapo. I was picked up on three separate charges, and paid a fine for each.

I knew when I was violating the law, and the penalty. When I was caught, I didn't cry about it. The warden has always treated me okay, and I can't see all this fuss about him defending himself. Stop crying!

(Signed) ANOTHER OLD SPORT

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I set the alarm for six-thirty—mother likes to take her shower early."

Thanksgiving is Nov. 28th

SO FINE,
SO FAMOUS,
SO SURE TO PLEASE

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

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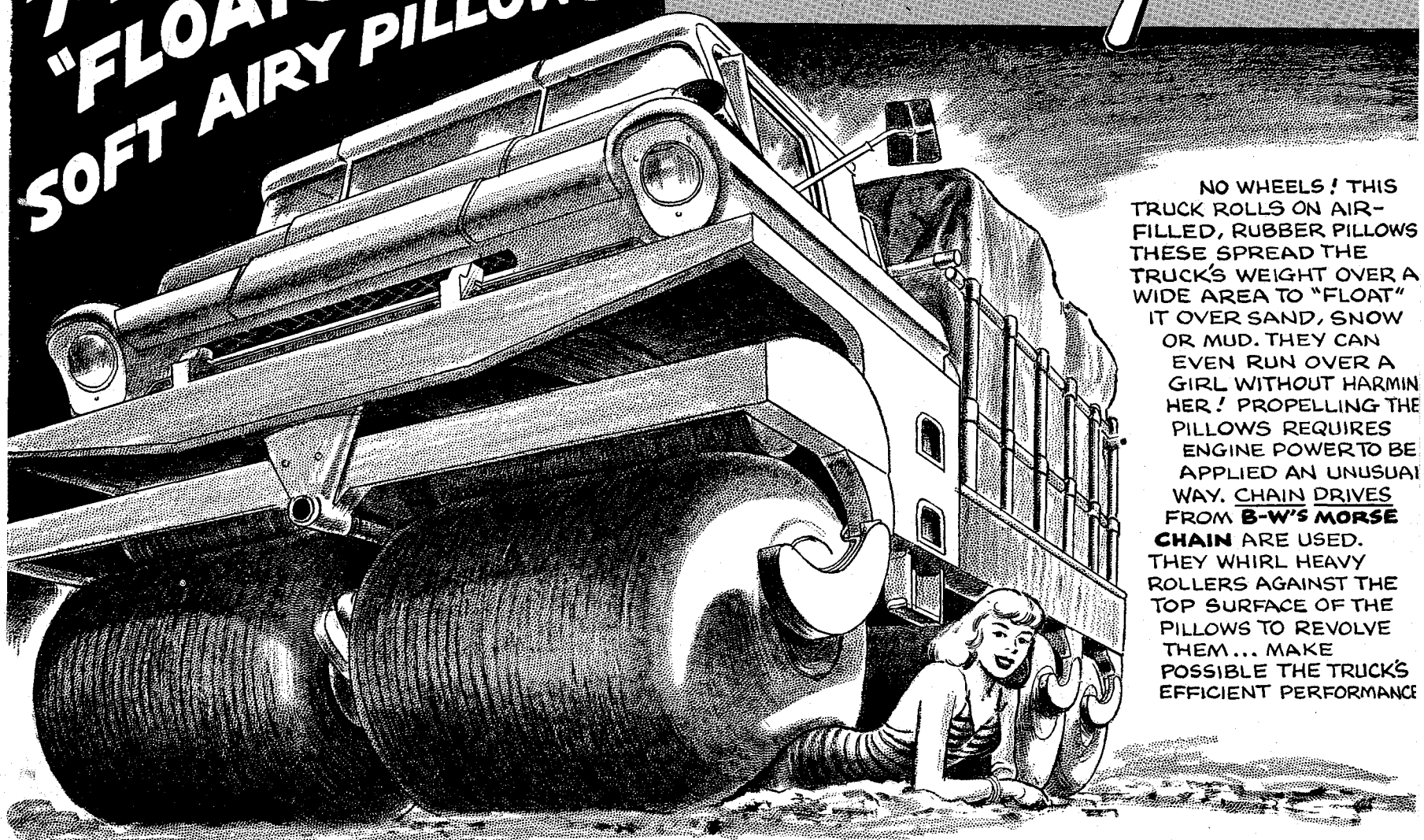
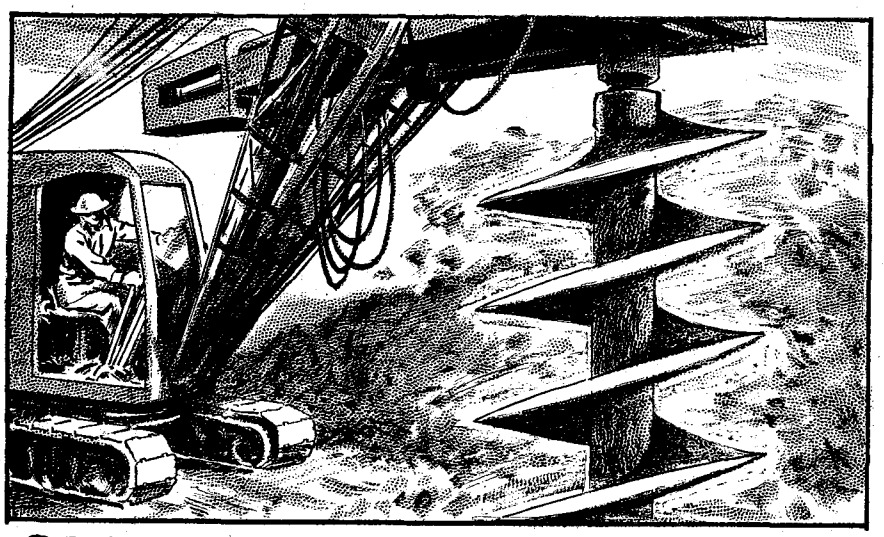
7-TON TRUCK "FLOATS" ON SOFT AIRY PILLOWS!

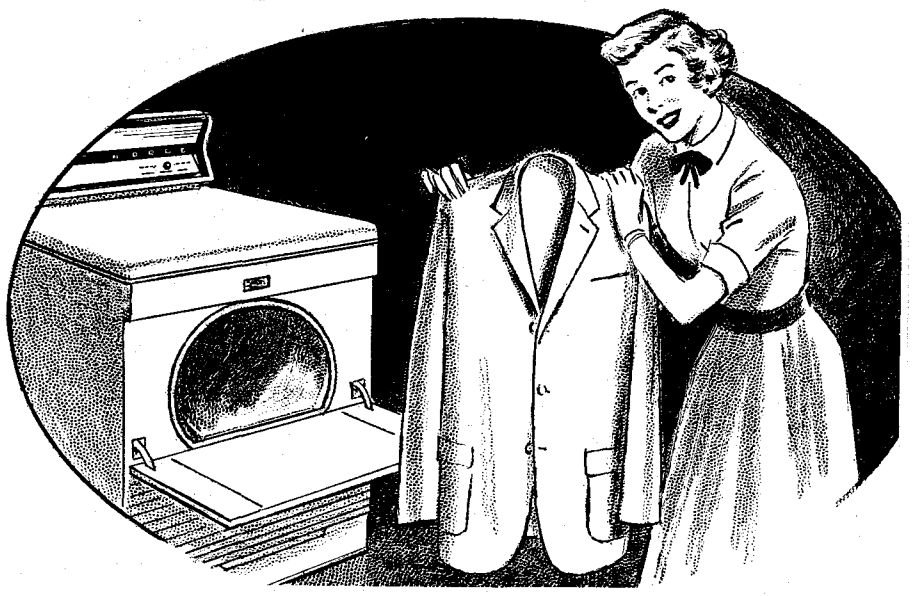
RIPLEY'S—



NO WHEELS! THIS TRUCK ROLLS ON AIR-FILLED, RUBBER PILLOWS THESE SPREAD THE TRUCK'S WEIGHT OVER A WIDE AREA TO "FLOAT" IT OVER SAND, SNOW OR MUD. THEY CAN EVEN RUN OVER A GIRL WITHOUT HARMIN HER! PROPELLING THE PILLOWS REQUIRES ENGINE POWER TO BE APPLIED AN UNUSUAL WAY. CHAIN DRIVES FROM **B-W'S MORSE CHAIN** ARE USED. THEY WHIRL HEAVY ROLLERS AGAINST THE TOP SURFACE OF THE PILLOWS TO REVOLVE THEM... MAKE POSSIBLE THE TRUCK'S EFFICIENT PERFORMANCE



DRILLS HOLES 8 FEET WIDE TO STOP LANDSLIDES! THIS HUGE DRILL QUICKLY BORES HOLES IN MOUNTAINSIDES -- 8' ACROSS, UP TO 100' DEEP -- FOR IMBEDDING CONCRETE TO HOLD EARTH IN PLACE. TO DELIVER NEEDED POWER, THE MAIN SHAFT THAT SPINS THE DRILL MUST BE GIVEN EXTRA FLEX TO WITHSTAND THE STRAIN. FLEXIBLE STEEL JOINTS FROM **B-W'S MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT** DO THE TRICK. RUGGED, PRECISE, THEY TAKE THE LOAD.



NEWEST DRYER DRIES "WASH and WEAR SUITS WRINKLE-FREE! NOW "WASH AND WEAR" SUITS NEEDN'T SLOWLY DRIP DRY! THE NEWEST TIMELINE* CLOTH DRYER MADE BY **B-W'S NORGE** DRIES THEM FAST WITHOUT A WRINKLE. A NEW DIAL SETTING CALLED "WRINKLE-OUT" AUTOMATICALLY GIVES THE EXACT COMBINATION OF HEAT AND AIR FOR THE PRECISE TIME NEEDED BY SYNTHETIC FABRICS TO RESTORE THAT FRESH-PRESSED LOOK.

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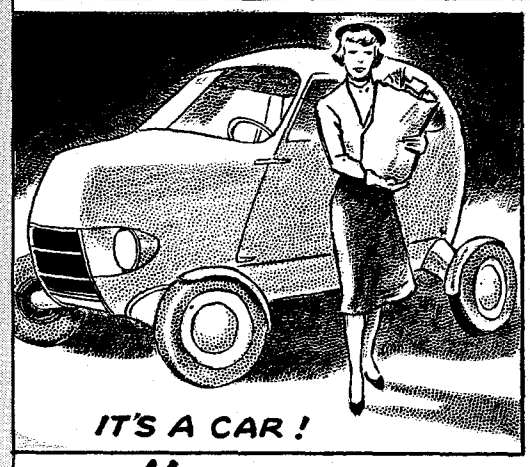
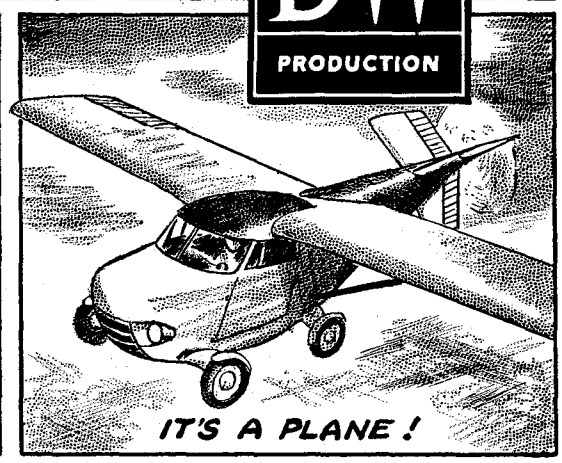
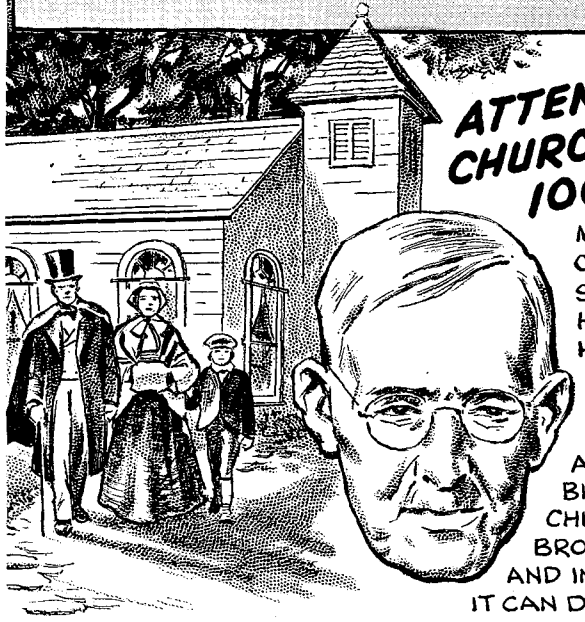




NEW SPORTS CAR GETS DRIVERS UP IN THE AIR!

THE DRIVER SIMPLY HOOKS THE WINGS AND TAIL TO THIS SPORTY CAR AND TAKES TO THE AIR. THE ENGINE DOES DOUBLE DUTY EFFICIENTLY, THANKS TO A CARBURETOR FROM **B-W'S MARVEL-SCHEBLER**. IT ADJUSTS TO PROVIDE THE DIFFERENT AIR-FUEL MIXTURES NECESSARY FOR SAFE FLYING AND PRACTICAL DRIVING --AN IMPORTANT REASON FOR CAA'S CERTIFICATE OF AIR-WORTHINESS TO THIS FLYING AUTOMOBILE.



ATTENDED SAME CHURCH FOR OVER 100 YEARS!

MR. JOHN A. McGILL OF SMYRNA, S.C., GOT STARTED EARLY IN HIS CHURCH-GOING. HE ATTENDED THE SAME CHURCH ALL HIS LIFE--SINGING IN THE CHOIR UNTIL AFTER HIS 100th BIRTHDAY. FAITHFUL CHURCH ATTENDANCE BROUGHT HIM HELP AND INSPIRATION. IT CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU. ATTEND CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE REGULARLY WITH YOUR FAMILY. **WORSHIP TOGETHER EVERY WEEK.**

NEW VOICE OF THE DEEP GIVES LOWDOWN ON WAVES!

SCIENTISTS CAN NOW STUDY OCEAN BEHAVIOR WITH NEW ACCURACY BY USE OF AN INGENIOUS INSTRUMENT LOWERED TO THE OCEAN'S FLOOR. ITS ABILITY TO DETECT AND INSTANTLY REPORT DEEP-DOWN EFFECTS OF WAVES IS ACHIEVED WITH AN ELECTRONIC DEVICE DEVELOPED BY **BORG-WARNER'S B J ELECTRONICS**. THIS VIBROTRON* PRESSURE GAUGE IS SO HIGHLY SENSITIVE THAT EVEN AT DEPTHS OF OVER HALF A MILE IT WILL SENSE A 6-INCH RIPPLE ON THE WATER'S SURFACE.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Here's what you should do about

COLDS or ASIATIC FLU

1 See your doctor
2 Get plenty of bed rest
3 Drink lots of fruit juice
4 Take Bayer Aspirin to reduce the fever and relieve the pain

BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!

THE SYMPTOMS of the common cold—and of highly contagious Asiatic Flu—are remarkably similar. Fever, headache, muscular aches and pains, backache and sore throat are among the characteristics of both diseases.

The moment you are aware of any of these symptoms, you should, of course, get in touch with your doctor. Meanwhile, rest in bed as much as possible, drink as much fruit juice as you can, and take Bayer Aspirin without delay.

The importance of taking Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a cold or Asiatic Flu cannot be over-emphasized. Both diseases, if neglected, can cause you serious trouble . . . Asiatic Flu especially —for it not only spreads with insidious speed, but can lead to pneumonia.

Bayer Aspirin will make you feel better fast—because it relieves aches and pains with astonishing speed, and quickly reduces fever as well.

We believe your own doctor or public health official will tell you that Bayer Aspirin brings the relief you need from the painful discomforts caused by colds or Asiatic Flu.

Remember—three years of penetrating research confirms that Bayer brings the *fastest* relief . . . the *fastest*, most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.

NEW!

BAYER® NASAL SPRAY

with Neo-Synephrine®

As personal as your toothbrush!

Comes in containers of different colors, so everyone in your family can have his own. Thus it

Offers greater protection against spread of infection than any other nasal spray!

Coats swollen nasal membranes with a soothing spray that shrinks swelling, relieves nasal congestion.

Sweeps away stuffiness . . . dries up runny nose . . . relieves head cold miseries . . .

Has you breathing freely again—fast!

My Scotland Yard Adventures

(Continued from Page 25)

I therefore advised against publication of the photograph. In the light of after events, this may seem a difficult decision to take, but at the time I did not find it difficult, nor do I now think I was wrong. All we knew about Heath was that he had a criminal record for larceny, housebreaking and false pretenses. There was no reason to believe that he would kill again. He was not yet convicted of murder, nor is there, as far as I know, any previous record of a murderer of Heath's type committing another murder within a few days of his first crime.

In the event, Heath did. Some twelve days after the first murder, while we were looking for him, Heath killed and mutilated a second girl, whom he had met casually at Bournemouth, a seaside town on the South Coast.

It has been suggested since that Heath committed this second murder to strengthen the plea of insanity he already intended to put in for the first. I do not believe he was intelligent enough to think as far ahead as that. In the interval between the first and second murders, he had been taking out a third girl, who came to no harm and who testified that he had treated her with perfect courtesy.

But assuming that I had been a prophet, knowing the worst that was going to happen, would I have been justified in risking our evidence against Heath, on the chance that publication of the photograph might have led us to him before he had taken a second life? I do not think so.

In another case just afterward, we gave out a photograph for publication, and its use in the press brought rapid results. Here I must digress a moment to say that the British detective generally has an attitude of tolerance to criminals that surprises outsiders. He spends his life working among criminals, and he could hardly do his job if he were in a constant frenzy of hatred. There are, however, exceptions to this tolerance. Those who interfere with young children are not looked upon with favor, nor are men who shoot or beat up a policeman.

In this case a plain-clothes aid to the C.I.D., a man with two small children, had been shot in cold blood while questioning a suspected housebreaker he had been following. There was no difficulty in identifying the gunman. His name, Donald George Thomas, was in the dead policeman's notebook. He was known as an army deserter, who had been on the run for six months.

We issued a statement to the press saying that we wished to interview Thomas, and as a result a man came forward and said that Thomas had gone off with his wife. He gave us a photograph of the wife, which we passed on to the press. The papers had been on the streets for only an hour or two next morning when the landlady of a boardinghouse reported that the original of the photograph was sharing a room at her house with a man.

There followed an episode of some courage. Thomas was known to be desperate and armed. The British police are unarmed, save in very exceptional circumstances. We put our trust in surprise and the sudden inrush of a number of big men, trained in unarmed combat. We did not, therefore, feel it necessary to place an armed guard round the house in which Thomas was sleeping, nor to try to shoot it out with him.

At about 7:30 that morning a party of police, led by an inspector who was a former Rugby footballer, went upstairs with the landlady, who carried Thomas' breakfast tray. The landlady laid the tray outside the door, knocked and returned downstairs. The police waited. When the door opened, they forced their way into the room, overpowering Thomas as he made a dive for the bed, in which was a loaded Luger automatic.

"That gun's full up, and they were all for you," Thomas told the inspector afterward. "You were lucky. I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

The irony of this story is that Thomas was not hanged at all, for Parliament was at that time debating a bill to abolish capital punishment, and during the debate the death penalty was suspended. Thomas is still alive, a fact much regretted by many police officers.

One of the finest of many examples of cold-blooded courage by London policemen happened some years ago, when two detectives cornered an armed man in an East End house. The criminal warned them, "If you try to come up, I'll shoot." Nevertheless, the first detective went up and was shot. The second detective, knowing what had happened to his colleague, and indeed having to step over his body, still went on up the stairs and made his arrest.

Fortunately, we have always been able to attract a sufficient number of men prepared to risk their lives, and because of their courage it has not been found necessary to arm the British police. It is our opinion that if the police are armed, criminals will arm themselves also, and will not hesitate to shoot it out with the police or with inoffensive citizens who may be in their way.

(Continued on Page 64)

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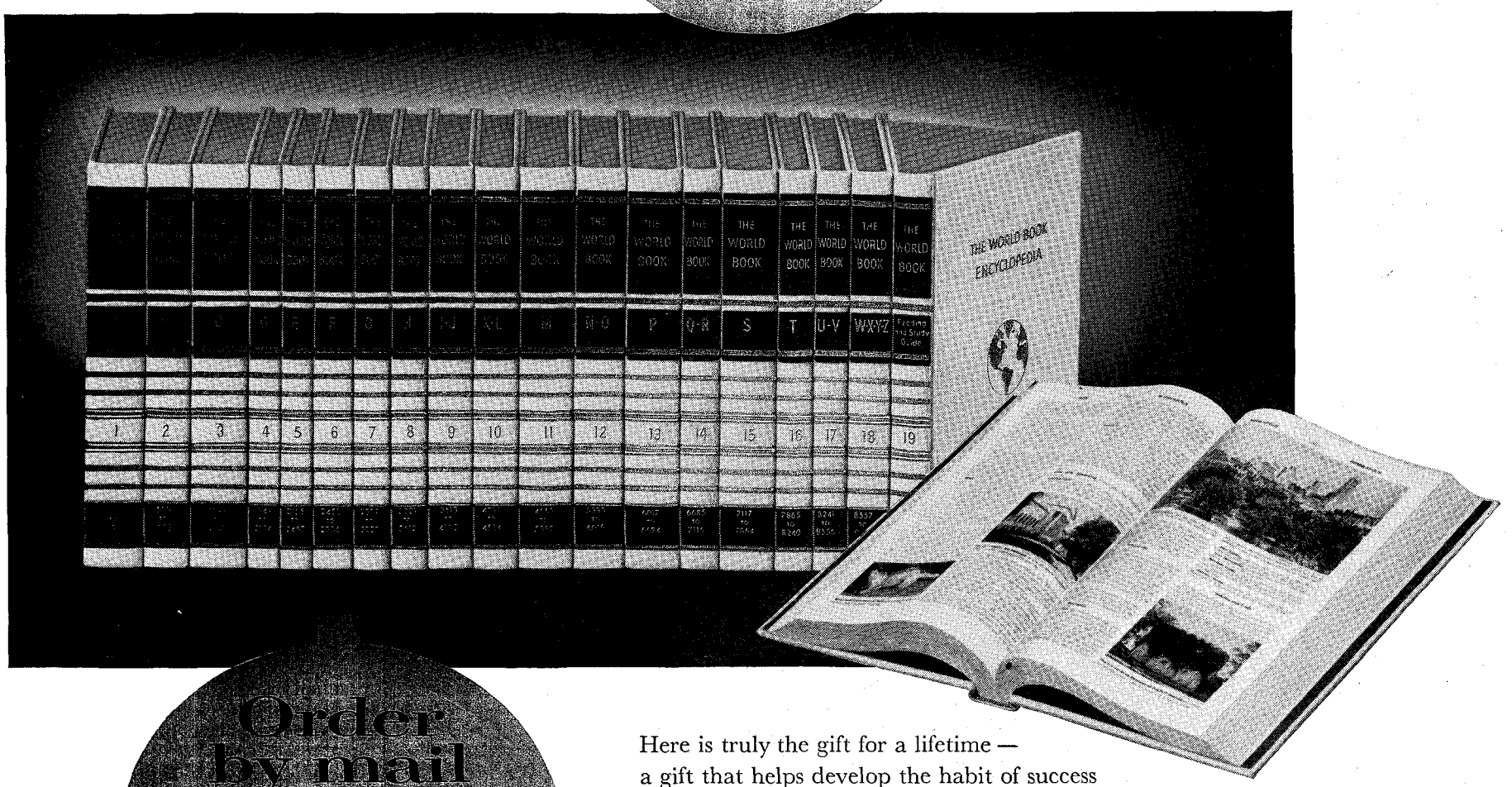

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(*Continued from Page 62*) The courage of the London policeman has not changed in the thirty years or so I have known him, but in other respects he has changed considerably. For one thing, he drinks tea instead of the eight or ten pints of beer he used to put away daily. The old type of detective, who still lingered when I first came to Scotland Yard, would not have fitted easily into the modern crime-catching machine. A detective must always be an individualist, but nowadays he must be willing to seek expert advice from such sections of the machine as the Forensic Science Laboratory.

In a safe-blowing case a year or two ago, minute samples of the safe ballast were examined in the laboratory and established as a mixture of mahogany sawdust, iron rust and alum. Three suspects were brought in, and from the fluff and dust that accumulates in pockets and trousers cuffs the microscope picked out identical samples of mahogany sawdust, iron rust and alum. The ringleader tried to explain this away by saying that the sawdust came from mahogany which he had been sawing in his garage. The laboratory took a sample of sawdust from the garage and identified it as Spanish mahogany, whereas that in the trousers came from British Honduras.

There is still plenty of scope for individual initiative, for the machine has its blind spots. Friends who know a little of the workings of Scotland Yard have told me that, short of murder, which is a little conspicuous, they could, with luck and careful planning, get away with any crime once. I hope they are wrong, but there are 1,500,000 files in the Scotland Yard Registry, 2,750,000 cards in the Criminal Record Office Nominal Index and 1,250,000 sets of prints in the Fingerprint Department main collection, which increases at the rate of 50,000 a year. Among such astronomical figures the individual might get lost once, or even twice.

Old offenders who repeat themselves are far easier to trace than amateurs. I recall particularly an efficient butler who made a habit of asking a new employer for a month's wages in advance. He would then wait until the first formal dinner party, carefully select the guest he most disliked, and pour down her neck the best part of a bowl of soup. He was, of course, dismissed at once, with most of a month's wages in his pocket. In this way he managed to live quite comfortably on about thirteen weeks' actual work a year.

Nemesis, in the shape of Scotland Yard, overtook this remarkable man because he took to using forged references. Nemesis usually does overtake those who are too lazy, too unintelligent and too uninventive to think of a new way of performing old crimes. The Method Index of the Criminal Record Office at Scotland Yard, for instance, is based upon the fact that criminals are creatures of habit. One man is listed there under 440 aliases, but he always commits the same crime in the same way, and we invariably catch up with him.

Novelists and journalists have taught visitors to London to look upon the West End, around Piccadilly Circus, as the very heart of vice. If by vice is meant sexual vice, there is something to be said for this view, for the British vice laws, quite incomprehensible to any foreigner, and indeed to ourselves, make it difficult for the police to deal effectively with prostitutes and those who live on their earnings.

But the area which consistently gives the police more trouble than any other is the "crime arc" of mean and squalid streets which runs from Marble Arch along the Edgware Road, up the Harrow Road and down to Notting Hill. It was in one of these houses that a man driving a nail into a kitchen wall discovered a loose partition made of cardboard and, on investigating further, found in a little alcove the naked bodies of three women.

There was another body beneath the floor boards of the front room, and in the tiny garden, when we came to dig it up, two complete human skeletons, one charred and broken skull, a large quantity of teeth and other assorted remains, including—most gruesome touch of all—a human thigh bone propping up a broken fence. A scrap of newspaper buried with these remains seemed to indicate that some, at least, had been there about seven years.

Responsibility for this charnel house was eventually claimed, as evidence of insanity, on behalf of an insignificant-looking clerk named John Christie. He was a murderer on a mass scale not known in England since George Joseph Smith, who drowned for their insurance money the women he had bigamously married. The body under the floor boards was that of Christie's wife, and for killing her he was hanged.

The charge of corruption is one leveled against all police forces from time to time, with more reason in some cases than in others. The Metropolitan Police have always prided themselves on their comparative freedom from this vice. Perhaps two or three men a year are asked to resign from the force or are dismissed because there is reasonable evidence against them of corruption.

This is an astonishing record, considering the temptation to which the police are subject. The British police are not over-

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paid, and the turnover from illegal street bookmaking, where much of the trouble starts, is probably about £30,000,000 a year. There is plenty of money available, then, to corrupt the police. But for every case of proved corruption I could produce two or three cases like that of the detective inspector who went to the house of a man suspected of receiving stolen cloth.

The suspect told him frankly: "You've already got three men in prison for this job. I've a son and daughter at a decent school, and it'll be ruin for them as well as me if you pull me in. Here's three thousand pounds to say nothing more about it."

The inspector, whose pay was £700 a year and who had two children of his own to bring up, could have reported that his inquiries had led nowhere. Instead, he brought the man and the money straight back to headquarters.

This comparative immunity from corruption may be traced to the determination of the founders of the Metropolitan Police, more than a century ago, that the force should be free from political interference. In London, the Metropolitan Police comes under the authority of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs. Whatever his political party, he would never think of trying to manipulate the police for political ends. The man on the beat knows this, and his power to resist temptation is strengthened.

By the time a couple can afford two cars they're likely to have two teen-agers.

HAL CHADWICK

Further, I do not believe that "gangs" exist in England, in the sense of permanent criminal organizations controlled by that mastermind beloved of the detective novelist. In my twenty-five years of experience, we have never caught a mastermind. This may prove their masterliness or their nonexistence, according to your choice.

The very efficiency of the police machine, however, has created a temporary kind of gang. Because there are so many police cars on the road, linked by radio with Scotland Yard, it is no longer possible to get away with a robbery in a single car. The criminal must use several cars, probably all stolen, and involving split-second timing. This means more men—in short, a gang. Gangs come together for a single operation, but they break up very quickly because they fear informers, who will give away any permanent organization to the police.

The most spectacular example of this kind of planned operation was that which led to the Battle of Heath Row in 1948. The plan, an ambitious one, was to raid the bonded warehouse of London Airport, which held goods to the value of about £500,000. At that time, moreover, it was known that a $1,000,000 consignment of bullion was due to arrive by airplane.

The plan was to drug the canteen tea of the British Overseas Airways Corporation staff in charge of the warehouse, and then carry off the contents. There were only two things wrong with the plan. The first was that the plane carrying the bullion was held up by fog and did not arrive until the following day. The second was that somebody told the police all about the raid.

Just before one o'clock in the morning, a large covered van drove into the airport and backed up against the warehouse door. Seven men, masked and armed with bludgeons, entered the warehouse, while the driver, in B.O.A.C. uniform, stood on guard at the door, armed with a starting handle.

Inside the warehouse were three C.I.D. officers, also in B.O.A.C. uniform and shamming the heavy-breathing sleep of the drugged. Concealed out of sight were seven other C.I.D. men. The warehouse itself was surrounded by police, and police cars were posted at strategic points around the airport to intercept any stolen cars the thieves might try to escape in.

It was a nice little ambush. One of the shamming policemen was brutally kicked on the head to see if he was really drugged and unconscious. He did not move an inch. He and his colleagues were then bound with rope and gagged with adhesive tape. The raiders made for the safe with keys they had taken from the "drugged" men, whereupon the concealed police fell on them. An exciting roughhouse ensued. Nine policemen were injured; so were the eight prisoners, who eventually received sentences ranging from five to twelve years' penal servitude.

Police outside London think that the Metropolitan Police exaggerate the value of informers and use too many. It is necessary, however, for a good detective to cultivate acquaintances, many of them disreputable, in every part of his district.

I have done a little of this myself, in a slightly different way. When I joined the C.I.D., I decided that the ordinary detective rarely had the leisure or opportunity to meet respectable people "at the top" who could often give information in certain cases. I am an inveterate diner-out, partly because I like it, but also because I

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believe that the more people I know, the better for the C.I.D. Some of my friends, such as Somerset Maugham and Bud Flanagan, greatest of modern music-hall comedians, have rarely been able to cast light into dark places. But others have.

It was as the result of information which came to me from one of my social acquaintances that in 1948 the Fraud Squad got onto the trail of a Mr. Sidney Stanley. The late Superintendent Thorp, of the Fraud Squad, began this investigation with one assistant. Before he had finished, fifteen extra detectives had to be seconded to the squad, and Thorp himself took statements from several hundred people.

As a result of his inquiries, a tribunal was set up under Mr. Justice Lynskey to investigate allegations of corruption against some civil servants and junior ministers of the Crown. There was more smoke than fire in the case, though it was established that two junior ministers had behaved with indiscretion, and they resigned from the government. Sidney Stanley, who had claimed to have these men in his pay and to be able to induce them to grant him favors, had succeeded in convincing himself that he could bribe anybody, but the most remarkable thing about the case was that he had been able to bribe almost nobody. This state of affairs evidently filled Mr. Stanley with astonishment.

Cases such as this occupy the newspaper headlines for many weeks, but play a comparatively insignificant part in the policeman's life. It is the simple, unspectacular crime of housebreaking that is our perpetual pain and grief.

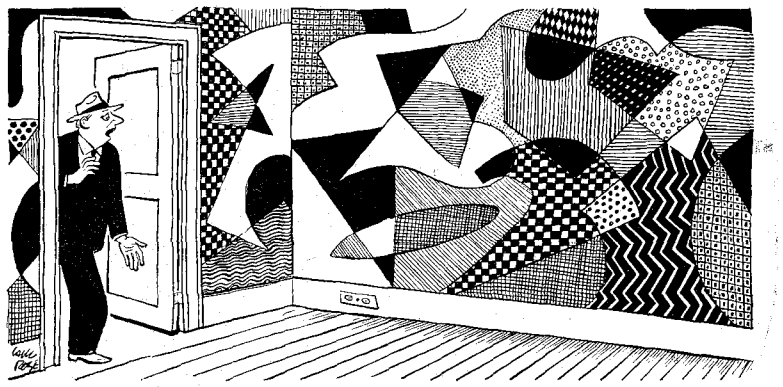
A really able housebreaker is extraordinarily difficult to catch. Such a man was Bert Holliday, who was christened by the newspapers the Prince of Burglars. Holliday fell into our hands through a stroke of luck. This man was said to have been responsible, among other things, for the theft of £20,000 worth of jewels belonging to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, but he was caught because he stole a piece of cheese from a country hotel.

The hotelkeeper made a complaint. The local police investigated, and were led to the seemingly respectable inhabitant of a bungalow on the River Thames, who described himself as a property owner and jeweler. The local police noticed something suspicious about the man, and passed on their suspicions to Scotland Yard. The Yard discovered that, twenty-four years before, the man had had a criminal record, though they had heard nothing from him since.

But because he had brought himself to police attention by the theft of a bit of cheese, Holliday was linked with a series of country-house burglaries in Surrey which we were then investigating. He was followed and found in possession of stolen jewelry. Put up for trial, he was released on bail and shot himself through the head.

The value of the jewelry we afterward found in various of Holliday's safe deposits was many thousands of pounds, and some of it came from thefts twenty years old. Nor was this all, for we are fairly certain that he buried much of his loot in remote places or sank it in rivers in waterproof bags. Someday, perhaps, a plowman or Saturday fisherman will casually turn up the Duchess of Windsor's jewels.

Holliday's methods of working were unique. For many years he worked alone. Then, as he (*Continued on Page 69*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Richard, tired of waiting for the promised renovation of his apartment, timidly asked his landlord's permission to do it over at his own expense. The landlord, thinking Richard a sucker, let him go ahead. But when Richard moved out months later, the landlord was outraged to find that he had used no fewer than three flamboyant hues of paint. It took three paint jobs, instead of one, to redecorate for the next tenant. The landlord deducted the extra cost from Richard's deposit. Richard sued.

"The purpose of the deposit was to pay for restoring the apartment to its original state," said the landlord, "and due to your outlandish taste it took three paint jobs to do that."

"I only agreed to put on the paint at my own expense, not to pay for taking it off, too," Richard replied.

If you were the judge, would you make Richard bear the repainting cost?

• •

Richard did not have to pay. The court said that the landlord should have expected the tenant to paint the apartment to suit himself, not to suit the landlord.

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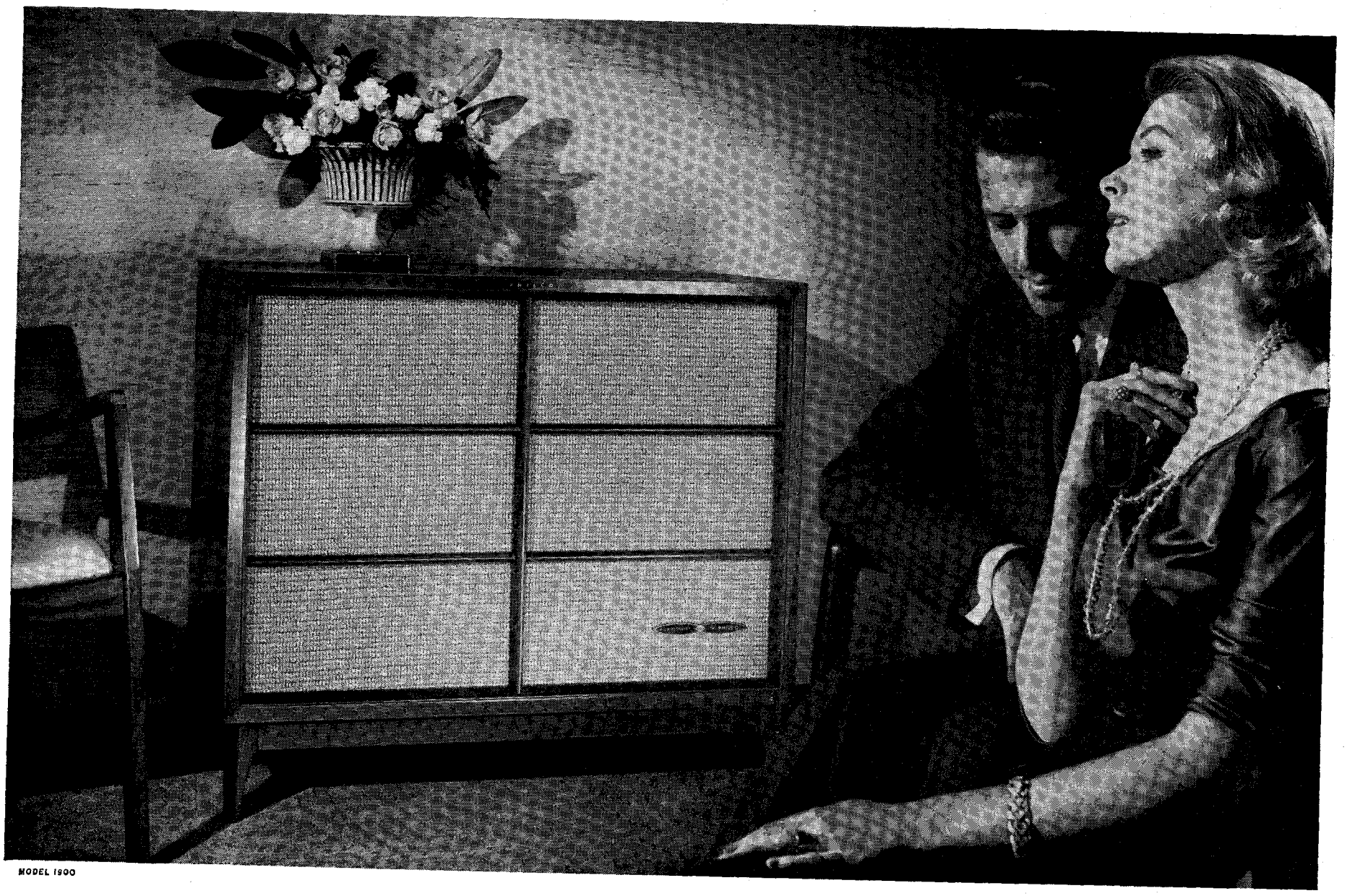

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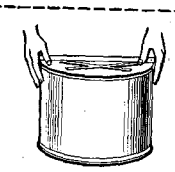

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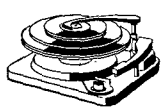

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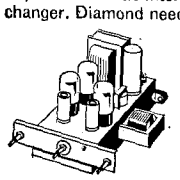

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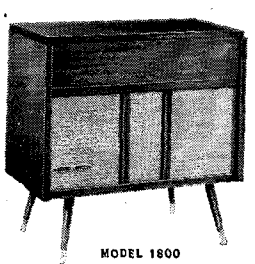

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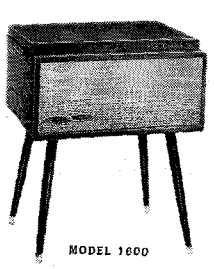

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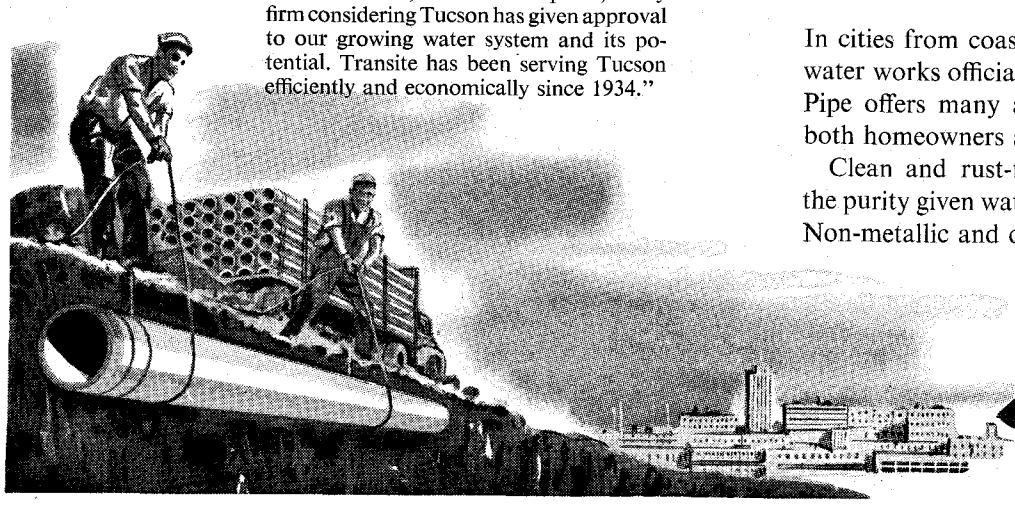

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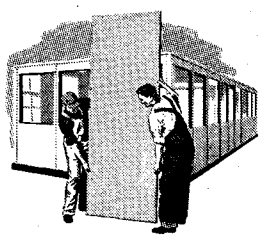

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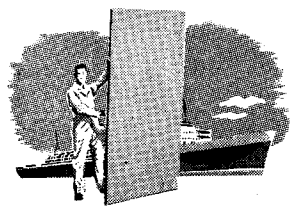
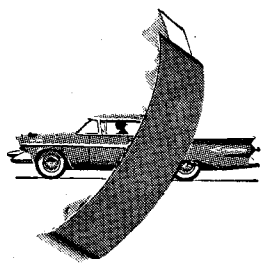


Safeguards passengers at sea—Marinite® fireproof panels for shipboard walls and ceilings help give America the safest ships afloat.



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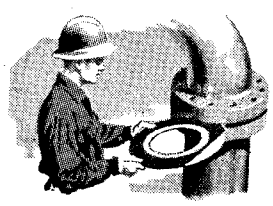

Seal pipe and vessel flanges—J-M Gaskets confine practically every fluid at pressures and temperatures encountered in industry.

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(*Continued from Page 66*) became older and could not climb so well, he took on accomplices, but only one at a time, and only for a single job. The chosen man would be picked up by car and driven to a house, in what district he never knew. He would be sent up the drainpipe into the house; when he returned with the loot, he was searched to make sure that he had held nothing back. Then he was paid an agreed sum in notes, and that finished the transaction. I have a certain sneaking regard for Holliday. He was really rather a great man in his way, or at any rate, a first-class thief.

Soon after I came to the Criminal Investigation Department, I went out of my way to meet murderers and to study them. I found them dull, and their crimes dull. But I have never failed to be enthralled by the technical problems presented by a good, thumping fraud. The real problem of fraud is not so much discovery of the crime as the presentation in court of a complicated mass of details in such a way that they will mean something to a lay jury, and even, if I may say so, a learned judge.

When I was first called to the bar, I entered the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions. One of the first cases I had some dealings with was that ingenious little fraud known as the "Mr. A" Case.

In outline it was clear enough. "Mr. A" was the heir to an Indian maharaja who, at a Victory Ball on November 11, 1919, found himself in a box next door to two attractive and friendly ladies. What more natural than that the prince should pair up with the first lady, and his secretary with her friend? A few months later, the prince was in bed in a Paris hotel with his Mrs. Robinson when the door burst open, and a man entering triumphantly announced, "Now I've got the evidence I need."

Mrs. Robinson omitted to tell the prince that this man was not her husband, as he thought, but a rogue named Newton, who had been imprisoned for forgery some years before, and had since lived on his wits. The prince's aide-de-camp, Captain Arthur, soon informed the prince that the outraged husband intended to bring divorce proceedings, but could perhaps be dissuaded. In due course a check for £150,000 was sent to the solicitors named by Mr. Robinson, a firm carried on by their supposed managing clerk, William Cooper Hobbs. A further check for £150,000 was sent later, but by then the prince was suspicious and stopped payment on it.

The man in the street might recognize all this as a simple case of conspiracy to defraud. The difficulty was, however, to prove in law the association between Hobbs, Newton, the aide-de-camp and the Robinsons. In fact, we never managed to do it. The Robinsons, whom we considered small fry, were left out of the indictment. Captain Arthur had wisely remained in France, and although the authorities there sentenced him to thirteen months' imprisonment for having received in France his share of the money. they would not let us have him. We would have liked to see Newton in the dock, but his evidence was needed to make a watertight case against Hobbs, whom we regarded as the brains of the conspiracy.

So it was Hobbs alone who faced a charge of conspiring with others to obtain money by false pretenses and received two years' imprisonment. I have always found it difficult to summon up against him the indignation which I am sure is proper. After all, the prince had enjoyed himself in Paris, £150,000 probably meant as little to him as the price of a packet of cigarettes to most of us, and he had added to the fund of humor in clubs and places where they make rude jokes.

Fraud allows a great deal of play for the misplaced ingenuity of mankind, but at the bottom of many cases there is either a pretty woman or the desire to get something for nothing. In other cases, it is sheer decency and innocence that give the fraudsman his chance.

An apt example is the case of the Rev. Harry Clapham, who succeeded in living for fifteen years by exploiting the charitable. In 1925 this man became vicar of a poor parish in South London. A genuine clergyman, he started issuing appeals through the post for money and clothing to help his poor parishioners.

The first appeals were probably honest enough, but they proved so successful that Clapham was tempted to extend them. We found afterward that he had been sending 150,000 appeals a year through the post, with an office staff of six girls dealing with the work.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's made by forcing the corners of your mouth upwards."

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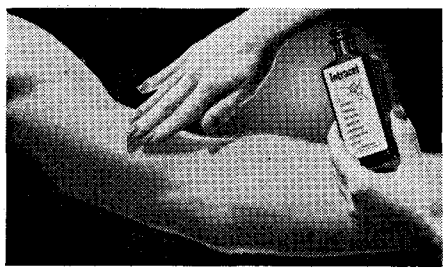
REVOLUTIONARY NEW TREATMENT PENETRATES DEEP INTO THE TISSUES



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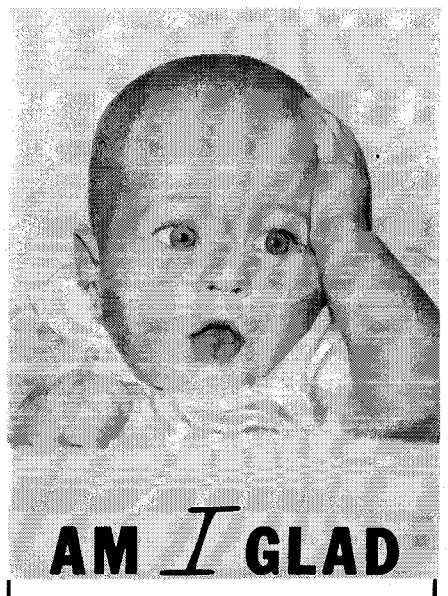

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FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

The proceeds were banked in no fewer than ninety-one accounts in the names of himself, his wife, son and daughter. Postal orders alone brought him in £1000 a year, and to get them cashed without questions being asked he bought a shop with a sub post office attached and put his unemployed brother in charge. Once a week in his vicarage hall he held an auction of the best clothing sent him, unsalable items being reserved for the poor.

He carried this off for thirteen years, until one of his churchwardens, who knew that the vicar's stipend was only £400 a year, began to wonder how Clapham could live in such a handsome style. The churchwarden reported his suspicions to the bishop, who passed them on. Clapham was finally charged on twenty counts of fraudulent conversion and falsification of accounts involving about £8000. We estimated that he must have had many times that amount during the years he was operating his charities. Only about 1 per cent of the receipts ever got to the poor. At any rate, on his stipend of £400 a year Clapham managed to run three cars and spend holidays in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, Austria and Palestine.

A predecessor of mine—I think Sir Basil Thomson—who was once asked to address the inmates of a London prison, made the shortest speech ever. Not quite sure how to start, he said, "Gentlemen." Dead silence. So he tried, "Fellow subjects." Still no response, so he ended up by saying, "Well, anyway I am very pleased to see so very many of you gathered here tonight."

I have always liked this story, but it has its serious point. The police would be the last people to suggest long terms of imprisonment for first offenders or those charged with trivial offenses, but they are glad to see hardened criminals behind bars. Indeed, it is essential to effective police action that the police should be convinced that, when they have spent many days and nights tracking a suspect down, he should be properly dealt with.

There is a man walking about the streets of a town I had better not name who has committed two murders and got away with them both. Some years ago the body of a woman was found on the quay of a disused dock. She had died from wounds on the top of her head which, it was suspected, came from the kicks of a boot.

The police had no doubt about whom they suspected of the murder. This suspect wore boots of the type used by navvies, with hobnails, iron toeplates and iron heelplates. On the toecap of his right boot the police found a certain amount of blood, but the pathologist disagreed with the view that the wounds could have been caused by kicking.

Still fairly sure of their suspect, the police made another search near the murder scene and found two pieces of brown glass. The pathologist agreed that the wounds could have been made by a blow from a bottle. The next problem was to find the rest of the bottle, which had presumably gone into the thirty-foot-deep dock. The water was filthy, for it had been a coal dock. A diver who went down could see nothing, so the detectives got hold of an iron gate and tied it to a boat so that it hung suspended near the bottom. The diver was then lowered face downward on to the gate and rowed over the area, where he picked up various pieces of a bottle.

After innumerable inquiries, this bottle was traced to a public house in which the murdered woman and the suspect had spent the evening. The suspect had bought a quart bottle of beer before he left. People were found who had seen him with the bottle in his pocket on the road between the public house and the murder scene.

It seemed a strong-enough case, but the jury disagreed at the suspect's first trial, and a second jury found him not guilty. A man cannot, of course, be tried again in British law for the same offense when a verdict has been given. Our suspect was quite safe, therefore, when a week after his acquittal he admitted having committed the murder, saying he was drunk at the time.

His confession made him a welcome guest at every pub in the town. Customers thronged to see him, and he was such an attraction that barmen were happy to supply him with all the beer he could drink. Then his popularity began to wane, and he evidently considered it time to renew the attraction by committing another murder, which he did. This time the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He served his time, and when I last heard of him was in the best of health.

If this kind of thing happened too often, there would be a strong temptation for the police to execute their own rough justice when faced with a particularly nasty criminal. In other countries, such men have been shot while "trying to escape," and no doubt it could happen in Britain if the law and its execution began to fall into disrepute.

About half a dozen times a year there is an outcry because the police have wrongfully arrested some innocent party. Some wrongful arrests, however, are not quite so wrongful as they seem. An alert young detective once brought into a West End police station a man whom he had seen behaving suspiciously in a bus queue. The detective suspected him of picking pockets, but the suspect was well dressed, a foreigner, with over £100 in notes in his pocket.

He seemed an unlikely pickpocket, but when the detective described his behavior, a shrewd old station sergeant diagnosed his crime—if crime it be—as "bustle punching," a fine Victorian phrase describing the desire to bump into attractive young ladies in crowded places. Wrongful arrest or not? We apologized quickly and fully, and sent the gentleman home in style. But perhaps as a result of that wrongful arrest, some girls at bus queues went unmolested in future.

The amateur detective of the novelist's imagination is not hampered by any qualms about wrongful arrest. Nor is he bound by the Judges' Rules, which lay down that whenever a police officer has made up his mind to charge a person with crime, he must caution the suspect that anything he says will be taken down and may be used in evidence. Working within the Judges' Rules, the British police have learned that third-degree methods of concentrated questioning mixed with violence are quite unnecessary in order to get at the truth. The British method is to give chummy—to the London police, "chummy" is any person, criminal or innocent, with whom they happen to be dealing—a nice, strong cup of tea with plenty of sugar in it, express sympathy for his plight and try to get his confidence.

On the whole, the British public maintain confidence in their police, and vice versa. Anyone who saw the law-abiding crowds at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, with one policeman controlling perhaps fifty yards of street packed with cheering and excited humanity, must have marveled. The President of the United States, when he travels in public, has an escort of many armed detectives. Scotland Yard, which is responsible, among other things, for guarding the Royal Family, does the job as a rule with a single plain-clothes policeman.

But we had a glimpse, which none of us much liked, of what the position is in other countries when Marshal Tito paid a state visit to England in March, 1953. Our memories immediately went back to Sarajevo, and as we had no reason to suppose that the Yugoslavs had conquered their taste for political assassination, and as Marshal Tito was extremely unpopular with some of his exiled fellow countrymen, we took elaborate precautions.

On the great day, traffic and people were cleared off the bridges beneath which Tito's barge had to pass on its way up the Thames. There were cordons of police at Westminster Pier, and Tito was given a special escort of sixteen motorcycle policemen throughout his stay.

Some people in England were inclined to think that we had overdone the security precautions. Perhaps, for England, we had. The climate, somehow, seems to damp the spirits of would-be assassins. But once I did have a brief and unpleasant experience of being on the possible receiving end of assassination.

Winston Churchill had arranged to visit Paris for the liberation celebrations, and I was in his party. Paris had not long been in Allied hands, many Germans had not yet been rounded up and the French police were understaffed.

I was responsible for the prime minister's security, but he, as usual, had his own views on the subject. As far as he was concerned, he was going to sit in the Champs Élysées to receive the tributes of the liberated city, and if all the Germans remaining in Paris liked to take pot shots at him, then good luck to them.

As a man, I found his attitude admirable. As a policeman, I thought it deplorable. But there was little I could do about it. I persuaded the French police to search the buildings opposite the saluting base and make sure that the rooms were occupied by reasonably reputable people, and I kept as close to Mr. Churchill as I could, but those were the only security precautions possible.

I did, however, have one triumph. Knowing that the opera is a favorite setting for assassination attempts, I suggested to the prime minister that he should cancel his formal visit there. He agreed with alacrity. For a moment I enjoyed the illusion that Mr. Churchill was at last accepting my advice. On second thought, however, I formed another opinion. It was quite simple; he did not care for opera. THE END

First Flight

(Aged Five)

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

"Will we tear the clouds if
we go right through?
Will we flap our wings as
real birds do?
Will we fly near the sun?
How do we know
We'll land at the place we
want to go?"

Kin to Icarus and pilots
unborn
Who will space-ship around
some astral Horn,
His curiosity jets past sound
Before the plane is off the
ground.

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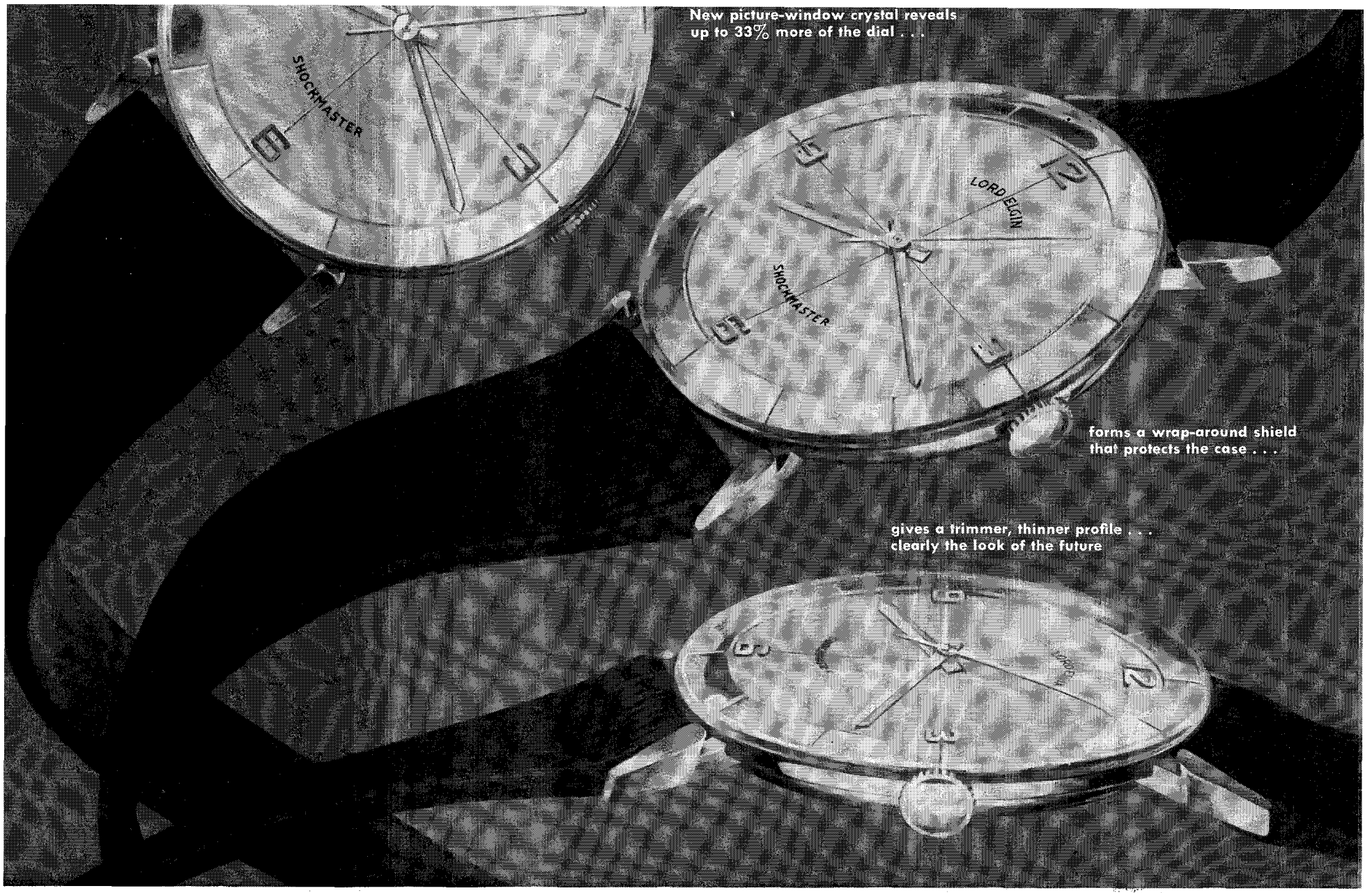
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forms a wrap-around shield that protects the case . . .
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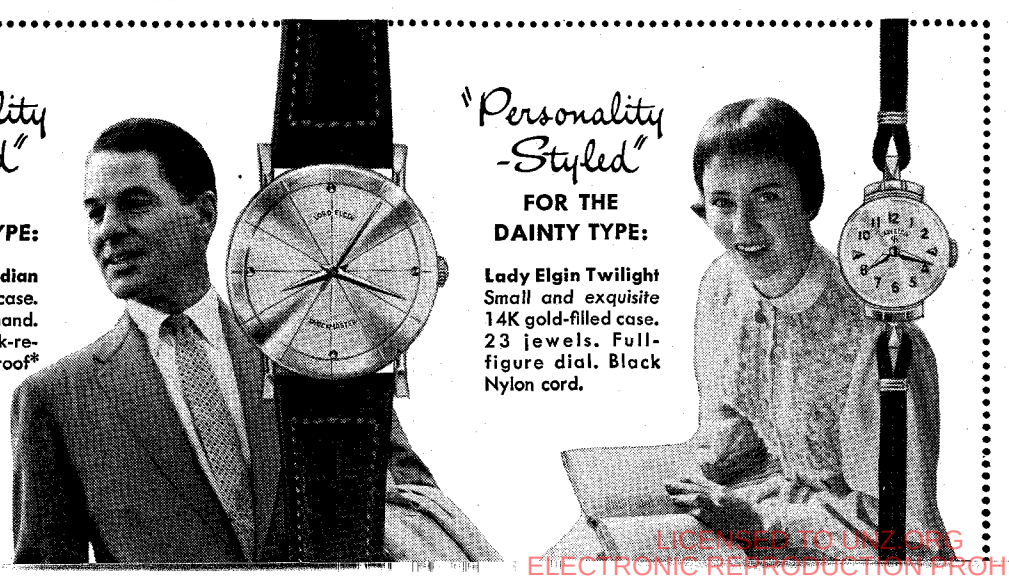
*WHEN CASE, CROWN AND CRYSTAL ARE INTACT



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At low premium cost, Whole Life does this: 1. It assures your family of cash, if you should die. 2. While you live, it builds high cash values that can be used in an emergency. 3. When you reach retirement age and no longer need insurance protection, the cash value can be used to pay you a lifetime income.

Premiums are low because Whole Life's minimum face amount of $10,000 permits savings which are passed along to you. Issued at age 25 for example, the monthly premium for each $10,000 of Whole Life is only $15.50. Issued at age 35, it's $20.80 and at 45, $29.70. Under Check-O-Matic®, New York Life's special monthly premium payment plan, the premium is $15.00 at age 25, $20.10 at age 35, and $28.60 at age 45. And dividends can be used to reduce payments even further.

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A Night for Love (Continued from Page 41)

"You're the head of the family," said Milly. "You—you do whatever you think is right." She went to him, touched him lightly. "Honey," she said, "I don't think it's good. Honest I don't. I'm trying just as hard as I can to think of things to do."

"Like what?" said Turley.

"Why don't you call up his father?" said Milly. "Maybe he knows where they are or what their plans were."

The suggestion had a curious effect on Turley. He continued to tower over Milly, but he no longer dominated the house, or the room or even his little barefoot wife. "Oh, great!" he said. The words were loud, but they were as hollow as a bass drum.

"Why not?" said Milly.

Turley couldn't face her any more. He took up his watch at the window again. "That would just be great," he said to the moonlit town. "Roust L. C. Reinbeck himself out of bed. 'Hello—L.C.? This is T.W. What the hell is your son doing with my daughter?'" Turley laughed bitterly.

Milly didn't seem to understand. "You've got a perfect right to call him or anybody else, if you really think there's an emergency," she said. "I mean, everybody's free and equal this time of night."

"Speak for yourself," said Turley grandly. He was overacting. "Maybe you've been free and equal with the great L. C. Reinbeck, but I never have. And what's more, I never expect to be."

"All I'm saying is he's human," said Milly.

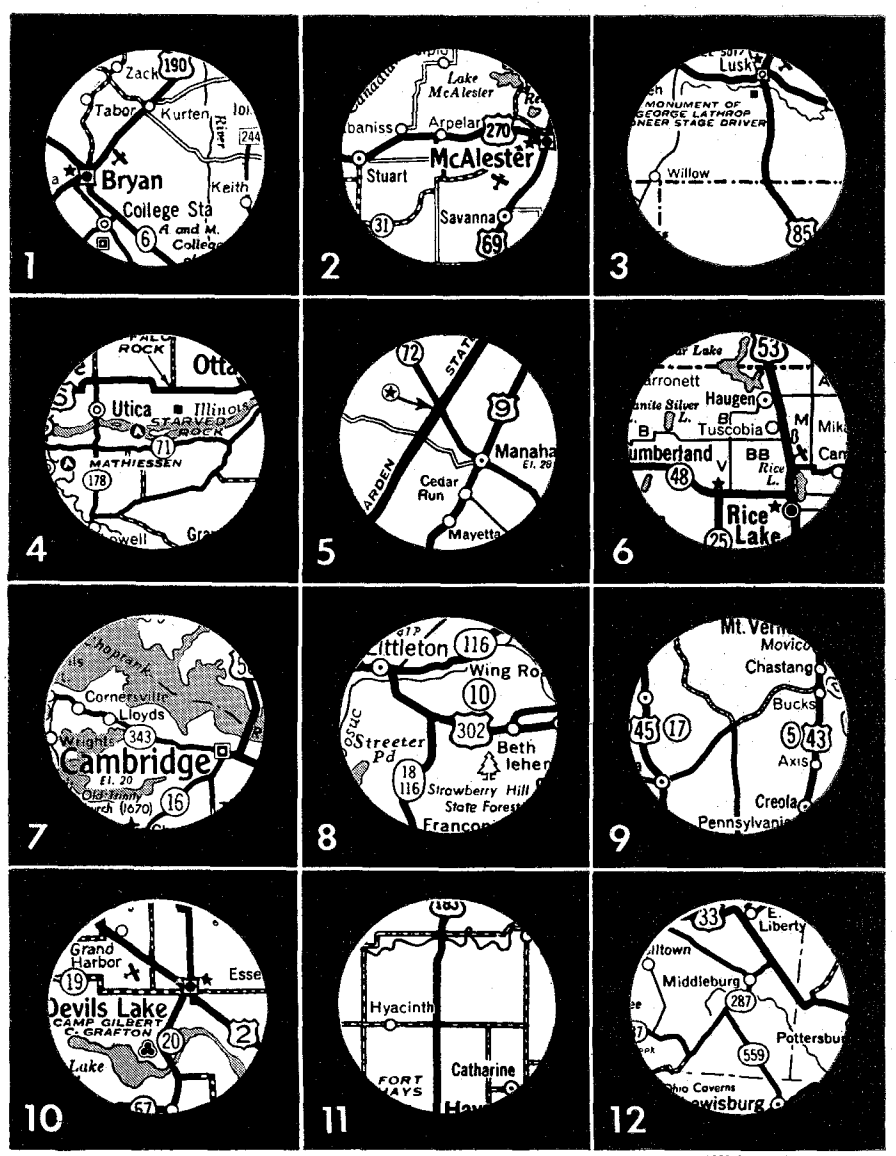
"You're the expert on that," said Turley. "I'm sure I'm not. He never took me out dancing at the country club."

"He never took me out dancing at the country club, either," said Milly. "He doesn't like dancing." She corrected herself. "Or he didn't."

"Please, don't get technical on me this time of night," said Turley. "So he took you out and did whatever he likes to do. So, whatever that was, you're the expert on him."

"Honey," said Milly, full of pain, "he took me out to supper once at the Blue Mill, and he took me to a movie once. He took me to The Thin Man. And all he did was talk, and all I did was listen. And it wasn't romantic talk. It was about how he was going to turn the abrasives company back into a porcelain company. And he was going to do all the designing. And he never did anything of the kind, so that's how expert I am on the great Louis C.

(*Continued on Page 76*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 77*)

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Lose that shell of overweight →

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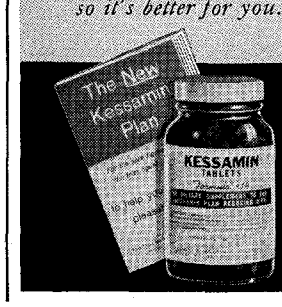

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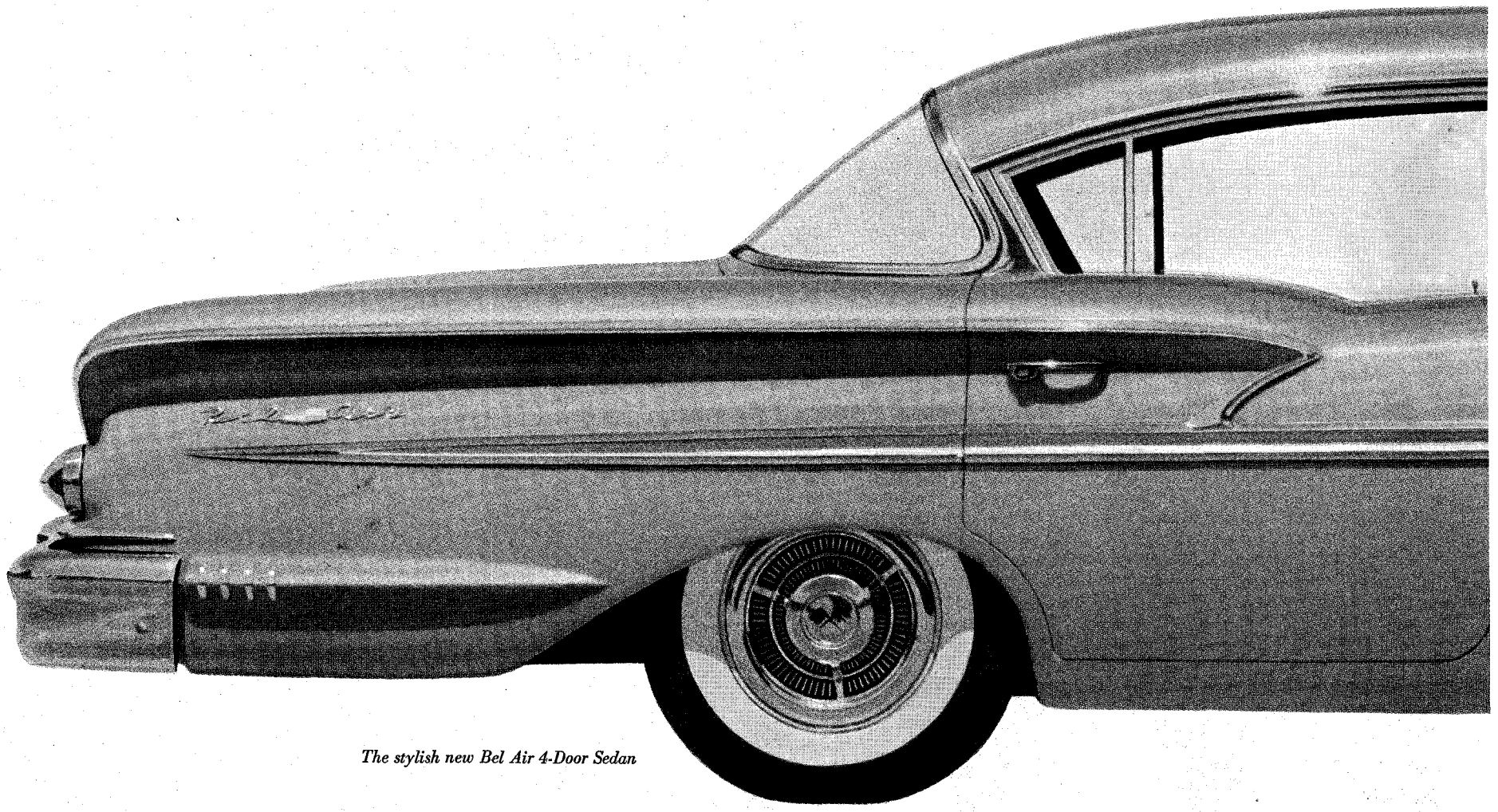

The stylish new Bel Air 4-Door Sedan

The beautiful way to be thrifty

Economy never looked like this, performed like this, or rode like this, up to now. But now look what the '58 Chevrolet offers you in the biggest, boldest move any car ever made!

Not in two blue moons have so many fine new things come along in a car to delight and excite you—especially a car in the low-price field.

You can see the new Chevrolet has style. Nine eager inches have been added to its length. It's rakishly lower, impressively wider . . . and looks so ready for action that you almost expect the one above to pick up and roll off the page.

And a Chevrolet can move, all right. Its new Turbo-Thrust V8* engine pours out a sweet, all-new version of spice and spirit, guarantees your money's worth in action and performance. Just sample it. And for the quickest combination of silkiness and response that there is, add Chevrolet's Turboglide,* first and only triple-turbine transmission in Chevy's field.

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It's for certain, too, that economy never rode like this. Chevrolet's two new rides are brilliantly soft. You'll find the Full Coil suspension, standard with Chevrolet, is as jolt-free and jounce-free as if a Chevy were striding along on tiptoe. There is also a real air ride—as an optional choice at extra cost—and you can't have it softer than riding on air.

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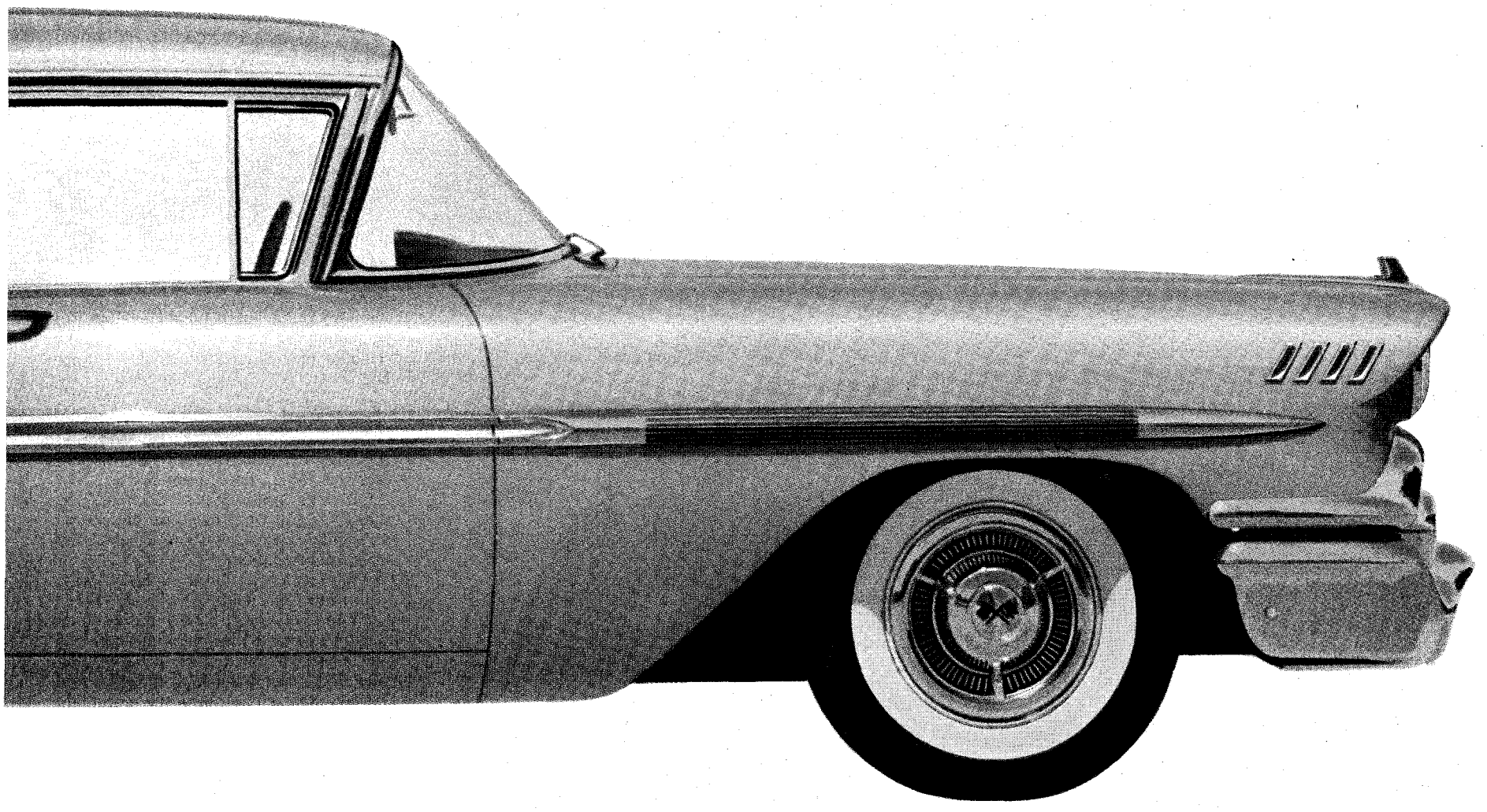

The '58 CHEVROLET

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For the super surprise, head for Chevrolet's two new models, the Bel Air Impala Sport Coupe and Impala Convertible. They're the lowest passenger cars in Chevrolet's whole beautiful line—and a new high in luxury. Now there is not a single reason to go into a higher price field for a new car.

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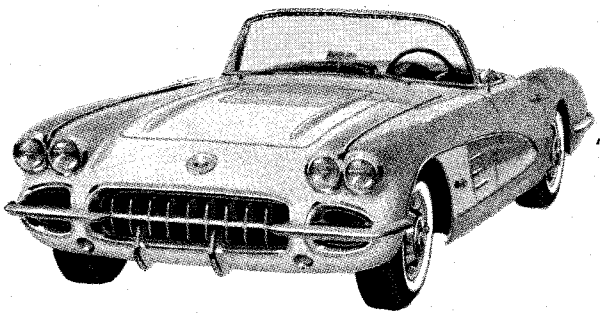

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CHEVROLET

1908 GM 1958

FORWARD FROM FIFTY

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(*Continued from Page 73*) Reinbeck." She laid her hand on her bosom. "I'm the expert on you," she said, "if you want to know who I'm the expert on."

Turley made an animal sound.

"What, sweetheart?" said Milly.

"Me," said Turley impatiently. "What you're an expert on—me!"

Milly made helpless little giving motions Turley didn't see.

Turley was standing stock-still, winding up tighter and tighter inside. Suddenly he moved like a cumbersome windup man. He went to the telephone on the bedside table. "Why *shouldn't* I call him up?" he blustered. "Why shouldn't I?"

He looked up Louis C. Reinbeck's number in the telephone book clumsily, talked to himself about the times the Reinbeck company had gotten him up out of bed in the middle of the night.

He misdialed, hung up, got set to dial again. His courage was fading fast.

Milly hated to see the courage go. "He won't be asleep," she said. "They've been having a party."

"They've been having a what?" said Turley.

"The Reinbecks are having a party tonight—or it's just over," said Milly.

"How you know that?" said Turley.

"It was in this morning's paper on the society page," said Milly. "Besides," she continued, "you can go in the kitchen and look and see if their lights are on."

"You can see the Reinbeck house from our kitchen?" said Turley.

"Sure," said Milly. "You have to get your head down kind of low and over to one side, but then you can see their house in a corner of the window."

Turley nodded quizzically, watched Milly, thought about her, hard. He dialed again, let the Reinbecks' telephone ring twice. And then he hung up. He dominated his wife, his room and his house again.

Milly knew that she had made a very bad mistake in the past thirty seconds. She was ready to bite off her tongue.

"Every time the Reinbecks do anything," said Turley, "you read every word about it in the paper?"

"Honey," said Milly beseechingly, "all women read the society page. It doesn't mean anything. It's just a silly something to do when the paper comes. All women do it."

"Sure," said Turley bleakly. "Sure. But how many of 'em can say to theirselves, 'I could have been Mrs. Louis C. Reinbeck'?"

Turley made a great point of staying calm, of being like a father to Milly, of forgiving her in advance. "You want to face this thing about those two kids out there in the moonlight somewhere?" he said. "Or you want to go on pretending an accident's the only thing either one of us is thinking about?"

Milly stiffened. "I don't know what you mean," she said.

"You duck your head a hundred times a day to look at that big white house in the corner of the kitchen window, and you don't know what I mean?" said Turley. "Our girl is out in the moonlight somewhere with the kid who's going to get that house someday, and you don't know what I mean? You left your hair down and you stared at the moon and you hardly heard a word I said to you, and you don't know what I mean?" Turley shook his big, imperial head. "You just can't imagine?"

The telephone rang twice in the big white home on the hill. Then it stopped. Louis C. Reinbeck sat on a white iron chair on the lawn in the moonlight. He was looking out at the rolling, lovely nonsense of the golf course, and, beyond that and below, the town. All the lights in his house were out. He thought his wife Natalie was asleep.

Louis was drinking. He was thinking that the moonlight didn't make the world look any better. He thought the moonlight made the world look worse, made it look dead like the moon.

The telephone's ringing twice, then stopping, fitted in well with Louis' mood. The telephone was a good touch—urgency that could wait until hell froze over. "Shatter the night and then hang up," said Louis.

Along with the house and the Reinbeck Abrasives Company, Louis had inherited from his father and grandfather a deep and satisfying sense of having been corrupted by commerce. And like them, Louis thought of himself as a sensitive maker of porcelain, not grinding wheels, born in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Just as the telephone had rung twice at the right time, so did Louis' wife Natalie appear as though on cue. She was a cool, spare Boston girl. Her role was to misunderstand Louis. She did it beautifully, taking apart his reflective moods like a master mechanic.

"Did you hear the telephone ring, Louis?" she said.

"H'm? Oh—yes. Uh-huh," said Louis.

"It rang and then it stopped," said Natalie.

"I know," said Louis. He warned her with a sigh that he didn't want to discuss the telephone call or anything else in a flat, practical Yankee way.

Natalie ignored the warning. "Don't you wonder who it was?" she said.

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"No," said Louis.

"Maybe it was a guest who left something. You didn't see anything around, did you, that somebody left?"

"No," said Louis.

"An earring or something, I suppose," said Natalie. She wore a pale blue, cloudlike negligee that Louis had given to her. But she made the negligee meaningless by dragging a heavy iron chair across the lawn, setting it next to Louis'. The arms of the chairs clicked together, and Louis jerked his fingers from between them just in time.

Natalie sat down. "Hi," she said.

"Hi," said Louis.

"See the moon?" said Natalie.

"Yup," said Louis.

"Think people had a nice time tonight?" said Natalie.

"I don't know," said Louis, "and I'm sure they don't either." He meant by this that he was always the only artist and philosopher at his parties. Everybody else was a businessman.

Natalie was used to this. She let it pass. "What time did Charlie get in?" she said. Charlie was their only son—actually Louis Charles Reinbeck, Junior.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Louis. "He didn't report in to me. Never does."

Natalie, who had been enjoying the moon, now sat forward uneasily. "He is home, isn't he?" she said.

"I haven't the remotest idea," said Louis.

Natalie bounded out of her chair.

She strained her eyes in the night, trying to see if Charlie's car was in the shadows of the garage. "Who did he go out with?" she asked Louis.

"He doesn't talk with me," said Louis.

"Who is he with?" said Natalie.

"If he isn't by himself, then he's with somebody you don't approve of," said Louis.

But Natalie didn't hear him. She was running into the house. Then the telephone rang again and went on ringing until Natalie answered.

Natalie held the telephone out to Louis. "It's a man named Turley Whitman," she said. "He says he's one of your policemen."

"Something wrong at the plant?" said Louis, taking the phone. "Fire, I hope?"

"No," said Natalie, "nothing as serious as that." From her expression, Louis gathered that something a lot worse than that had happened. "It seems that our son is out with Mr. Turley's daughter somewhere, that they should have been back hours ago," said Natalie. "Mr. Turley is naturally very deeply concerned about his daughter."

"Mr. Turley?" said Louis into the telephone.

"Turley's my first name, sir," said Turley. "Turley Whitman's my whole name."

"I'm going to listen on the upstairs phone," whispered Natalie. She gathered the folds of her negligee, ran, manlike, up the stairs.

"You probably don't know me except by sight," said Turley. "I'm the guard at the main-plant parking lot."

"Of course I know you—by sight and by name," said Louis. It was a lie. "Now what's this about my son and your daughter?"

Turley wasn't ready to get to the nut of the problem yet. He was still introducing himself and his family. "You probably know my wife a good deal better'n you know me, sir," he said.

There was a woman's small cry of surprise.

For an instant, Louis didn't know if it was the cry of his own wife or of Turley's wife. But when he heard sounds of somebody trying to hang up, he knew it had to be on Turley's end. Turley's wife obviously didn't want her name dragged in.

But Turley was determined to drag it in, and he won out. "You knew her by her maiden name, of course," said Turley. "Milly—Mildred O'Shea."

All sounds of protest at Turley's end of the line died. The death of protest came to Louis as a shocking thing. His shock was compounded as he remembered young, affectionate and pretty, mystifying Milly O'Shea. He hadn't thought of her for years, hadn't known what had become of her.

And yet, at the mention of her name, it was as though Louis had thought of her constantly since she'd kissed him good-by in the moonlight so long ago.

"Yes—yes," said Louis faintly. "Yes, I—I remember her well." He wanted to cry about growing old, about the shabby ends brave young lovers came to.

From the mention of Milly's name on, Turley had his *(Continued on Page 80)*

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 73

1. Tex.	2. Okla.	3. Wyo.
4. Ill.	5. N.J.	6. Wis.
7. Md.	8. N.H.	9. Ala.
10. N.D.	11. Kan.	12. Ohio

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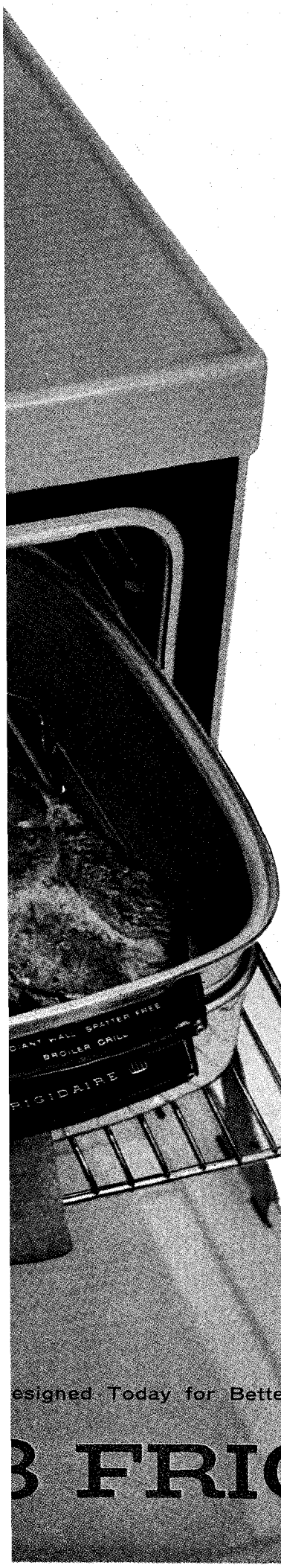

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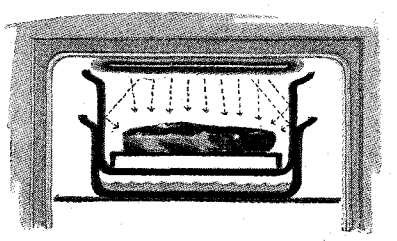

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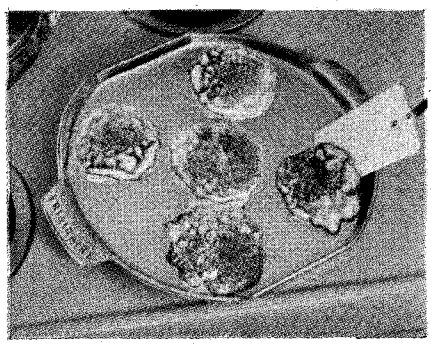
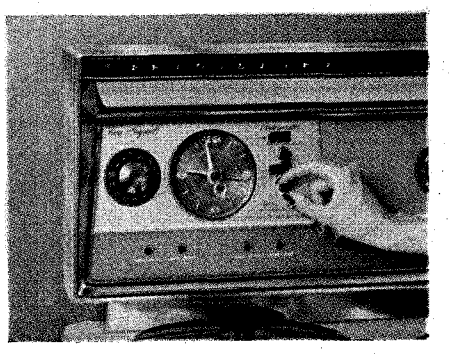
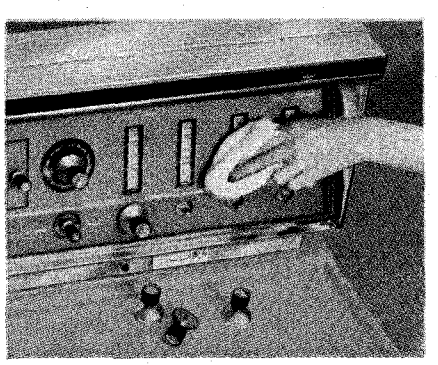


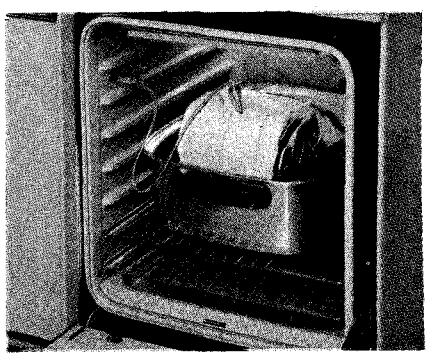
Safe, even, no-burn cooking from first batch to last. Faster, surer than ever, this tried-and-tested Frigidaire *8-inch* Heat-Minder Unit won't let foods scorch, or burn, or boil over, regardless of size of utensil or quantity of food.



Easiest-Ever Automatic Cook-Master with King-Size Clock. Just set the time you want your meal, how long and at what temperature food should cook. The rest is *automatic*. Better yet, instructions are right on the control panel.



All the knobs come off for easy cleaning. Just slip off any, or all, of the control knobs—wipe off the panel and replace the knobs. Quick as a wink, the whole Control Panel will be spanking-clean—like new!



Now SET the "Doneness" when you roast. This all-new Frigidaire Electric Meat Tender measures the temperature in your roasts, sets up a continuous buzzing when food is done. There's no chance of missing the signal.

ELECTRIC RANGES

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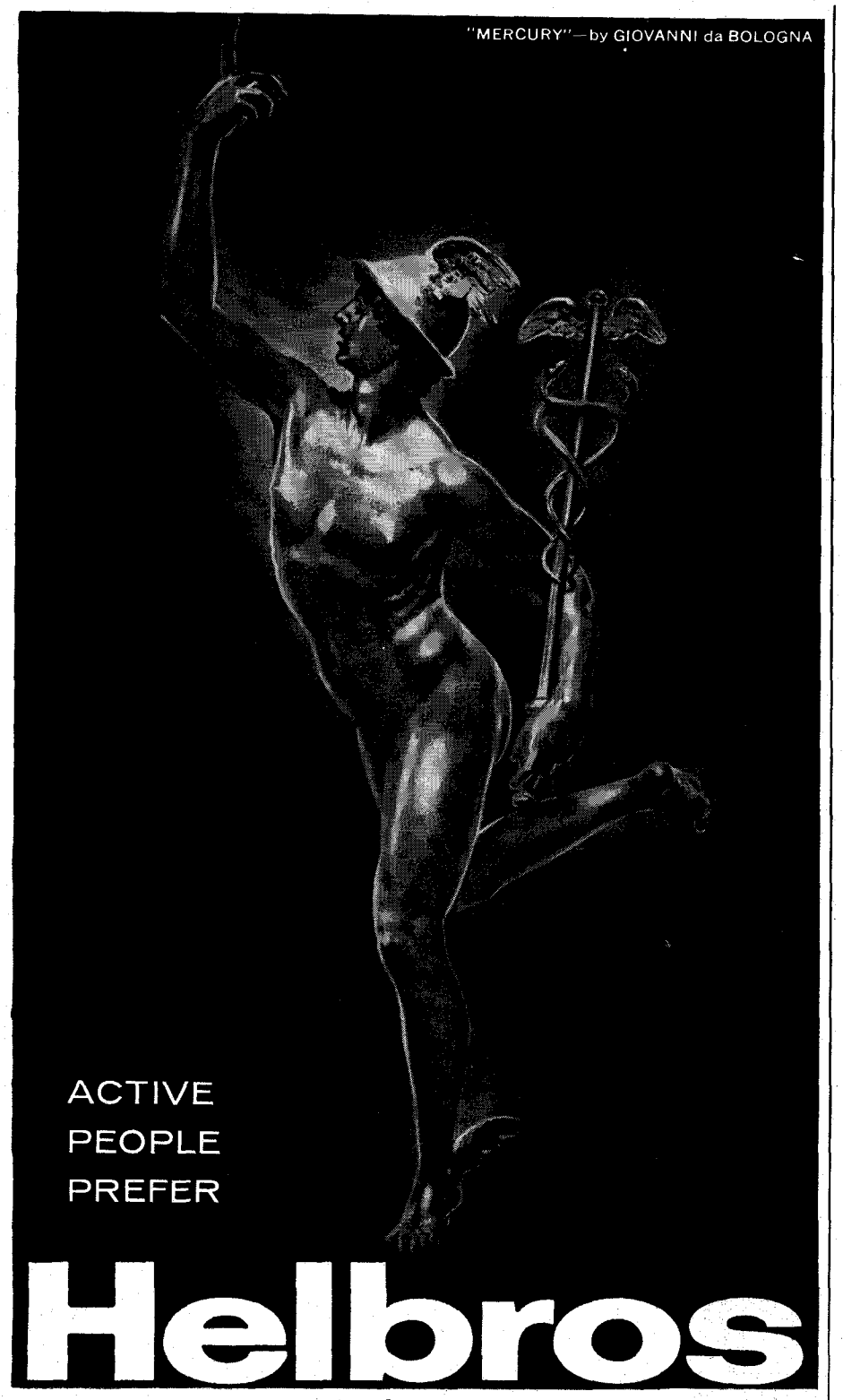

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HELBROS WATCH CO., INC.. 6 WEST 48th STREET, NEW YORK 36

(*Continued from Page 77*) conversation with the great Louis C. Reinbeck all his own way. The miracle of equality had been achieved. Turley and Louis spoke man to man, father to father, with Louis apologizing, murmuring against his own son.

Louis thanked Turley for having called the police. Louis would call them too. If Louis found out anything, he would call Turley at once. Louis called Turley "sir."

Turley was exhilarated when he hung up. "He sends his regards," he said to Milly. He turned to find himself talking to thin air. Milly had left the room silently on bare feet.

Turley found Milly heating coffee in the kitchen on the new electric stove. The stove was named the Globemaster. It had a ridiculously complicated control panel. The Globemaster was a wistful dream of Milly's come true. Not many of her dreams of nice things had come true.

The coffee was boiling, making the pot crackle and spit. Milly didn't notice that the pot was boiling, even though she was staring at it with terrible concentration. The pot spit, stung her hand. She burst into tears, put the stung hand to her mouth. And then she saw Turley.

She tried to duck past him and out of the kitchen, but he caught her arm.

"Honey," he said dazedly. He turned off the Globemaster's burner with his free hand. "Milly," he said.

Milly wanted desperately to get away. But big Turley had such an easy time holding her that he hardly realized he was doing it. Milly subsided at last, her sweet face red and twisted.

"Won't—won't you tell me what's wrong, honey?" said Turley.

"Don't worry about me," said Milly brokenly. "Go worry about people dying in ditches."

Turley let her go. "I said something wrong?" he said. He was sincerely bewildered.

"Oh, Turley, Turley," said Milly helplessly, "I never thought you'd hurt me this way—this much." She cupped her hands, as though she were holding something precious. Then she let it fall from her hands, whatever her imagination thought it was.

Turley watched it fall. "Just because I told him your name?" he said.

"When—when you told him my name," said Milly, "there was so much else you told him." She was trying to forgive Turley, but it was hard for her. "I don't suppose you knew what else you were telling him. You couldn't have."

"All I told him was your name," said Turley.

"And all it meant to Louis C. Reinbeck," said Milly, "was that a woman down in the town had two silly little dates with him twenty years ago, and she's talked about nothing else since. And her husband knows about those two silly little dates too—and he's just as proud of them as she is. Prouder!"

Milly put her head down and to one side, and she pointed out the kitchen window, pointed to a splash of white light in an upper corner of the window. "There," she said, "the great Louis Reinbeck is up in all that light somewhere, thinking I've loved him all these years." The floodlights on the Reinbeck house went out. "Now he's up there in the moonlight somewhere—thinking about the poor little woman and the poor little man and their poor little daughter down here." Milly shuddered. "Well, we're not poor!" she said. "Or we weren't until tonight."

The great Louis Reinbeck returned to his drink and his iron lawn chair. He had called the police, who had told him what they had told Turley—that there were no wrecks that they knew of.

Natalie sat down beside Louis again. She tried to catch his eye, tried to get him to see her maternal, teasing smile. But Louis wouldn't look.

"You—you know the girl's mother, do you?" she said.

"Knew," said Louis. He hunched over.

"You took her out on nights like this?" said Natalie. "Full moon and all that?"

"We could dig out a twenty-year-old calendar and see what the phases of the moon were," said Louis tartly. "You can't exactly avoid full moons, you know. You're bound to have one once a month."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Bird watching just isn't the same anymore."

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"What was the moon on our wedding night?" said Natalie.

"Full?" said Louis.

"New," said Natalie. "Brand-new."

"Women are more sensitive to things like that," said Louis. "They notice things."

Louis surprised himself by sounding peevish. His conscience was doing funny things to his voice because he couldn't remember much of anything about his honeymoon with Natalie.

He could remember almost everything about the night he and Milly O'Shea had wandered out on the golf course. That night with Milly, the moon had been full.

Now Natalie was saying something. And when she was done, Louis had to ask her to say it all over again. He hadn't heard a word.

"I said, what's it like?" said Natalie.

"What's what like?" said Louis.

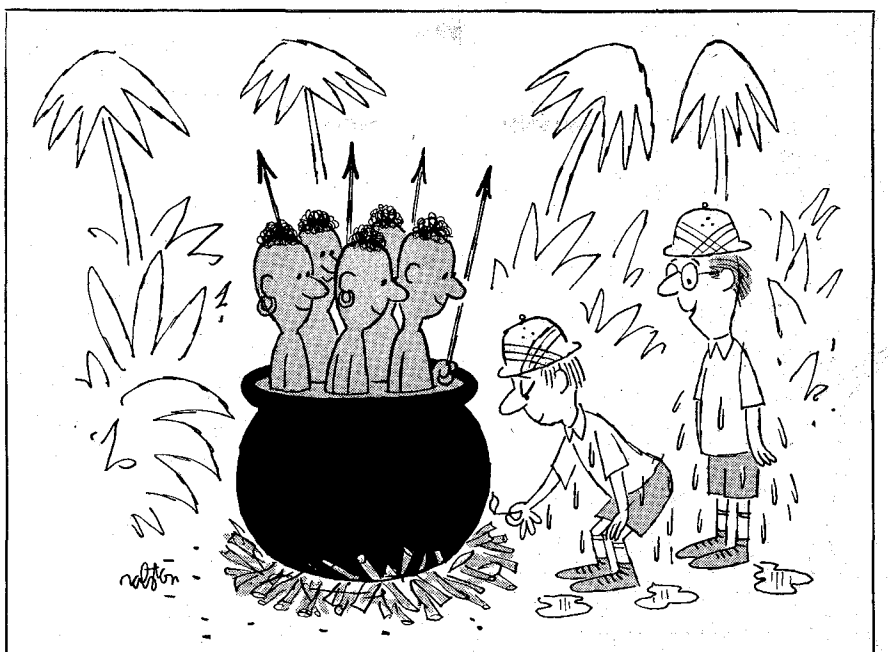
"Being a young male Reinbeck—all hot-blooded and full of dreams," said Natalie, "swooping down off the hill, grabbing a pretty little town girl and spiriting her into the moonlight." She laughed teasingly. "It must be kind of godlike."

"It isn't," said Louis.

"It isn't godlike?" said Natalie.

"Godlike?" said Louis bitterly. "I never felt more human in all my life!" He threw his empty glass in the direction of the golf course. He wished he'd been strong enough to throw the glass straight to the spot where Milly had kissed him good-by.

"Then let's hope Charlie marries this hot little girl from town," said Natalie evenly. She stood. "Let's have no more cold, inhuman Reinbeck wives like me." She shuddered. "Let's face it," she said, "you would have been a thousand times happier if you'd married your Milly O'Shea."



"You would have made a wonderful salesman, Charlie."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She went to bed.

"Who's kidding anybody?" Turley Whitman said to his wife. "You would have been a million times happier if you'd married Louis Reinbeck." He was back at his post by the bedroom window, back with his big foot on the radiator.

Milly was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Not a million times, not two times, not the-smallest-number-there-is times happier," said Milly. She was wretched. "Turley—please don't say anything more like that. I can't stand it, it's so crazy."

"Well, you were kind of calling a spade a spade down there in the kitchen," said Turley, "giving me hell for telling the great Louis Reinbeck your name. Let me just call a spade a spade here, and say neither one of us wants our daughter to make the same mistake you did."

Milly went to him, put her arms around him. "Turley, please, that's the worst thing you could say to me," she said.

Turley turned a stubborn red, was as unyielding as a statue. "I remember all the big promises I made you, all the big talk," he said. "Neither one of us thinks company cop is one of the biggest jobs a man can hold."

Milly tried to shake him, with no luck. "I don't care what your job is," she said.

"I was gonna have more money than the great L. C. Reinbeck," said Turley, "and I was gonna make it all myself. Remember, Milly? That's what really sold you, wasn't it?"

Her arms dropped away from him. "No," she said.

"My famous good looks?" said Turley with grand irony.

"They had a lot to do with it," said Milly. His looks had gone very well with the looks of the prettiest girl in town. "Most of all," she said, "it was the great Louis Reinbeck and the moon."

The great Louis Reinbeck was in his bedroom. His wife was in bed with the covers pulled up over her head. The room was cunningly contrived to give the illusion of romance and undying true love, no matter what really went on in the room.

Up to now, almost everything that had gone on in the room had been reasonably pleasant. Now it appeared that the marriage of Louis and Natalie was at an end. When Louis made her pull the covers away from her face, when Natalie showed him how swollen her face was with tears, this was plainly the case. This was the end.

Louis was miserable—couldn't understand how things had fallen to pieces so fast. "I—I haven't thought of Milly O'Shea for twenty years," he said.

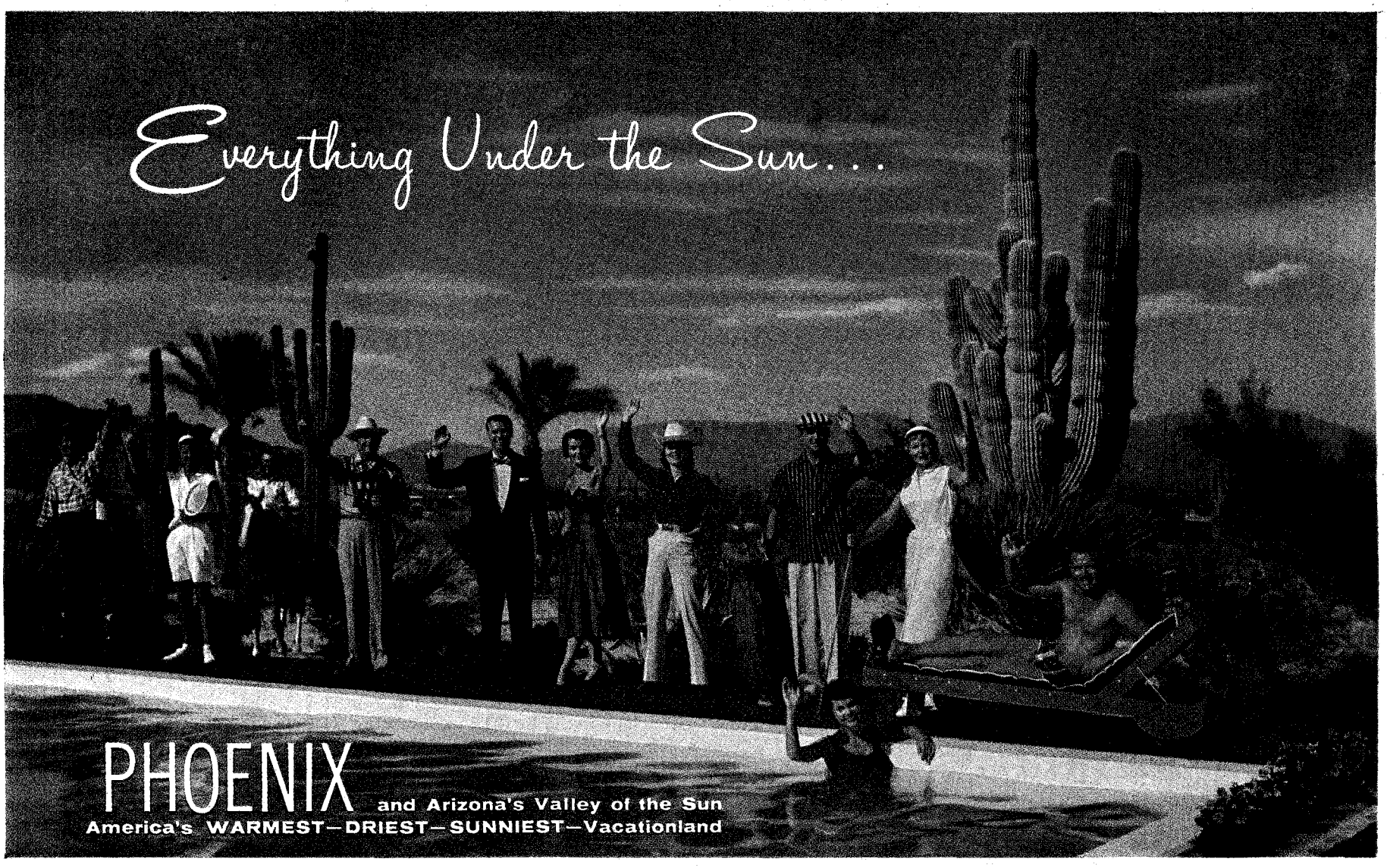
"Please—no. Don't lie. Don't explain," said Natalie. "I understand."

"I swear," said Louis, "I haven't seen her for twenty years."

"I believe you," said Natalie. "That's what makes it so much worse. I wish you had seen her—just as often as you liked. That would have been better, somehow, than all this—this ——" She sat up, ransacked her mind for the right word. "All this horrible, empty, aching, nagging regret." She lay back down again.

"About Milly?" said Louis.

(*Continued on Page 84*)



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For a woman, it helps slim inches from hips, waist, thighs, tummy, arms and ankles. It lifts posture. It firms and tones muscle tissue to produce a smoother, more youthful-looking skin.

For a man, it supplies much-needed exercise without effort, strain or fatigue. Thus it gently eases away tensions a normal person builds up during a hectic working day.

The "Magic Couch" (known as the Posture-Rest®) was developed by figure expert B.H. Stauffer, who realized that exercise is as vital to good health as to a lovely figure. He knew, too, how difficult it is for most people to get proper exercise regularly. So he invented this scientifically-designed motorized couch to *exercise you* while you relax, read, nap or watch TV.

It is the heart of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, which couples effortless exercise with the kind of calorie control your doctor advises, helping you lose unwanted inches as well as pounds . . . thus actually *remolding* your figure.

Few gifts you could buy could mean so much to both of you — husband *and* wife — as this gift of figure beauty, this gift of effortless relaxation. And what better year than this to make Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch" your very special Christmas gift to each other? For complete information, write now to: Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dept. S-117, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

The "Magic Couch" is the heart of the famous Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. While you relax on this motorized Posture-Rest unit, in your own home, it helps trim inches effortlessly from hips, tummy, thighs, calves and ankles—helps reproportion your figure to new loveliness. The Posture-Rest is portable, lightweight, folds like a card table for easy storage. For further information, write: Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dept. S-117, 1919 Vineburn Ave., Los Angeles 32, California.

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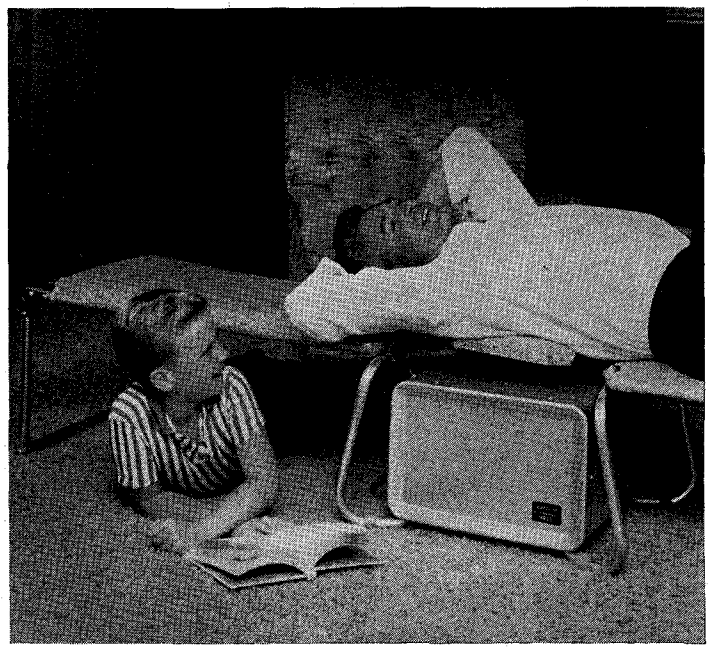
FOR A NEW LIFE TOGETHER, this Christmas give yourselves the ideal husband-and-wife gift—Stauffer's unique "Magic Couch." To a woman, it can help bestow a slender, youthful-looking figure...and the joy that comes with feeling beautiful and knowing you're admired. To a man, it brings relaxation...a sense of physical well-being. But most important—to both it can bring a new bond of togetherness ...a new and happier life.

The Stauffer Home Reducing Plan benefits the whole family. If Dad's business chains him to a desk, it provides the exercise he must have, but hasn't the time to get...eases away workday tensions... helps combat overweight that makes the heart overwork. And teenagers find the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan helps solve adolescent posture problems and get rid of unwanted "baby fat."



Find out now how Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch"—the gift that changed two lives—can bring lifelong benefits of figure beauty and well-being to you and your family. For further information, simply drop a postcard to:

STAUFFER HOME REDUCING PLAN,
Dept. S-117, 1919 Vineburn Ave., Los Angeles 32, California, or 1500 N. Ogden Ave., Chicago 10, Ill., or 5929 Riverdale Ave.. New York 71. N.Y.

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(*Continued from Page 81*) "About Milly, about me, about the abrasives company, about all the things you wanted and didn't get, about all the things you got you didn't want. Milly and me—that's as good a way of saying it as anything. That pretty well says it all."

"I—I don't love her. I never did," said Louis.

"You must have liked the one and only time in your life you felt human," said Natalie huskily. "Whatever happened in the moonlight must have been nice—much nicer than anything you and I ever had."

Louis' nightmare got worse, because he knew Natalie had spoken the truth. There never had been anything as nice as that time in the moonlight with Milly.

"There was absolutely nothing there, no basis for love," said Louis wonderingly. "We were perfect strangers then. I knew her as little as I know her now."

Louis' muscles knotted and the words came hard, because he thought he was extracting something from himself of terrible importance. "I—I suppose she is a symbol of my own disappointment in myself, of all I might have been," he said heavily.

He went to the bedroom window, looked morbidly at the setting moon. The moon's rays were flat now, casting long shadows on the golf course, exaggerating the toy geography. Little flags flew here and there, signifying less than nothing. There was where the great love scene had been played.

Suddenly he understood. "Moonlight," he murmured.

"What?" said Natalie.

"It had to be," said Louis. He laughed, because the explanation was so explosively simple. "We had to be in love with a moon like that, in a world like that. We owed it to the moon."

Natalie sat up, her disposition much improved.

"The richest boy in town and the prettiest girl in town," said Louis—"we couldn't let the moon down, could we?"

He laughed again, made his wife get out of bed, made her look at the moon with him. "And here I'd been thinking it really had been something big between Milly and me way back then." He shook his head. "When all it was was pure, beautiful, moonlit hokum."

He led his wife back to bed. "You're the only one I ever loved," he said. "An hour ago, I didn't know that. I know that now."

So everything was fine.

"I won't lie to you," Milly Whitman said to her husband, Turley. "I loved the great Louis C. Reinbeck for a while. Out there on the golf course in the moonlight, I just had to fall in love. Can you understand that—how I would have to fall in love with him, even if we didn't like each other very well?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Temper Truth

Though temper outbursts often seem
To help when troubles hound us,
Each time we're moved to blow off steam
We scald the folks around us.

Richard Wheeler

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Turley allowed as how he could see how that would be. But he wasn't happy about it.

"We kissed only once," said Milly. "And if he'd kissed me right, I think I might really be Mrs. Louis C. Reinbeck tonight." She nodded. "Since we're calling spades spades tonight, we might as well call that one a spade too. And, just before we kissed up there on the golf course," said Milly, "I was thinking what a poor little rich boy he was, and how much happier I could make him than any old cold, stuck-up country-club girl. And then he kissed me," said Milly, "and I knew he wasn't in love, couldn't ever be in love. So I made that kiss goodby."

"There's where you made your mistake," said Turley.

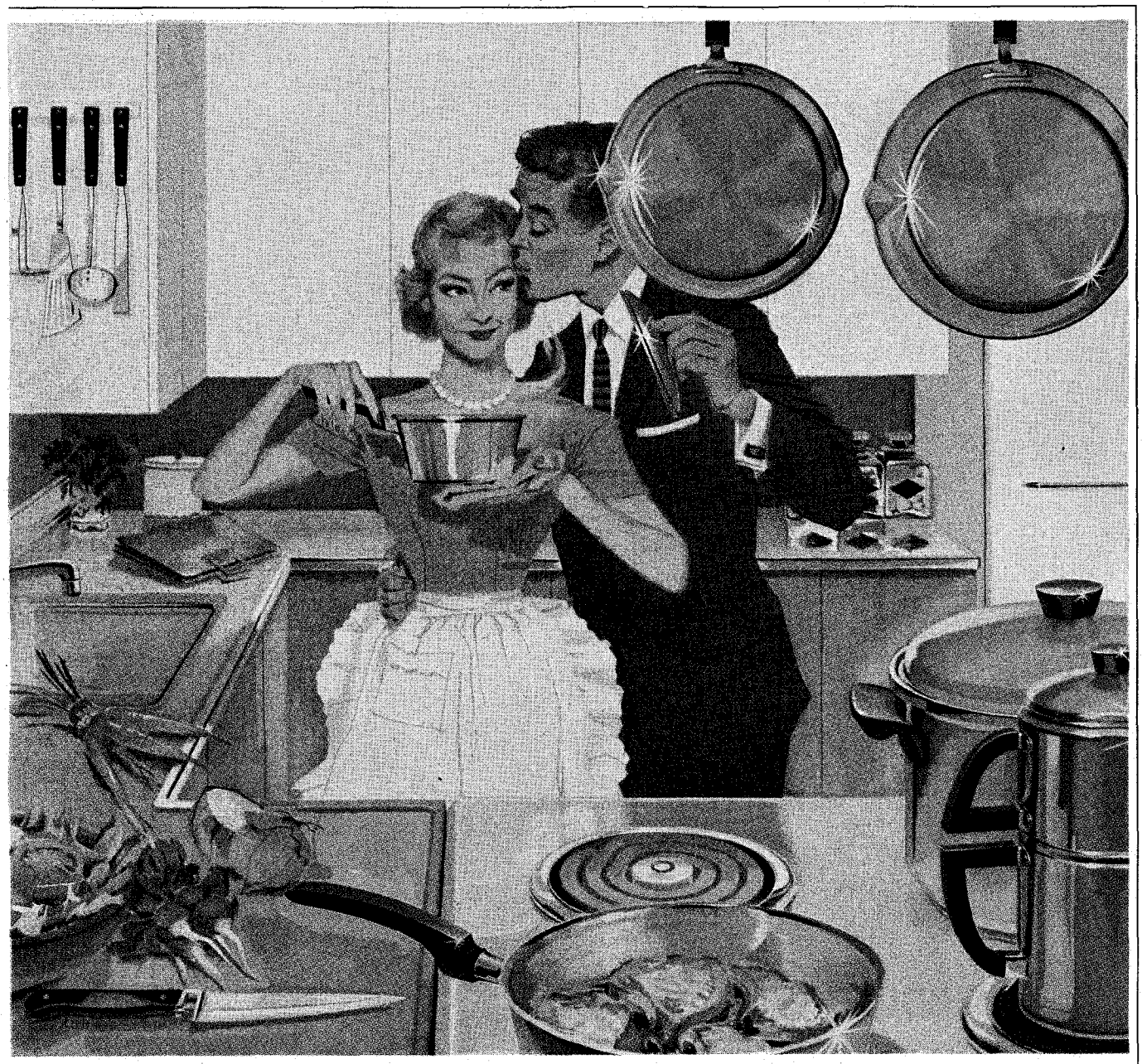
"No," said Milly, "because the next boy who kissed me kissed me right, showed me he knew what love was, even if there wasn't a moon. And I lived happily ever after, until tonight." She put her arms around Turley. "Now kiss me again the way you kissed me the first time, and I'll be all right tonight too."

Turley did, so everything was all right there too.

About twenty minutes after that, the telephones in both houses rang. The burden of the messages was that Charlie Reinbeck and Nancy Whitman were fine. They had, however, put their own interpretation on the moonlight. They'd decided that Cinderella and Prince Charming had as good a chance as anybody for really living happily ever after. So they'd married.

So now there was a new household. Whether everything was all right there, remained to be seen. The moon went down.

THE END



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● Stainless Steel for Living, a 32-page, full-color booklet, tells of the many products built with time-tested Allegheny Stainless. It's yours for the asking—makes a fine gift-suggestion guide. Just write ***Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation, 2000 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania.***

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Trap Robber (Continued from Page 37)

his trap robbing four years before, to demonstrate his feeling of superiority over the Indians. It was an occasional gesture at first, but its freedom, excitement and danger had taken hold of him; and presently he was thinking of himself as that devil of the Indians, the wolverine. He had been very successful in his thievery, as successful as the beast he so admired; and now he had won again. He had beaten the old man, the *beau ideal*, and proved to himself that the best of them couldn't catch him; and now it was time to disappear.

It was time to vanish, but he would see to this last trap before he went; and coming near it he made a wide and careful circle to reconnoiter. He drifted through the timber as silently as a puff of smoke, his eyes everywhere and his nerves at the stretch, with the intense and feral pleasure of a stalking cat. As he narrowed the circle, there was no indication of danger, and so he moved in to the tripped deadfall.

He scraped together a little mound of dirt and impressed the paw mark upon it. As he turned to raise the fallen logs and take the mink out there was a grunt behind him, and he whirled to see the old Indian standing twenty feet away under a tree with the rifle pointing at him. It was as if the old man had materialized out of the thin cool air or flown into the tree from somewhere, leaving no leaf or twig disturbed in the vicinity. It was a shocking thing, but Johnny Coureau's reflexes were equal to it.

He flung himself over the deadfall and fell flat as the rifle went off. The bullet smashed through the logs of the deadfall, hit a stone six inches from his head, and whined off. With the sound still in his ears Johnny picked up the stone, twisted to his knees, and threw. The stone was a heavy one; it caught the advancing Indian in the chest, and he dropped the gun and fell down.

Johnny leaped up, and for a moment stood staring at the old man who had outmaneuvered him. He was confused; despite the explosion of the rifle and the evidence of his eyes, he still couldn't believe that the old man, the Indian, was actually there. He knew, and had always known, that as a trap robber he was liable to be shot; but that was different. It was part of his *amour-propre* to be canny enough to avoid such matters. A good deal of the time, like today, he didn't even carry a gun. Why should he carry a gun in a contest of wits with savages, whom he always defeated?

But the savage had defeated him! The savage was there; he had got to his knees and was scrabbling groggily about for the rifle, his beady black eyes fixed on Johnny Coureau like a malediction. There must be something supernatural about him, when he could appear like that. Out of nothing.

"*Sacré!*" Johnny said, and unconsciously crossed himself.

And then, suddenly, he was afraid. The superstitions of the country, which he had laughed at all his life as something invented by unwashed Indians, swirled around in his head; these, and the impossible fact of his defeat. He turned about and leaped for cover.

He pounded on. He was no longer in command of things, free to victimize the trapper of his choice, call the tune, and enjoy his own malice and skill. The shoe was on the other foot now; he wanted to put a great deal of country between himself and this thing. He was on the run; and presently, as he pulled up a moment for breath, he heard the three spaced shots fired by the old Indian to call up his friends.

He settled down a little after that, and when he reached camp he was moving so quietly that Baptiste didn't know he was there. Baptiste was lying on a little knoll, sleepily watching the camp, and jumped half out of his skin when Johnny stopped behind him and said in the *patois:* "Get up. We have to get out of here."

"Ah!" Baptiste said, flexing his arms in an elaborate pretense that he was just about to jump up anyhow. "Someday you will be shot for such tricks."

Johnny looked at him, wondering how he had ever been fooled by the man. He had talked Baptiste into joining him several months ago, over a drink. Baptiste had talked well, but it had soon turned out that he had the heart of a chicken and little spirit for trap robbing; he was good only for skinning animals and keeping camp. And to talk to, in the evenings.

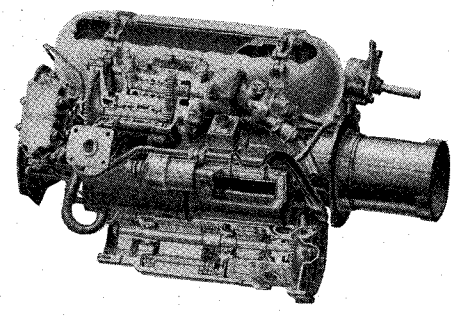
"You will be shot if you don't begin to move yourself," he said brutally. "They are after us."

The words sounded odd to him, and Baptiste's round face fell apart in consternation and fear. Baptiste began to shake. "You killed the old man?" he demanded, staring. "I did not come with you for this. You are a fool. You ——"

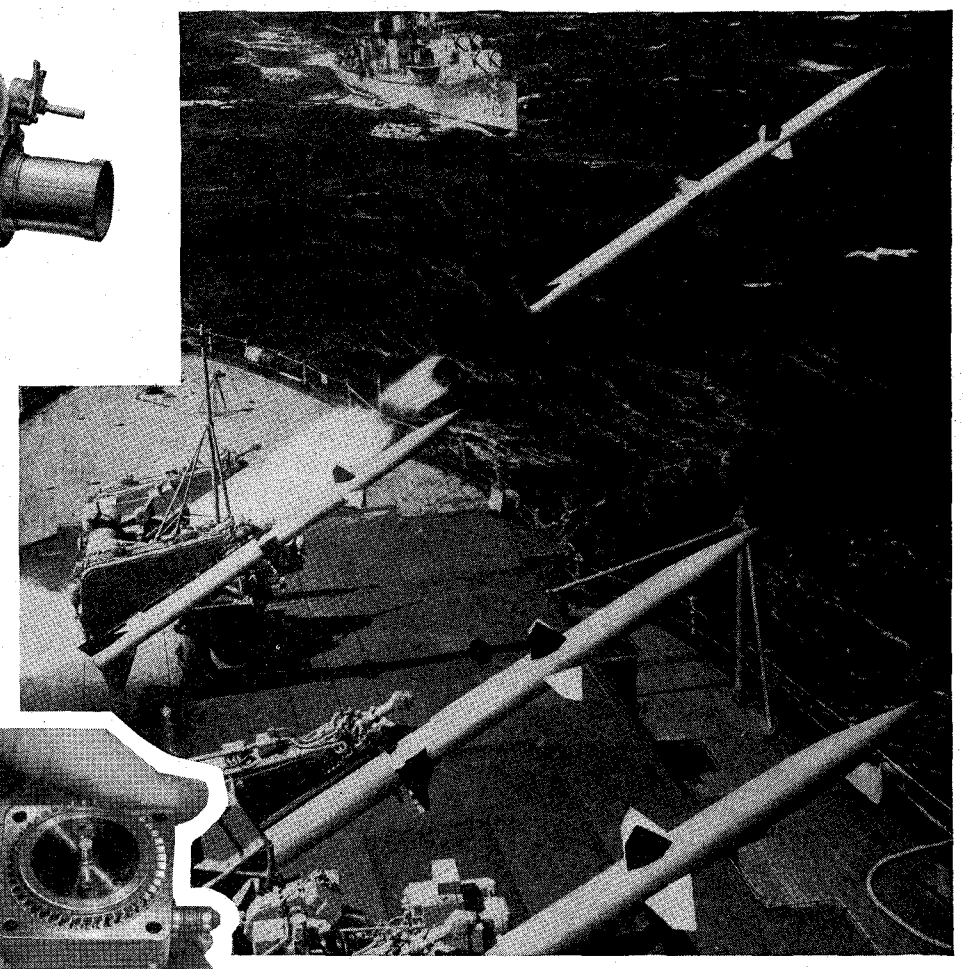
"Pack!" Johnny said, with his mind already running about the country, choosing the route they should take.

"I will go to the Indians," Baptiste said. "I will tell them ——"

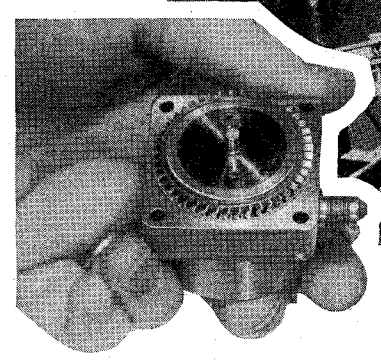
Thompson power units keep guided missiles "on target"!



This is one of the Thompson "Muscles" built to help keep guided missiles "on target" with uncanny accuracy. The self-contained auxiliary power plant shown here is only 15 inches long yet it produces approximately 10 horsepower in electrical and hydraulic energy. Power is supplied in quantities required by the missile. This power is used for operating the guidance controls, radar mechanism and intricate computing gear of the missile.



100,000 Revolutions per minute! Yes, the tiny turbine wheel which you see here on the watch-size alternator, spins at the rate of 100,000 RPM . . . almost 1700 revolutions per second! It develops electrical current and is part of a very small Thompson Products auxiliary power unit.



Thompson "A. P. U.'s" are used in the U.S. Navy's "Terrier" missile made by Convair. Power units for other missiles are now in development by Thompson Products.

TODAY'S headlines tell of rocket-propelled guided missiles that soon may be able to travel 400 miles high at 10,000 to 15,000 m.p.h.

Now being built for guided missiles are hard-working Thompson Auxiliary Power Units. These busy, complex units supply "muscle" power for steering controls and intricate computing gear that guide the missile unerringly to its target, near or far. They also supply electric power for the "brains" of the missile, its radar mechanism.

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Johnny hit him, and knocked him down. He felt the jar of the blow up his arm, but despite that it was as though he had hit a shadow; Baptiste had already taken on an air of unreality to him, something which took up space and moved about, but had no solidity.

"The Indians will shoot you first and talk to you afterward," he said to the shadow, and gave it a kick to get it into motion. "I did not kill the old man, but he caught me. He is their chief."

He began to pack with a hurried efficiency, with his mind still on the best way to go, and presently Baptiste got up and helped him. Baptiste moved like an automaton, but Johnny's words had reached him. He realized at last that he had nowhere else to go, and the position he was in.

They finished and put on the packs and started out. Johnny headed west, quartering away from the place where the old man was; he tried to hold to high ground a little below the ridge lines, so that he could move up to them occasionally and look over. He set a very hard pace, with few rests, because he didn't like the way the sky was beginning to look; and it was during the first of these rests, an hour or so after the start, that they heard a shot far off to one side of them, which was answered by another shot far off to the other side.

The Indians had fanned out, they were covering a lot of country in a systematic way. Johnny hadn't thought they were capable of it. But then, he didn't know these Indians well. He hardly knew them at all. Probably they were lazy and lackadaisical, like most of their breed, but perhaps they were not. Perhaps the old man's prestige had stirred them out of their usual Indian lethargy. Johnny's fingers tightened around the rifle lying at his side. Now it would be seen how far and well they would cast out, and how far they would follow.

Johnny cursed, and started out again. He took a course now like a driven deer, between the two shots. As he moved he looked at the sky. There was little trail, if any, for the Indians to follow, but the overcast was closing in more rapidly all the time; and now the air began to smell like snow. Johnny cursed again.

It snowed several inches in the night and stopped before dawn, which couldn't have been worse, for while the snow which would have covered the trail they made in it was falling it was too dark to travel. Johnny was dismayed by this turn of events, for if the snow had held off for another three or four days he would have been well out of reach; as it was, he was still in their territory. He kept recalling the old man's eyes, and in the back of his mind, like a shadow, the snow began to seem like an omen to him.

As he brewed the morning tea over a smokeless little fire in the cold gloom of the spruces he fought this feeling, which was a new thing to him. He was trying to decide whether they should stay hidden for a day or two, to try bushwhacking tactics in the spruces, or hope for another snow during daylight, or whether to outrun pursuit despite the trail they would leave behind them; and the feeling intruded upon his thoughts and confused them. To counteract the feeling he began to talk to Baptiste, who remained insubstantial to him and whom he had been ignoring. It was a little better than talking to a tree.

"We should stay here, eh?" he said.

Baptiste shrugged; a sort of wooden fatality had descended upon him. "But yes," he said. "Like the rabbit, very still."

"But no," Johnny said. "I am the wolverine, not the rabbit. If we stay here, they will get ahead of us. We will go."

"Maybe we should stay," Baptiste said, surprisingly enough. "If one comes, we can shoot him."

"Bah! If we shoot one or two, they will know just where to look. Then twelve will shoot us. Pack!"

They packed, and started out. The day before, their pace had been fast but careful; this day they ran. They ran under their heavy packs until the white world swam on their sight and sweat drenched them. They were in a little valley when the three shots signaled that their trail had been found, and so didn't hear them; but several hours later, as they were entering the timber again after crossing a very wide and swampy meadow, a bullet fired at extreme range clipped several small branches over their heads. Johnny, who had always thought that he could outtravel any Indian, stepped up a pace which he had never equaled before.

Several times during the days that followed, Johnny Coureau was tempted to double back, to stand and bring the woodcraft which had once served him so well into use against their pursuers. He would think of it as the endless trees went past him or when he awoke shivering between the snatched moments of sleep, but his self-confidence was gone. He didn't do it. The day before, there had been the business of the two shots, one on each side of them. These and the old man had destroyed his balance, and the Indians whom he used to laugh at and rob had turned the tables on him. He didn't know how many of them there were. He was convinced they were still fanned out to catch him if he doubled back. He was convinced that they would outmaneuver him, and ran on.

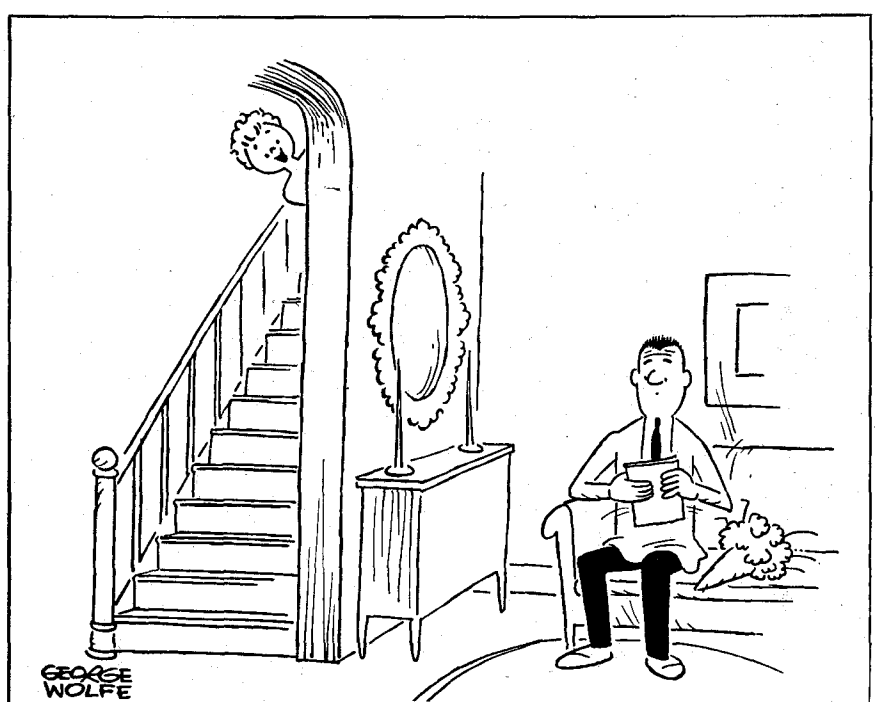
Finally, exhausted by the running, the cold camps and insufficient food, they came onto the plateau, and presently the great gash in it. There was apparently a valley at the bottom; he couldn't see it because the shoulders of the plateau sloped off too sharply for him to reach the edge, but on the other side, several miles away, the precipitous, rocky wall rose apparently straight from the valley floor. He swung parallel to the slope and traveled along it for a while hunting for a place to look down, moving closer to the slope.

It had warmed up that morning, and the snow, which was deeper here and hid the footing, was soft; finally he got onto a hanging comb. There was ice under it; he reached a spot where the balance was too delicate to bear his weight, and started a small avalanche. It let go with a roar, too quickly for him to scramble back; he had an instant to recall the eyes of the old man and then was bowled over and carried down, alternately buried in flying snow and flung to the surface, as helpless as a man caught in a sudden flood.

A thin line of spruces at the shoulder's edge and some lucky trick of pressures stopped the slide or he would have gone over. In the sudden silence he found himself sitting up to his neck in snow, battered and somewhat dazed and hardly believing that he was still alive. He sat very still for a long time, thinking confusedly of the Virgin Mary who had saved him, and then with great care squirmed himself out.

Almost beneath his feet the valley lay quiet and serene, a lost and secret place far below. It seemed to contain twenty or thirty square miles and he saw a lake toward the other end of it; more than half of it was timbered, and the shadows already moving down its steep walls were nearly as dark as the heavy growth of spruce and pine. It was shaped roughly like a canoe and it looked mysterious and a little strange, a little forbidding. Toward the lake, and not far from it, there was a haze like steam which seemed to be rising through the trees; and as Johnny stared at this extraordinary phenomenon a vague and fragmentary memory stirred in his mind. It had a significance, this steam and the canoelike shape, and then he remembered. He had heard of it years ago; some long-forgotten trapper, some *voyageur* encountered in a trading post, had told him of it. It was accursed, a place with an evil name, where hot water came out of the ground. Because of this unheard-of thing, the forgotten trapper had said, crossing himself, it must be close to hell. The Indians looked upon it with great fear, and had never gone into it.

A feeling of reprieve, of immense relief, flooded Johnny's weary brain. He was safe, he had stumbled upon safety; he would go into the valley and survive somehow until he had time to think or until the snow was gone in the spring. The problem was how to get into the place; and then, at the end opposite the lake, he saw that the cliffs dropped down and made an entrance to it. He yelled at Baptiste that (*Continued on Page 88*)



"Be down in a minute—I'm putting on my figure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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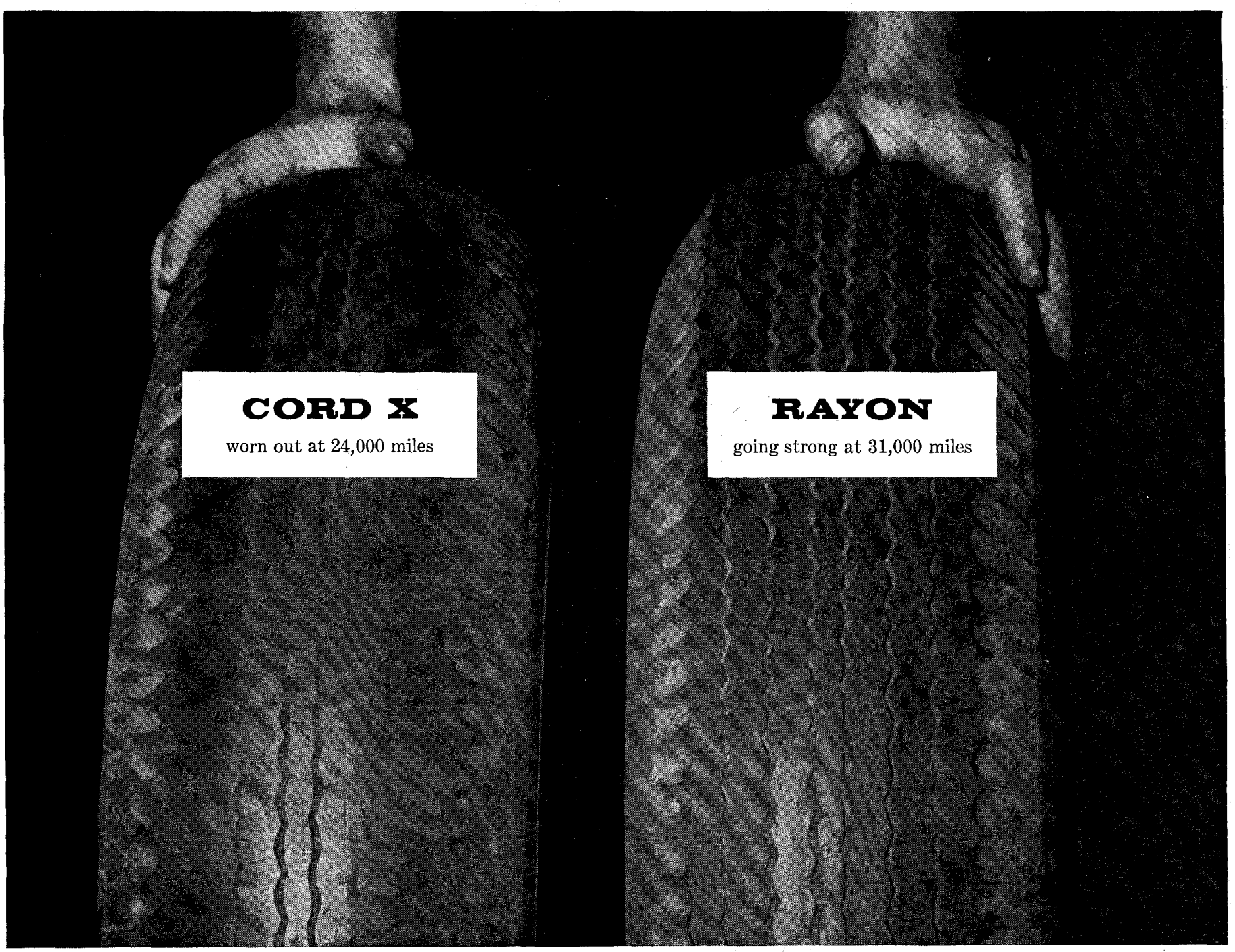

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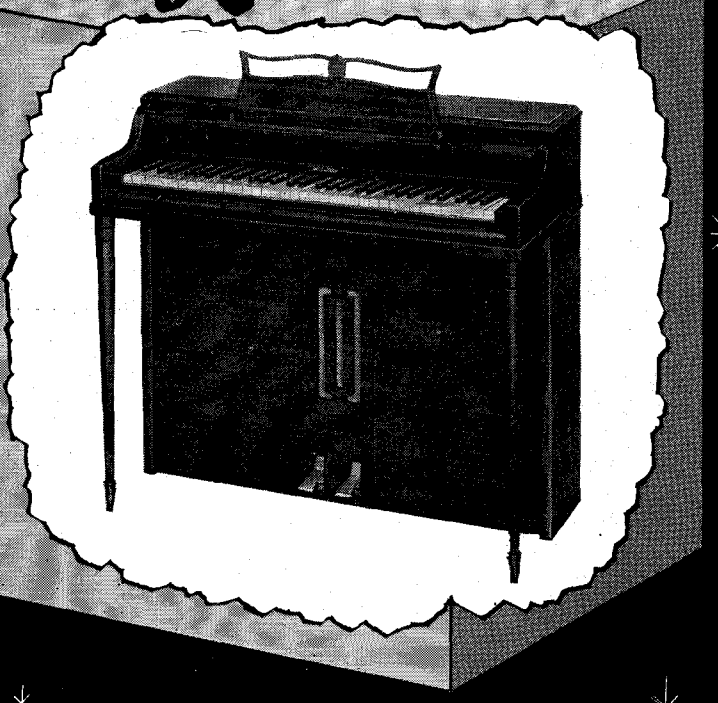

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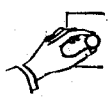

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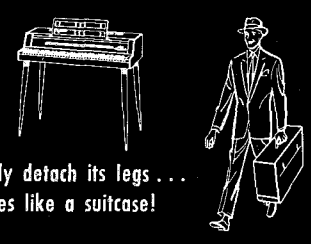


Simply detach its legs . . . carries like a suitcase!

THE WURLITZER COMPANY, Dept. SEP-1257, DeKalb, Illinois

Please send information on the Wurlitzer Electronic Piano

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from Page 86*) he was still alive, and then with infinite care began to work his way toward the top. Baptiste was so glad to see him, to know that he was not alone in an inimical and frightening world, that Johnny began to think a little better of him.

They came to the drop in the hills and found the entrance to the valley crossed by a thick belt of dead, gaunt gray trees, with a large stream coming out of it. Apparently at one time there had been a big beaver pond there which had killed them all. They stood lifeless and ghostlike, their brittle branches powdered with snow, amid a wild tangle of down timber; there was a brooding and melancholy air about the place, an eerie desolation, as though it had been moved there from another world.

"I do not like it, me," Baptiste said. "It looks like a place one does not come out of, if one goes in."

"There is the rest of the world to run in, if you prefer," Johnny said. The feeling of relief had put new life into him. "I have run far enough. I will go in."

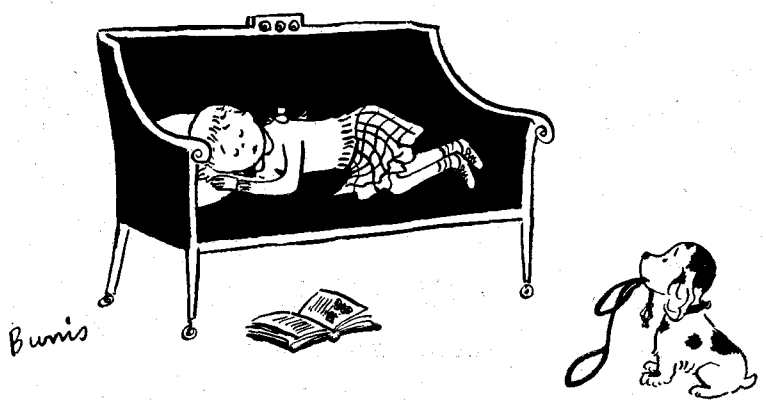
Baptiste shrugged, and they struggled through the gray silence into the valley beyond. Johnny shot a deer, and after they ate all they could hold of it they moved about until they found a good location in the spruces near the stream and set to work to build a small cabin. Baptiste put out rabbit snares and built a weir to trap fish and smoke them against the winter, for they didn't have much ammunition. In a few days the cabin was finished and they were fairly well established, and then Johnny set out to explore.

The stillness bothered him for the first few days. The wind seldom blew, and he was accustomed to wind; the absence of it added to the brooding quality of the place. He gradually grew more accustomed to it, but his subconscious mind never quite accepted it; there was always the feeling of an intangible presence watching him from somewhere. If a branch moved or spilled a plume of snow, his glance darted to it and his muscles tensed, and once he went out through the dead spruces at the valley's mouth and saw several lines of footprints beyond it, so he knew they were keeping a watch there. He went to look at the hot springs, but the strangeness of them and the mephitic smell of sulphur which hung in the air disquieted him, and he avoided them thereafter.

There was more snow now and they had to make snowshoes to get about in it, and the cold increased. They were soon out of such things as salt, tea, tobacco and flour, but they were adroit in living off the country, and they got along. It was a good rabbit year, and Johnny found a hibernating bear and killed it. Beyond the lake he found a string of beaver ponds; and, as Baptiste had been carrying three traps, he caught a beaver once in a while. The rich, dark meat was excellent, and the fur would come in handy for trade after they got out. There was also plenty of mink and a few marten, and presently Johnny, who had lived on other men's traplines, was reduced to a trapline of his own.

It was on one of his trapline trips, early on a cold morning, that he saw a movement ahead of him at the edge of a blowdown where he had a deadfall set. As he stopped with the ax resting across his shoulder the creature, which looked at first like a small bear, moved out into the open, raised a forepaw as though to shield its eyes, and looked at him. He didn't need to see the band of paler fur running along its dark sides; he knew that no animal except a wolverine makes such a strangely human gesture.

Not long since, he would have laughed and saluted a (*Continued on Page 90*)



The Perfect Squelch

When ten-year-old Dian was given a puppy, her mother made it clear that she would have full responsibility for taking it outside whenever necessary. Dian agreed, and for some time carried out her assignment faithfully. Later, her enthusiasm waned. One night when she was wakened to do escort duty, she made tearful protests.

Her mother immediately reminded Dian of her promises. Then she went into a lengthy explanation of why people must keep promises, and how it builds character to do unpleasant things. Finally, as a clincher, she pointed out that she had had to do much the same type of thing for Dian when she was younger.

Fully awake by then, Dian moved to the door. "But you," she said coldly, "didn't have to take me outside."

Vincent Thomas, Jr.

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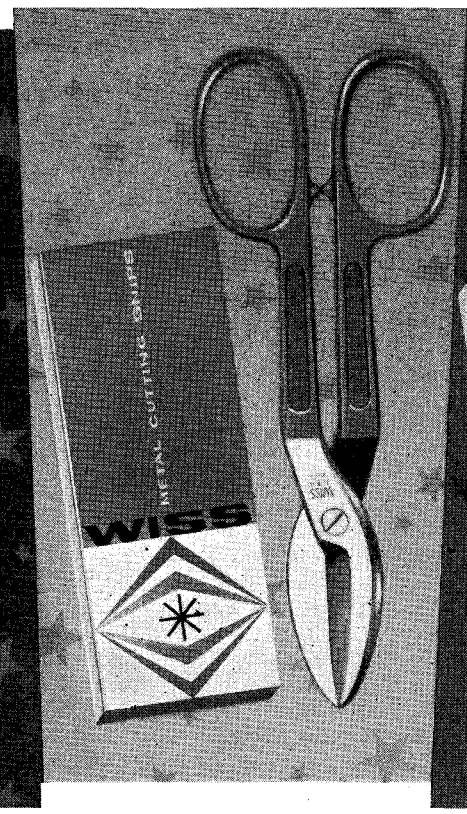
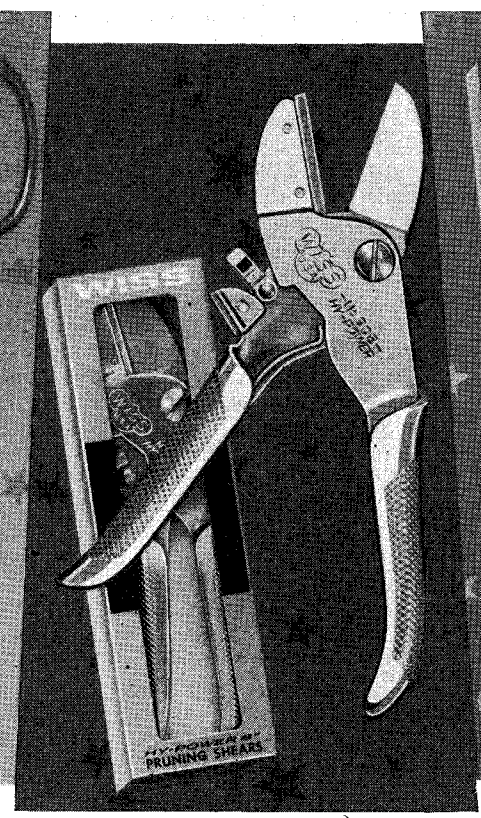
WISS

...a gift for every man or miss

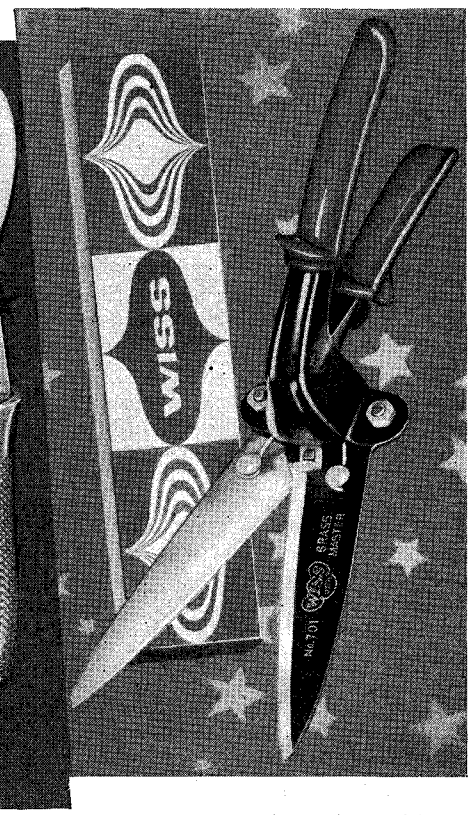
FOR HIM: **"Executive"** ... handsome manicure set in saddle tan or russet top-grain cowhide. Nail, cuticle and nose scissors, nail clip, file, tweezers, and steel pusher. No. GM-23, $13.95 plus tax at notions departments. Others $3.50 to $24.95.



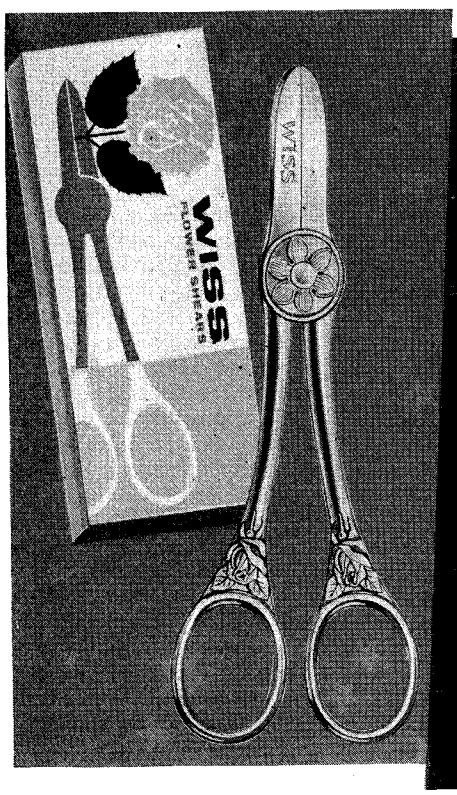
Snips for his work bench and for hunting or fishing. Cut metal, vinyl, leather, rubber, fish and poultry. No. A-12, $2.60 at hardware stores. Others $2.25 to $8.50.



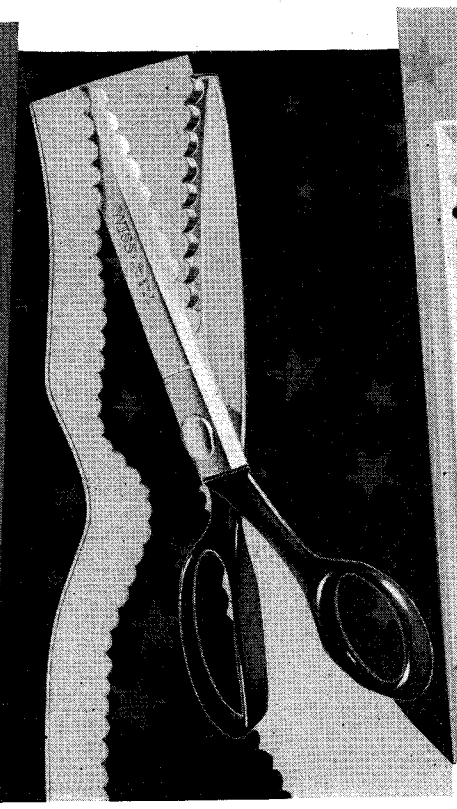
Pruning Shears for the home gardener. If he prides himself on his shrubs and trees, give him this pair of powerful Wiss pruning shears. No. 908, only $3.25 at hardware and garden supply stores.



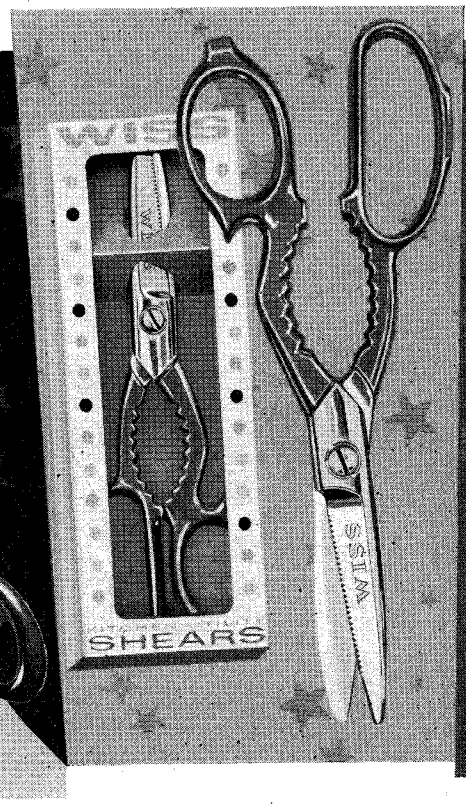
New Wiss Grass Shears that cut with half the normal effort! Vinyl handle grips protect hands. No. 701, only $2.75 at leading hardware and garden supply stores.



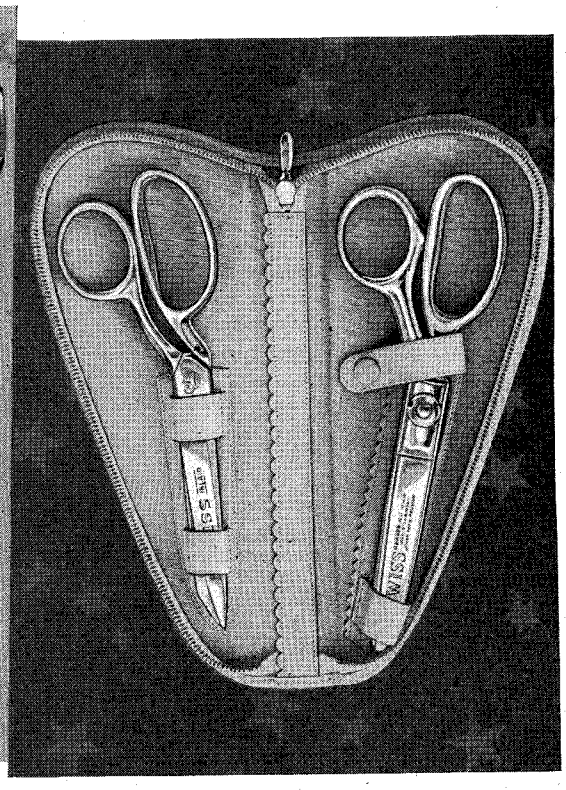
FOR HER: **Flower Shears** that protect her hands. Wiss FH-4 flower shears cut and hold flowers; prevent scratches. $2.75 at department, garden supply, and hardware stores.



New Wiss Skalloping Shears. Anyone who sews will love 'em! They actually cut scalloped edging in dresses, curtains, doilies. No. SN-7, $7.50 at leading notions depts. and hardware stores.



Versatile Kitchen Shears. Open bottles, cut meat, fish, poultry, twine. Colored handles $2.95. Chrome or copper plated $3.95. At notions depts. and hardware stores.



"Fairlady"... lovely set of pinking and dressmakers' shears. Rich, cowhide case in Caribbean Blue, Primrose Yellow, Tapestry Red or Sahara Tan. Contrasting faille lining. GS-116, $15.95 at notions departments. Pinking shears alone, $4.95 to $8.95.

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(*Continued from Page 88*) brother thief, but he didn't laugh this time. His heart sank within him. Twice in the old days, when he was still trapping for himself, he had been forced to abandon his territory when wolverines moved in on him. They had been a disaster, a catastrophe, stealing his traps and destroying his fur. He'd never been able to catch them; and later, when his thievery was successful, he had recalled this and applied their name to himself. In those days he simply moved out and left the territory to them; now he could not. He was suddenly filled with apprehension and rage, and raising the ax he ran toward the beast. It rolled back to all fours and moved off through the tangled, snowy down timber. It looked back over its shoulder at him once from an opening and seemed to be grinning, and then he lost sight of it.

As soon as his breathing returned to normal he thought of his beaver traps, and hurried to the dam. His technique had been to chop holes in the ice, make small breaks in the dam and set traps below them to catch the beaver when they came to make repairs. Often they were drowned when trapped; but this time, as he could see by the bits of fur and frozen bloody meat on the dam crest, they had both come out on the dam before the water froze again and been caught by the wolverine. The two traps were gone. There were several sets of wolverine tracks running to the other shore and back, and Johnny knew there was no use searching for the traps. The wolverine would have buried them carefully in the snow, in a maze of tracks that he could never decipher.

There are stupid wolverines, but Johnny knew that this wasn't one of them; the only worse thing that could have happened would have been a visit from the police. With a heavy heart he started for the cabin, then swung off to return by the line of deadfalls and rabbit snares that ran out in that direction. He found, as he feared he would, that the wolverine had been busy there too. Baptiste hadn't visited that line for several days, and the beast had had plenty of time. It had pulled the deadfalls apart and ripped out the snares, destroying whatever was in them with a diabolical thoroughness.

He was gloomy and depressed when he reached the cabin, and Baptiste was waiting for him with a long face.

"There is a wolverine," Baptiste said.

Johnny put the ax down, and said nothing.

"He has been on my trapline to the east."

"He has been on the trapline to the north, as well," Johnny said. "And on the beaver dam."

"So," Baptiste said, and it seemed that his expression changed. His face grew rounder again. "Now we have one trap, and the wire for snares does not renew itself." He seemed to smile, a small, secret smile. "You are Johnny-the-Wolverine," he said. "It requires a wolverine to catch a wolverine. It would be well if you would hurry and catch him."

Johnny stared at him, nonplused. He thought for a moment that the discovery and its implications had driven the other man out of his wits. But it wasn't that; the sardonic light in his eyes was sane enough, and the small secret smile was sane too. He had never bothered to explore further into Baptiste's personality after finding what a poor sort of man he was; he had never understood irony, and this manifestation left him floundering.

He didn't flounder very long. There was piled up within him such a total of frustration and indignity that the world turned red to his sight; he felt naked and alone and mocked on all sides.

"Thunder of God!" he burst out, and dealt Baptiste such a blow that he knocked the man head over heels. He followed quickly and kicked him until his feet hurt, grabbed him and took his ammunition, and then unloaded his gun. "I will keep the shells," he said, standing threateningly over him. "Even if I do not think you would be enough man to shoot me. You will keep the camp. I will go circle the valley, to see if there is a place to climb up."

He gathered his gear and went out.

There was no place to climb up while the ground was covered with snow, as Johnny found out on a hard two-day trip. It was very cold; he had to take small, shallow breaths to avoid frosting his lungs, and cut wood all night to avoid freezing to death. In the loneliness and cold he had plenty of time to think. His mind ran in endless circles around the wolverine and ways to catch it, and always ended up at the starting place.

At one point he almost decided to make a spring gun set: lash his rifle to a tree and run a string from the trigger to a simulated deadfall, so that when the beast pulled the deadfall apart the rifle would go off and shoot it. But he finally gave the idea up, with a frustrated and bitter curse; it was too chancy, for his enemy might solve the puzzle and destroy his gun. He had had a wolverine do that before. It had bitten through the string first, near the trigger, and then gnawed through the stock and ruined the gun.

It was inevitable, in the cold darkness, that he should think of the old Indian who had brought him to this, and the other Indians he had victimized just as the wolverine was victimizing him. This, and the irony that he had taken the creature's name in his own clever dealings. He squirmed and shivered and ground his teeth; and finally, as he turned toward the cabin again, he knew that no matter what the chase would cost him he would have to run the wolverine down.

He was further confirmed in this decision when he reached the cabin and found Baptiste sitting with his head in his hands. Baptiste raised his swollen face and looked at him.

"It is even worse," Baptiste said. "Now the other trap is gone, and the rest of the wire. What do we do?"

"We follow it," Johnny said. "Both of us, until we catch it. After I have a day to rest,"

They set out two days later, and in the afternoon came upon its tracks in the fresh snow. Then they separated until they were seventy or eighty yards apart, and paralleled each other. It was extraordinarily difficult to keep to the trail, for the wolverine had taken an erratic course, wandering through tangled blowdowns and thick growths of spruce, investigated rocky outcrops and wormed itself through deadfalls; it had invariably picked the going where a man on snowshoes would have the most trouble.

It went, despite its wanderings, almost directly away from the cabin and took them nearly to the end of the valley. In the late afternoon Johnny found where it had doubled back on the side away from Baptiste and sat quietly in a spruce thicket to watch them go by. Later still, near sunset, Baptiste shouted and ran to Johnny in tears to say that he could have shot the beast if he had had ammunition. Johnny was thunderstruck; in their concentration on the chase both of them had forgotten that he still had all their shells. He gave Baptiste half of the small store, but it was too late; they did not see the wolverine again.

They had a wretched camp and followed the beast's apparently aimless meanderings all the next day and the day after. By the fourth day they were in poor shape, and no closer to the wolverine. It had taken them round and round the valley, and tangled them for endless hours in a maze of tracks; then it straightened out, and seemed to be heading back toward the cabin. Johnny was so tired and intent that he thought nothing of this for a while; but as the trail held true, and the wolverine seemed to be moving quite fast, he eventually saw the significance of it.

A chilling fear gripped him; he stopped and shouted for Baptiste.

"The cabin!" he said, when the other man came up. "It is going toward the cabin!"

They stared at each other, wordless, for they knew what it meant. They had started off too quickly, too desperate and angry with each other for forethought; they should have slung their supplies in a tree or between two of them, high out of reach, and taken the bark off for a height of six or seven feet so the wolverine couldn't get its claws into the hard and frozen wood and climb up. It was a notable cabin despoiler.

They began to run. They staggered and often fell, tripped by their weariness and their blind haste, by the branches that caught their snowshoes. The moon was up when they reached the cabin, and by the thin shafts of its light that penetrated the spruces they could see the tracks all about.

They stumbled inside, and ruin was there. The wolverine had got down the chimney and worked like a demon to get everything they needed back up again and carry it off. The things too large for the chimney were torn up and useless. They were finished; all their hoarded supplies were gone.

They went outside again and stood together by the door, silent and haggard in the thin moonlight. A snowy owl floated through the little opening as silently as a ghost.

"Me, I will go out," Baptiste said, at long last. "Anything is better than here."

"Yes," Johnny said.

"Maybe they have gone, or do not watch at night."

"Ah!" Johnny said.

They checked their rifles, and started out. They didn't speak again. They came to the belt of dead, gaunt trees and the light was brighter; in the eerie silence they felt completely exposed. Exhausted to the point of falling, they toiled through the terrible place; and near the edge of it, a few yards from where the black spruces began, they were stopped by the chilling click of a gun being cocked and the old Indian materialized before them. He was not very tall, and he was grinning in the moonlight; the moonlight glinted on the rifle barrel.

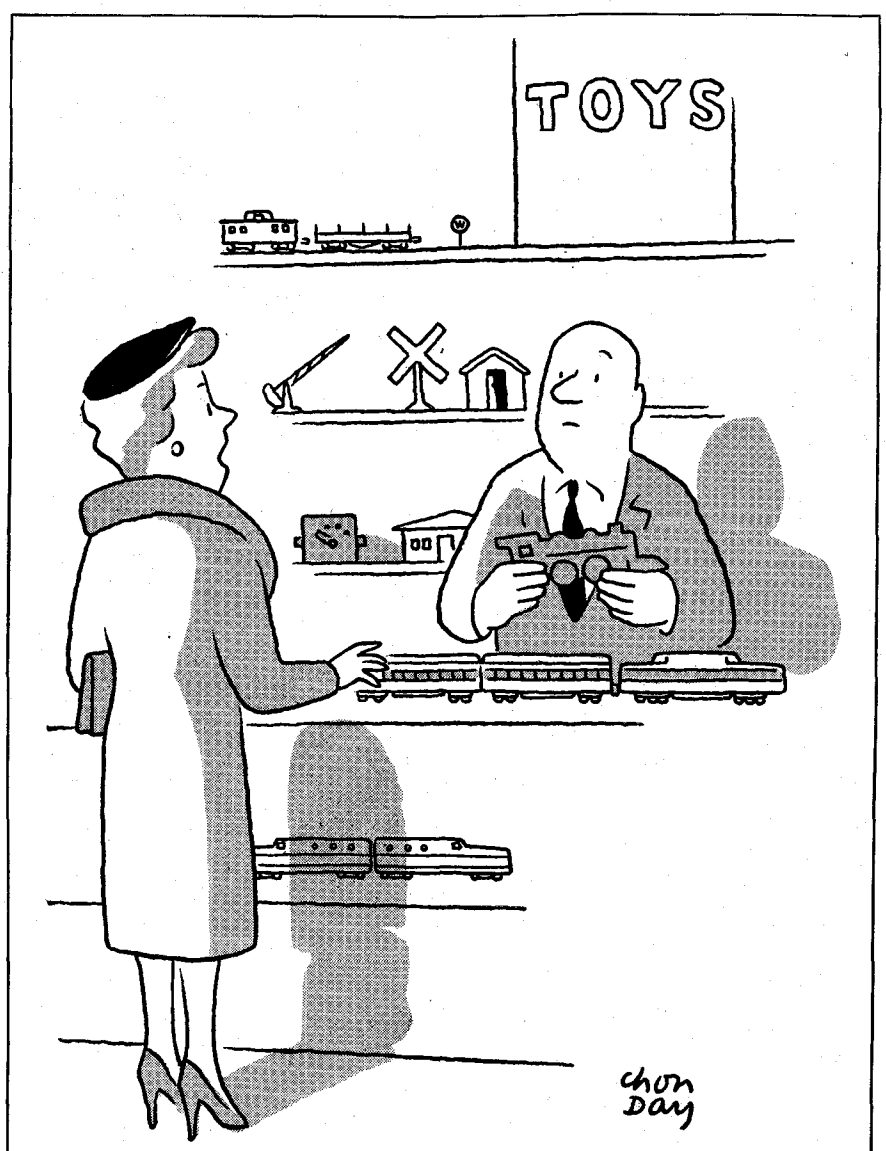
"Stand still, wolverine," he said. "Do not even move to make the paw mark. We are not ready to skin you yet."

He shouted, and was answered by two other shouts, one on each side of him. Johnny Coureau stared at him. There had been only three of them, then, he thought, as his heart hammered within him loudly enough to wake the dead. Three of them, and they had herded him in there, knowing what he would find, and then sat down and waited until he had been driven out.

He sighed, a weary and defeated exhalation of breath, and moved a little to ease his aching legs.

"Stand still," the old Indian said. "Be very careful, while we decide whether we will skin you or take you to the police."

THE END



"The boy is eight and his father is thirty-two."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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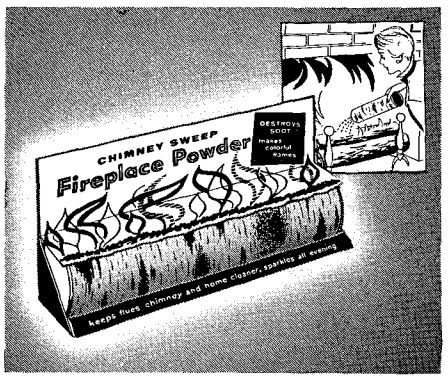

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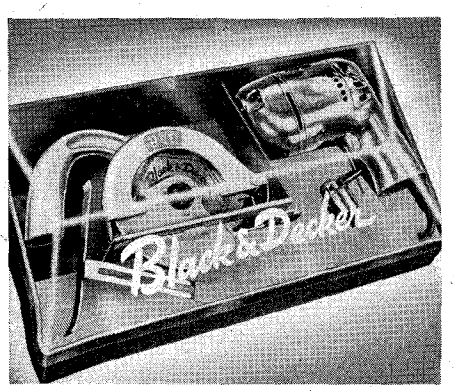

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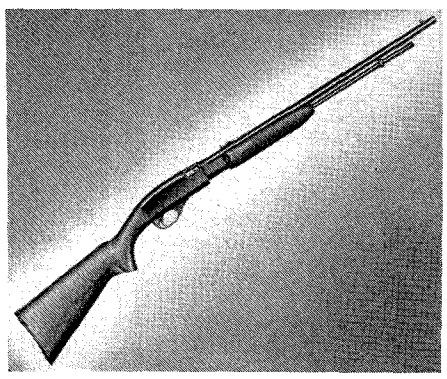

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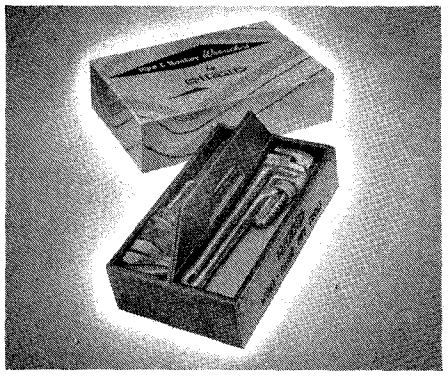

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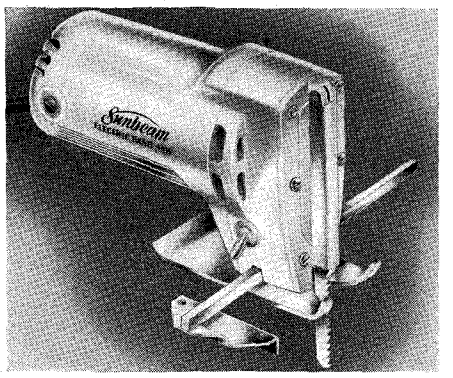

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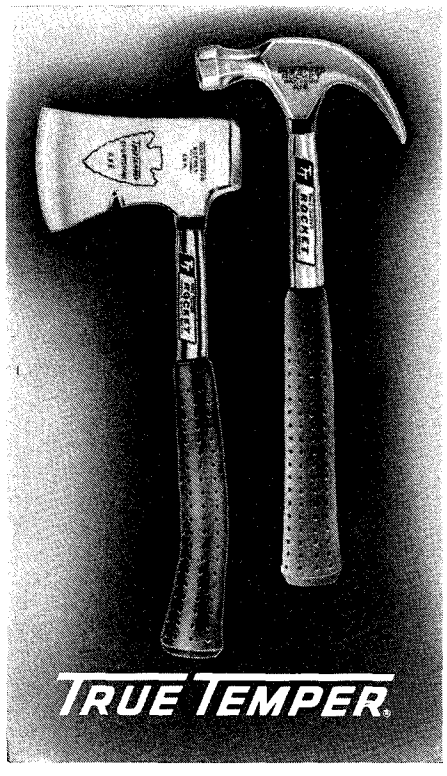

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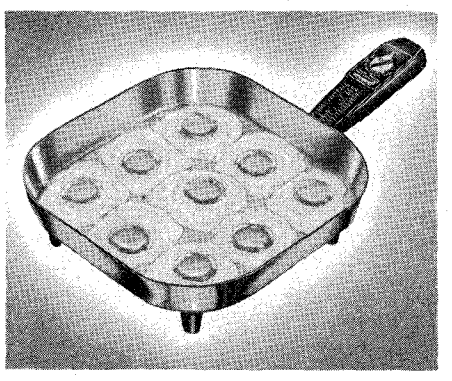

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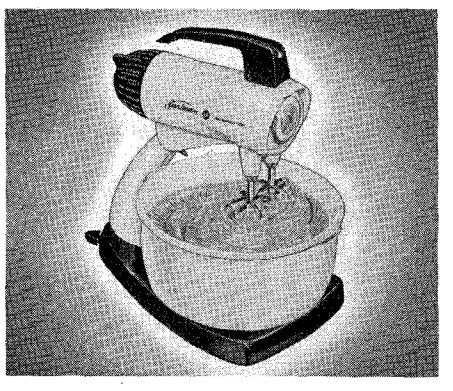

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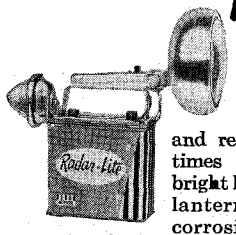

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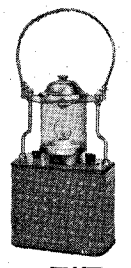
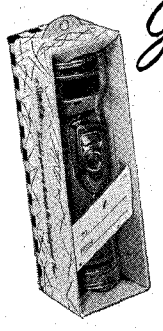


TW7

NO. 257

Junior SATELLITE



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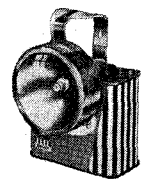

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Look for this display in your hardware store

ELCO

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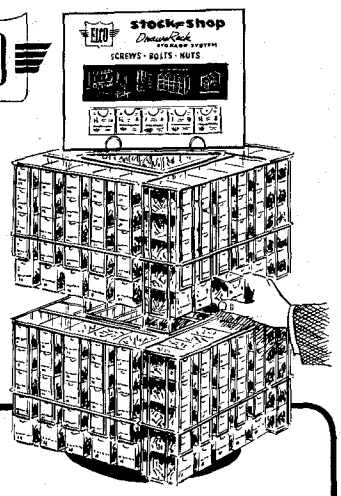
59¢ PER BOX



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SCREWS • BOLTS • NUTS

Homeworkshoppers, handymen, hobbyists — here is the *best* way to buy and stock screws for your shop. These new, sparkling, clear-plastic boxes hold generous quantities of those top-quality screws you need the most. The new DraweRack storage system makes them *instantly* available! At your hardware store.

(*Note to wives: A welcome Gift!*)

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There's real gift excitement in a genuine

Flexible Flyer!®

Nothing matches the thrill of sledding . . . especially with a Flexible Flyer. It's sleek and trim with chrome bumper, two-tone colors and wrap-around safety runners. And it has twice the steering range of ordinary sleds.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

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479 GLENWOOD AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA 40, PA.

More Family Gift Center Values

Killer by Trade (Continued from Page 27)

"I haven't locked my front door since 1906," said James Forsyth, "but I'm doing it now. We've been having a lot of robberies in the village. Nasty ones. Beating people up. It's the first time it's ever happened in Plettenberg Bay."

"Who's responsible?"

"Natives, for certain. *Skollies*." He used the Afrikaans word for shiftless young troublemakers. "Who else would do it? We had an old chap hit over the head, only last night. He's in Port Elizabeth hospital now with a cracked skull. And if he dies," said James Forsyth heavily, "it's more than robbery. It's murder."

Robbery and murder seemed very far away the next morning—one of the fairest days I had ever seen in my life.

The day started early, as most days do in the enticing air of South Africa; it was easy to face life at six o'clock in the morning, when six o'clock meant pure sunshine, a calm, dancing sea below one's window, and smoke rising in true vertical ascent from a hundred village chimneys. When I left Helene still asleep, and put on a dressing gown and padded out onto the veranda, there was my father-in-law already sitting deep in an armchair, staring toward the mountains and sipping coffee from a patterned mug which undoubtedly held a full pint.

He gestured toward the coffeepot, not speaking either then nor for the next half hour. The beautiful morning was enough for both of us. When the coffee was finished, and the sun well up above the horizon, he said simply, "Fine day. . . . That chap I was talking about died in hospital—I heard it over the radio. . . . The car's all ready. You should go and see Robberg."

We went and saw Robberg, Helene and I, a couple of hours later, and it was an entrancing journey. Just as she had described it in London, Robberg was a slim peninsula, almost an island, jutting out into the sea for three or four miles. The rock formation, washed by the sea at its base, rose steeply to a sandy plateau; the wild orchids which Helene had promised me were there, in astonishing abundance, as well as flowering gorse, and calla lilies, and delicate freesias seeming to burgeon from the bare rock. Stooping down, one found the bare rock to be ancient seabed, with perhaps the world's oldest seashells embedded in its grip. All around us was the wash of the ocean, and deep peace, and the burnt smell of Africa, and hundreds of dassies—the timid rock rabbit of this part of the world—scuttling and peeping and freezing into immobility at the sight of us.

"Isn't it lovely?" asked Helene, her arm in mine.

"Ravishing," I said. "Like you."

"We must fish," she said inattentively. "Tomorrow or the next day. Only please don't fall in or get washed off the rocks."

"I can swim."

"You can't swim in that." She pointed downward, where the gray-green sea dissolved into white foam as it met the rocks. "There are sharks down there, my friend—little sharks, big sharks, all sorts of sharks. There's one enormous one called Cinderella—honestly, she looks just like a submarine. Must be over two thousand pounds. She swims by every day, at the top of the tide. All the gillies are scared to death of her."

"We'll catch her tomorrow."

"My hero. Now let's go back, and I'll show you round the village."

The walk round the village was highly instructive, to someone like myself who had never seen this part of the world before. Plettenberg Bay provided a classic cross-section of South Africa, with its leisured beauty, its slow pace and its feudal fabric intact.

It held, in all, about 2000 souls, stacked in tiers on an immemorial pattern which, without deep inquiry, seemed to suit this part of the world very well indeed. At the top was a handful of white aristocracy—traders, hotel personnel, doctors, bank managers, post-office officials, and the visitors who made Plettenberg Bay their annual mecca. Below them came the body of the population—the mixed-blood, Cape Coloured villagers who did the work, caught the fish, built the houses and loafed in the sun. Below them again—and no one was more sensitive on this point than the two "black" races—came the pure Negroes—servants in the big houses, messengers in the hotel, garbage removers, marginal scavengers.

There was one hotel, two banks, four general stores, two garages, one church. There were scores of sweet people who treated me with the grave, traditional courtesy of every South African village, and welcomed Helene as if she were a small, beloved child who had escaped some grave danger. They seemed glad that she was married, skeptical of all life that lay outside Plettenberg Bay.

One enchanting old woman—Mrs. Boersma, who owned and ran the smallest general store—put it thus: "Ach, my baby!" she said, enfolding Helene in a huge embrace. "Did the English let you back again, after all?"

Helene laughed, returning the embrace, including me in the warm welcome.

"I've been away four years," she said, her eyes bright, "but look what I caught while I was away!"

Mrs. Boersma inspected me; her glance was sharp in a brown motherly face. Then: "Feed him up well, child!" she commanded. "You must never lose a good man."

It felt fine to belong to this family.

And then, on the way back to the house for lunch, I had one of the biggest surprises of my life. We had left the car for a minor repair, and were strolling, unself-consciously hand in hand, down the main street. At a crossroads we passed a small, shabby garage, and Helene looked at it inquisitively.

"This is new," she remarked, "though it doesn't look it. I didn't know we had a second garage."

There was a man leaning against one of the petrol pumps, staring somewhat vacantly downhill toward the sea. I glanced at the slack figure, and then looked again, with a shock of astonishment. It was someone I recognized very easily indeed, because he had twice saved my life in Holland during the war. We knew him then, and I knew him now, as Murderer Martin.

War is only licensed killing—a merry game for louts and lunatics, an ordeal for all others. But if war does come, you have to be good at it, you have to be perfect. Though it was long ago now, I still found it (*Continued on Page 94*)

In America the only way you can tell the underprivileged class is by their smaller television screens.

MAURICE SEITTER

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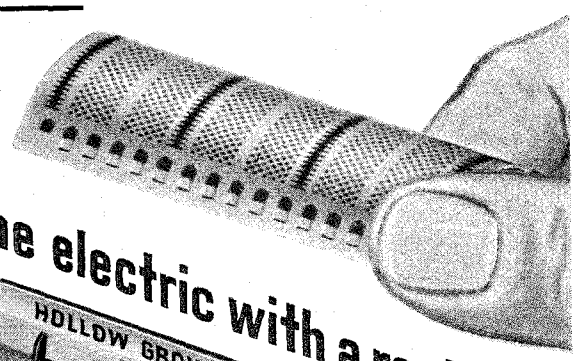
Give him the Electric that gives Close Blade Shaves



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*Hollow ground blade is self-sharpening.

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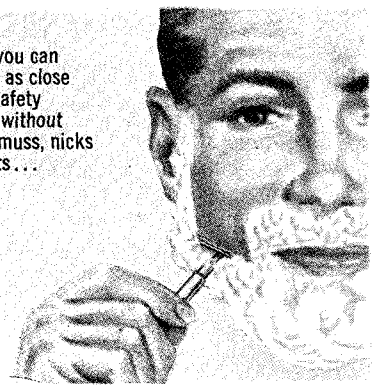
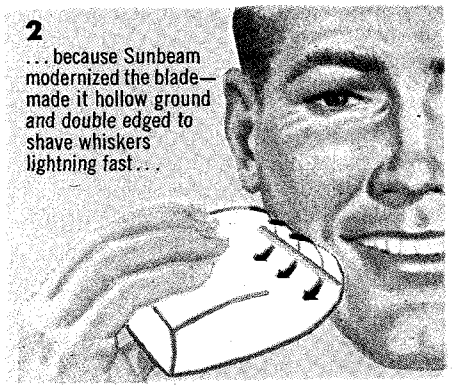
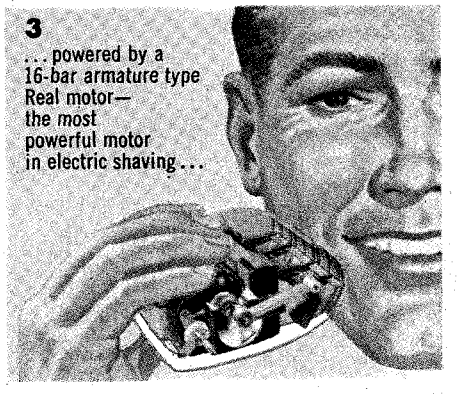
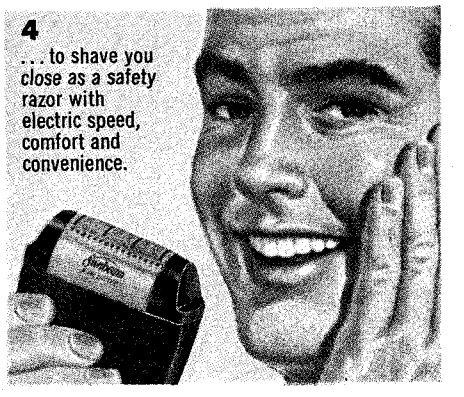
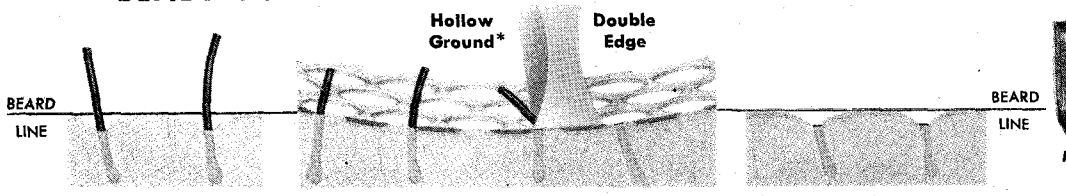








BLADE-ELECTRIC SHAVES BELOW THE BEARD LINE



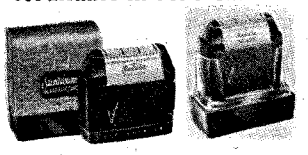
Magnified cross section view above shows how whiskers grow between skin mounds.

Shaving head is designed to depress skin mounds and pop up whiskers. Lightning fast action of double edge hollow ground* blade cuts whiskers at their base—below the beard line.

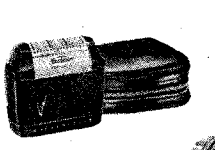
*Hollow ground blade is self-sharpening.

Above is the result of a Blade-Electric shave—close, clean and smooth—BELOW THE BEARD LINE.

Available in TWO cases...and SIX handsome colors



MODEL G—Carrying case converts to convenient wall cradle holder.



MODEL GZ—Leather deluxe zipper case.

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(*Continued from Page 92*) terrifying to remember the things we learned and the things we did, in that noble pursuit of victory. Myself, I got to be a captain in the Royal Marine Commandos, a tough and seasoned outfit which saw action at a score of tricky points, from the Salerno beaches to Walcheren on the Dutch coast. George Martin I first remembered as a raw recruit, small and sallow, who joined us sometime in 1943. He did not stay raw for very long.

At that time my own commando was trying to find out what sort of defense system had been set up on the opposite side of the Maas River, preparatory to making a permanent landing in force. Finding out meant frequent night raids in small boats; and raids meant everything—surprise, treachery, murder by stealth, stabbing from behind, garroting, the dragging away of half-dead prisoners—in fact, a swinish carelessness about life. We were very proud of our prowess.

George Martin proved an apt pupil in this kind of warfare; that was when he first got his nickname of "Murderer," and it stuck to him ever since. After a few weeks of tuition—which was my special assignment—he suddenly seemed to become first class at everything connected with individual killing, from the judo chop across the throat to the hole in the back of the head; he also brought to the job an overtone of sadistic joy which was funny at the time, though disgusting thereafter. On one occasion, when we were making the Rhine crossings, I watched him fire seven slow shots into the stomach of a prostrate German who had, a mite too slowly, put up his hands in surrender.

Murderer Martin. He had, beyond question, saved my life—once by quick shooting, once by close and gory work with a saw-edged bayonet. Now in that sunny South African street, I walked toward him, holding out my hand with all the cheerful friendliness I felt, and said, "Hello, Murderer!"

I suppose Murderer Martin must have been as surprised as I was, for he seemed to jump a foot in the air as I greeted him. His hands flashed out of his pockets in a way which recalled the distant past very vividly and unpleasantly, and then he took a second look at me, and expelled a long breath, and said with a grin, "Good Lord, it's the skipper!"

"Hello, Murderer!" I said again.

He stared back at me and said, "Haven't heard that name for a long while."

By this time it seemed that Helene had been sufficiently mystified, so I introduced them and explained what it was all about. While they were chatting, I examined Murderer more closely. He had altered a lot in the past twelve years, which I suppose was true of all of us, but his alteration was rather odd. Just like the garage, he was shabby and seedy, a soldier defeated by peacetime, but there was a sort of tension underneath his manner, as if he were not really reconciled to defeat, and would not acknowledge it.

He reminded me of a dog lying underneath a sofa, forlorn, dejected, yet cranky—waiting for passing ankles.

When I asked him what he had been doing since we last met: "This and that," he answered offhandedly. "Couldn't settle down, really." He gestured round the run-down, littered garage. "Had this place for two or three years now."

"How's business?"

"So-so."

A woman came out of one of the outbuildings—a dispirited-looking girl in a faded print dress. Murderer introduced her as his wife, and then we all stood waiting, as if we had lost contact.

"Murderer saved my life a couple of times," I volunteered suddenly.

Helene's face broke into a wonderful smile. "Then I like him very much indeed!"

Murderer Martin grinned briefly. "Long time ago."

The girl was watching us, without much interest or any sort of effort; the sunshine on her thin yellow hair was too searching, the day too bright for the bedraggled dress.

"Well," I said to Murderer, "I'm here for two or three weeks. We'll have a good talk a bit later on."

"O.K., skipper."

Helene and I bade them good-by and continued on our way down the hill.

"Rather sad," said Helene presently.

"Yes. I'm glad I've got you."

We heard a bit more about Murderer Martin a little later on, when the local police sergeant, Van Willigen, called on my father-in-law for his customary weekly visit.

"Coming in to pay his respects," explained old James Forsyth. "Does it every Saturday. Picks up a big whisky and soda at the same time. Good chap—bit slow. Dutchman, of course." To my father-in-law, reared in an earlier Cape Colony tradition, all Afrikaners were Dutchmen.

I liked the look of Van Willigen, a huge man bursting out of his khaki uniform, cast in the authentic Afrikaner police mold—blond, blue-eyed, slow-moving, not slow-thinking. He sat on the edge of his chair, supping away at his big whisky and soda—my father-in-law had given me an outsize wink as he poured it—and brought us up to date on the local news.

About the robberies he had nothing fresh to report.

"It's got us a bit worried, sir," he told James Forsyth. "Particularly now that there's a murder involved. We reckon the gang must have got away with over a thousand pounds during the last two months."

"*Skollies*, eh?"

Van Willigen nodded. "Must be. We've rounded up a dozen or more, but there's always others drifting in. Man, sometimes I'd like to get into them with a whip!"

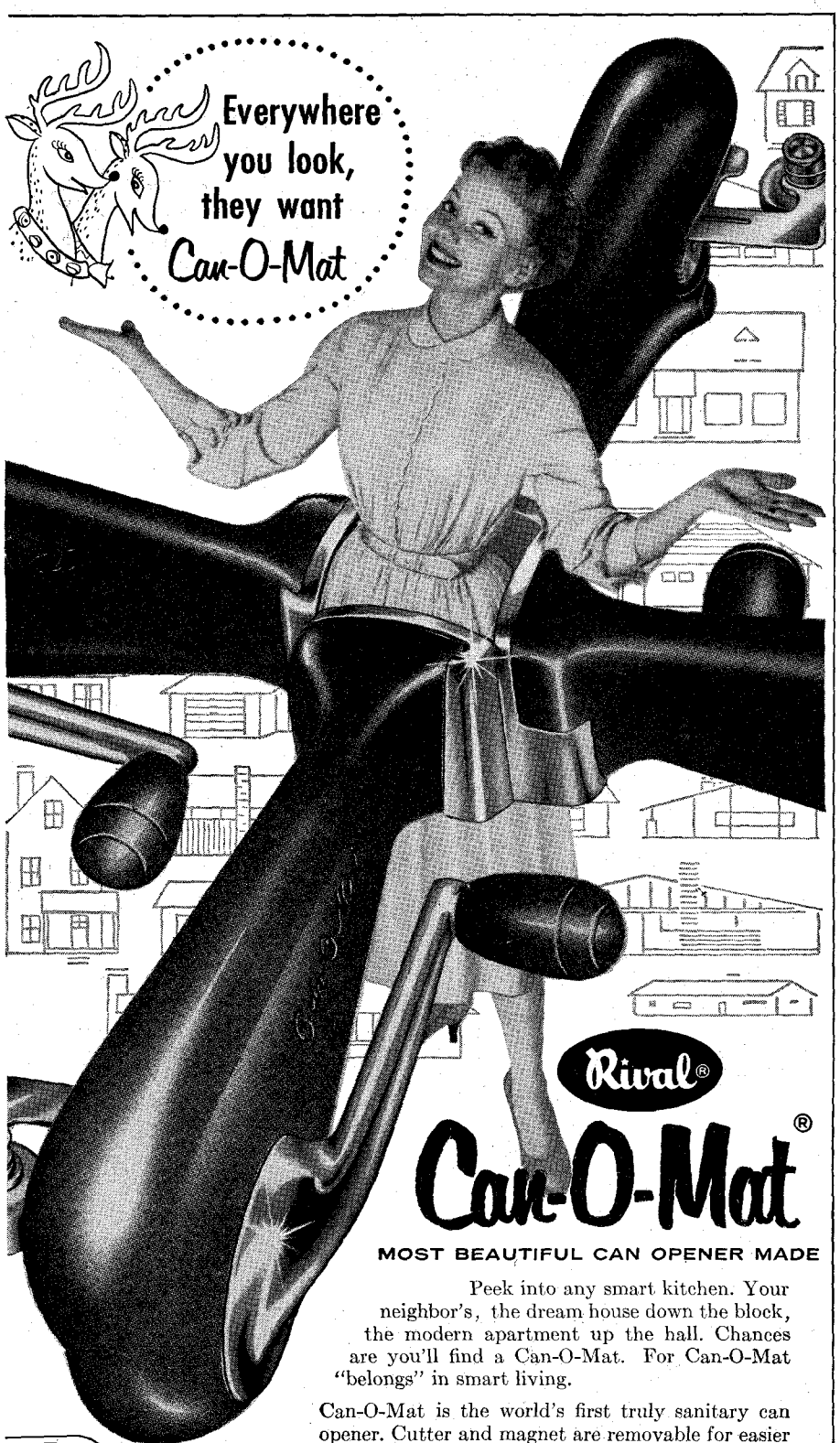
"Can't do that," said my father-in-law.

"I know, sir."

"They used to, of course. No *skollies* in the old days."

Van Willigen grinned, shifting his bulk. "Here's to the old days, sir."

Then I mentioned Murderer Martin. "I discovered a (*Continued on Page 96*)



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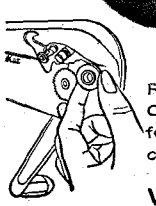

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Perhaps we can persuade him to play something."

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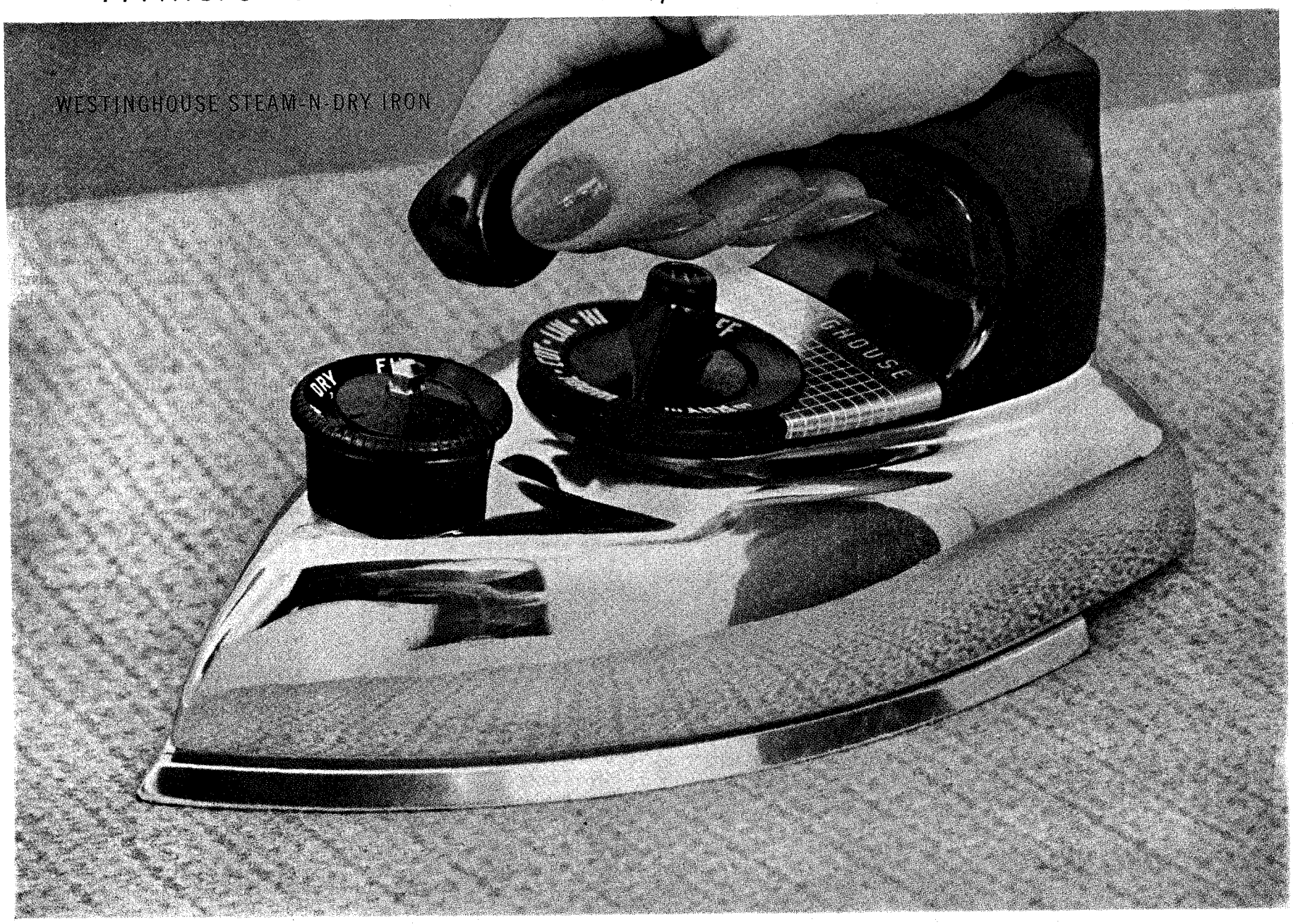
. . . more steam over a wider path makes the difference!



Fifteen specially placed steam vents give more moist, penetrating steam over a wider area—and this special design lets you smooth most fabrics with just one stroke.

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Does all your ironing . . . steam or dry. Uses ordinary tap water. Glamorous antique Coppertone finish, $18.95; Deluxe Chrome, **$16.95**

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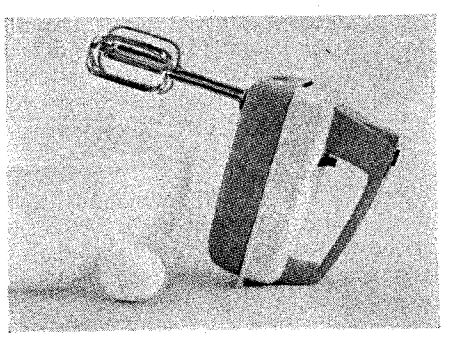
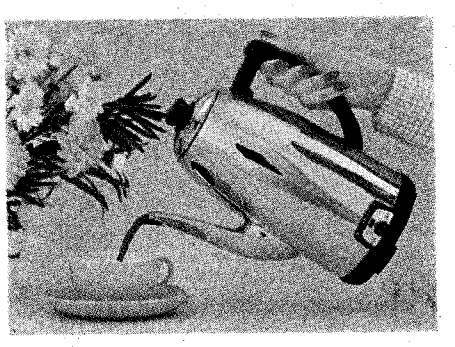
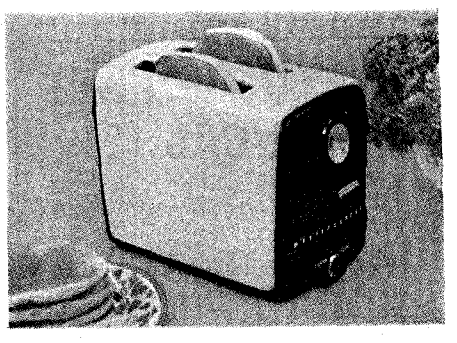
Cooks with Spread-Even Heat. Square pan with square element eliminates hot or cold spots. Accurate thermostat measures heat edge to edge, a Westinghouse exclusive. Metal or glass cover, slightly extra. *Fry Pan,* **$22.95**



Mixes with more power! . . . even thick refrigerator cookie dough. Thumb-tip Stop-N-Go Switch. Ejector pops beaters into sink for cleaning. Sits on heel or hangs on wall. White, Aqua, Pink, Yellow. *Portable Mixer,* **$19.95**



Makes coffee the fastest way! New "Full Flavor Fountain" sprays water right on the coffee to extract *all* the flavor from *all* the coffee. Coffee stays at serving temperature. Brews 2 to 10 cups. *Coffee Maker,* **$29.95**



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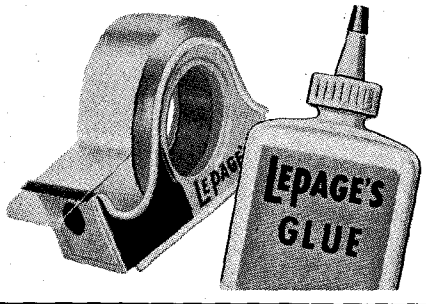

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More Family Gift Center Values

(*Continued from Page 94*) friend of mine today," I told Van Willigen. "Mr. Martin. Runs that garage."

Van Willigen regarded me more closely. "Is he really a friend of yours?"

"I knew him during the war. We were in the same marine commando. I haven't seen him for about twelve years."

The police sergeant pursed his lips. "We've had some trouble with Martin."

"Trouble?"

"Yes. He was getting a bit rough with his boys—knocking them about for no reason. They were pretty good boys."

"What's that?" demanded my father-in-law.

"Martin, sir," said Van Willigen, raising his voice. "You remember we had to take him to court."

James Forsyth nodded. "Bad business, that. Got to keep them working, of course. But Martin went too far."

"I wonder how he's making out with that garage," said Van Willigen ruminatively. "Not much cash coming in, that I can see. But he was driving a new car last week." He grinned, swallowing the last of his whisky, and stood up. "Must be more money in the garage business than you'd think. Who'd choose to be a policeman, eh?"

It was as if each day in Plettenberg Bay were pure magic, but the next one seemed, to Helene and myself, the purest of all. We spent it, and the night as well, fishing, sunning ourselves, cooking rough meals and sleeping in the fishing hut at Robberg Point, the southernmost tip of the peninsula. It was a matchless twenty-four hours, perhaps the best in our joint lives so far.

We had to work for it, of course. From the mainland, where we left the car, to the point was four arduous miles, clambering over rocks, traversing sand slides, crossing mile after mile of springy turf, loose shingle and clinging hot sand. It was more than a journey, it was a trek.

Timothy had seen to that. He had packed for us as if for an army on the march—rods, reels, spare line and hooks, bait, beer, food, fresh water, and kerosene for the stove. We took with us two local gillies—White, the blackest colored man I had ever seen, and Eddie—but we all had heavy loads, and we were glad to get to the point at last, after three hours' slogging.

But from then on it was pure bliss. Helene caught eight brutal-looking fish, called mussel crackers, in the space of two hours. The two gillies hauled in dozens of small mackerel, which we used as live bait. Even I caught a thirty-pound shark, with help from the bystanders.

I was standing, rod in hand, looking out to sea and thinking how nice it was to be married, when Eddie's strident voice at my elbow roared out, "Strike, master!"

I struck, and was rewarded by a monstrous answering tug that nearly tumbled me off the rocks. Eddie clasped his hands round my waist; White clambered down with a twenty-foot gaff; Helene shouted encouragement from above. I played that shark for more than half an hour, till my wrenched arms and shoulders were aching. But I—or let's say we—landed him in the end.

Later, at the end of that blissful evening, we sat on the rocks outside the fishing hut, talking and smoking, till the dew drove us indoors. The sound of the surf pounding on the rocks below was the last sound I heard before, sore all over and dog-tired, I fell asleep.

But just before that, Helene's voice came from the narrow wooden bunk across the hut, "Darling, why did you call that man 'Murderer'?"

"That was his nickname in the commando."

After a long pause: "Did he do terrible things?"

"We all had to."

"But you've got rid of them now, haven't you?"

"How do you mean?"

"There's no hang-over, no sort of delayed nightmare?"

"No, no hang-over."

Before she went to sleep she murmured, "I wonder if that's true for everyone."

Had we but known it, that wonderful day was the last day of peace we were to have in Plettenberg Bay. We fished again next morning, without much success except with the sharks; towards noon we packed up and made the long trek back to the mainland. But then came the first of many surprises, many horrors. Our car was stopped on the outskirts of the village, flagged down to a halt at a roadblock manned by two policemen.

We got out as one of them approached us. It was Van Willigen. He gave a brief salute as he recognized us, and then glanced closely at White and Eddie in the back seat.

"How was the fishing, eh? Were they running?"

We told him, beaming, and showed him the eight mussel crackers.

... ...

Crush Hour

Though I'm overly sleepy
these mornings,
I'd give any lady my seat—
But how does a man ask a
woman
To help him get up on his
feet?

Leonard K. Schiff

... ...

"Lucky for you you've all got an alibi," he said, not quite jokingly.

"We had a killing here last night," said the policeman at the barrier. Helene gasped, and I found myself turning cold in the warm midday sun.

"A killing?" I repeated. "What happened?"

"Another murder, that's what happened."

Police Sergeant Van Willigen seemed tense and preoccupied, as well he might be; he was obviously anxious for us not to loiter at the roadblock, but to leave him and his field of operations clear. Courtesy, however, made him answer our shocked questions.

"Same as last time," he told us grimly. "A robbery at Kloof's store. The till emptied and the little tin-pot safe ripped open. Must be eighty or ninety pounds gone, so the daughter says. Poor old Kloof—he was going to retire this year."

"Dead?"

"Dead on arrival."

We bade Van Willigen good-by and drove on into the village. It was in a ferment—police everywhere, groups of people at street corners, serious faces, angry looks. For the first time, colored people and Negroes turned aside when we walked by, as if fearing a blow or a threat. Up at Mrs. Boersma's store, the old lady was full of sorrow.

"Poor old Kloof," she said, echoing Van Willigen's phrase. "He was over seventy, and a good friend. Who would do that to an old man?"

Helene touched Mrs. Boersma on the shoulder. "You must be very careful," she said anxiously. "This is the sort of place ——" She broke off.

"They wouldn't rob me!" declared Mrs. Boersma stoutly. Generations of Afrikaner pride and obstinacy were in her voice. "They know better than to try, those *skollies!*"

It seemed obvious, on the evidence, that hers was exactly the sort of place that they would try to rob, whoever "they" were, but I let it go.

"Well, do take care," repeated Helene. "Don't open your door at night, or anything like that."

Mrs. Boersma said, with a wonderful twinkle, "I haven't opened my door at night for forty years," and we all laughed.

"But what happened to Mr. Kloof?" I asked. "Was he hit with something? Shot?"

"Strangled, they say. What a world, eh?"

"How horrible!" said Helene. "In Plettenberg Bay, of all places."

That was just what old James Forsyth said, a little later on, after we had driven through the uneasy streets back to his house.

"Never heard of such a thing," he boomed. "I was looking up the records this morning. We haven't had a violent death in Plettenberg Bay for more than twenty years, and then it was just a drunken fight among the fishermen. Now we've had two in less than a week."

"Do you still think it's a native gang?" I asked.

"Yes," said my father-in-law promptly. "And if I had my way, I'd round 'em up, throw every one of them into jail, and keep them there till this business is sorted out."

"I imagine the police have something like that laid on."

"Damn Dutchmen," grumbled my father-in-law. "They couldn't catch a cold in a snowstorm."

I didn't agree, but it wasn't the moment to advance a counterargument. It would only have made James Forsyth very, very deaf.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Helene. "And we'd had such a beautiful day."

"We'll have lots more, darling."

"I wonder."

Because I didn't agree with my father-in-law's caustic comments about the South African police, who had struck me—in the person of Van Willigen—as patently tough and probably competent, I walked up the hill that evening to call at the police post. The brooding atmosphere which now infected the whole village had begun to settle on the household, and I wanted to find out what was going on. James Forsyth, by reason of his patriarchal position in the village, was entitled to be kept informed. Personally, I myself was inquisitive, and uneasy as well.

Passing Murderer Martin's garage, I noticed Mrs. Martin serving petrol at one of the pumps.

I waved a greeting, and then called out, "Is your husband in?"

"He's asleep," she answered sulkily, without looking up.

I shrugged and passed on. It was only six o'clock, but if he was asleep, he was asleep.

At the police post, Van Willigen greeted me genially. He was much more relaxed than he had been at the roadblock earlier that day; clearly he had done plenty of spadework, made his dispositions and eased off at the end of the day.

"I've got twenty-five men on the job," he said, explaining what he had put in hand. "That's three officers and twenty-two native constables. Some of them are in plain clothes. There's a man watching every shop in the village, and most of the big houses as well." He grinned. "For instance," he said, glancing at his watch, (*Continued on Page 99*)

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Merry Christmas

"888" DYNO-MITE POWER TOOL

3 tools in one — a 3/8" Drill, 6" Sander & Polisher with power-packed 4 amp. 3200 rpm motor, rubber pad, sanding discs, lamb's wool bonnet **$44.95**

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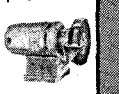

No. 8810 Bench Grinder — complete with adjustable work-rest, 4" wheel, guard and arbor . . **$7.95**

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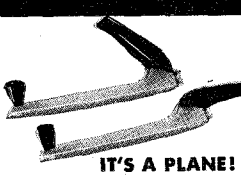

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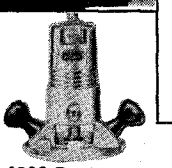

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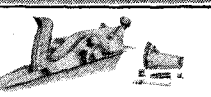

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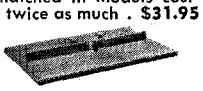

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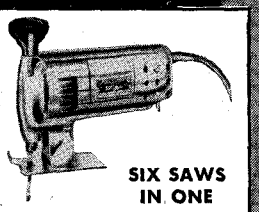

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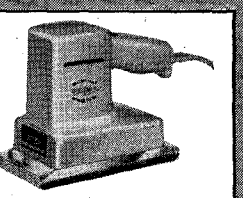

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12 times faster than hand sanding. Smooth-finishes wood or metal — wet or dry — with or across grain.

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Ask any man! Few gifts please men as much as tools — especially quality tools made by Millers Falls. And when you give Millers Falls Tools, you give fun and pleasure not only on Christmas but for years to come. They'll last a lifetime!

Memo to men — why not leave this page where "Santa" can see it — with a circle around the Millers Falls Tool you want!

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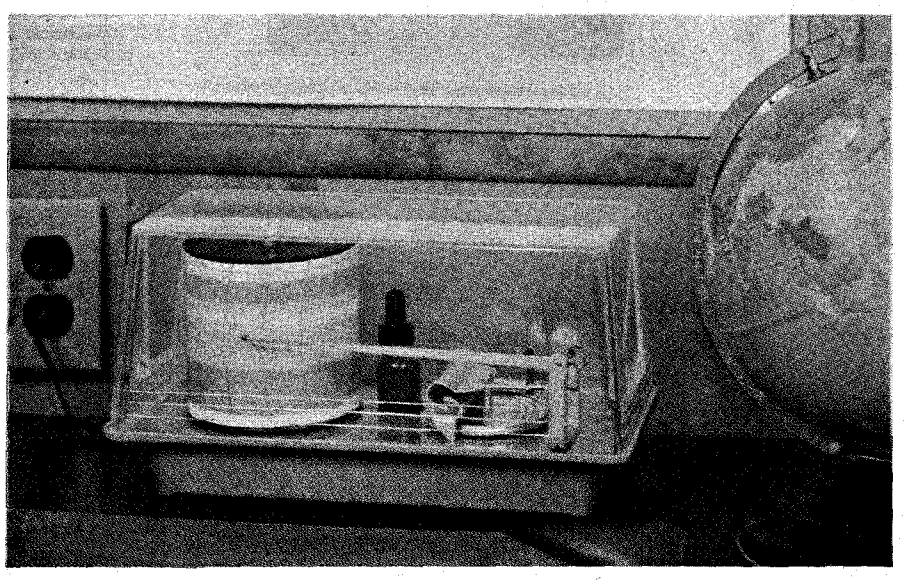
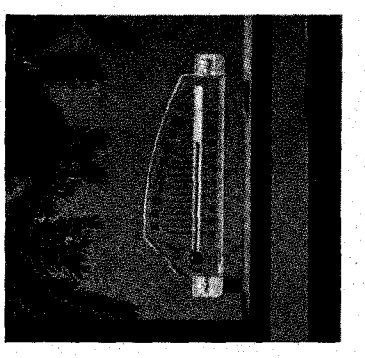
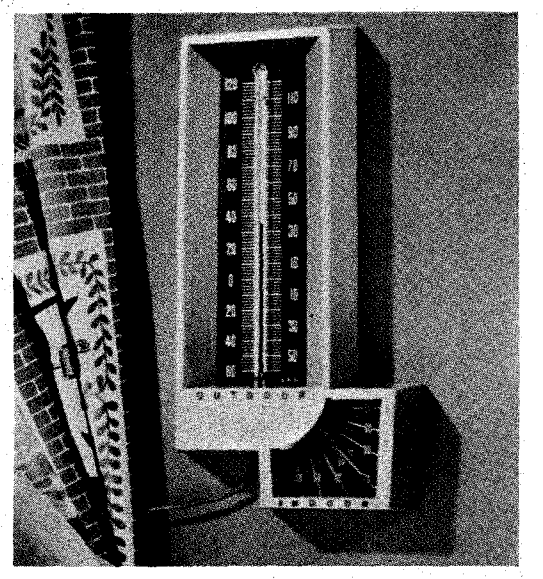


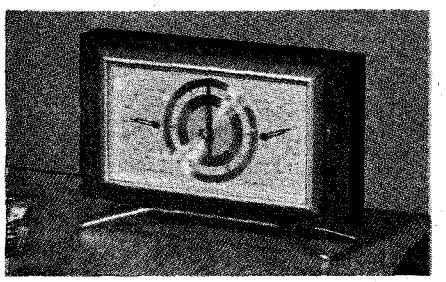
Taylor's fascinating "Weather Hawk" is the *complete* weather forecaster. Continuous record shows *trend* and *magnitude* of barometric pressure changes, also *rate* of change—important in predicting severe storms. 7-day charts. Electrically operated. Low price.... **$49.50**



Casement Window Thermometer in transparent Tenite plastic. Clips easily on window edge—no holes to drill. Also for cars. **$1.49**

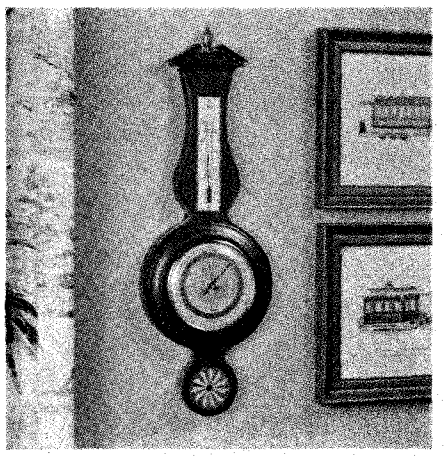


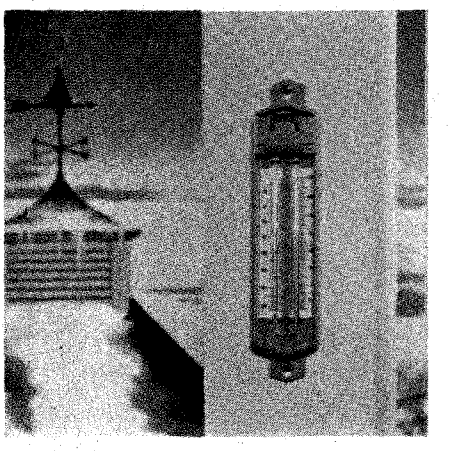
Indoor-Outdoor Thermometer tells *both* temperatures *indoors*. Know how to dress healthfully, comfortably. Green or grey. **$6.95**



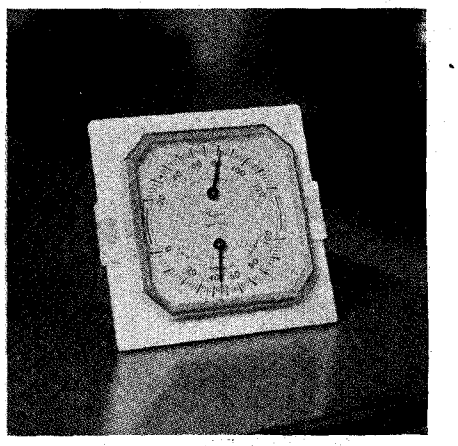
"Ambassador" STORMOGUIDE* Combination gives forecasts, temperature, humidity! Mahogany case, 9″ x 5″. **$15.95**

Miniature Pendant STORMOGUIDE Barometer has mahogany case, brass decoration. Tells temperature. A cherished gift... **$19.50**





This Maximum-Minimum Thermometer tells how *high* and how *low* the temperature since last setting—also *present* temperature. Resets easily with magnet. Only **$11.95**



"Ashton" HUMIDIGUIDE* Combination helps keep healthful humidity in your home—tells temperature, too. Ivory-finished case, brass bezel and easel. 3¼″ square... **$2.75**

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At leading Department, Jewelry, Optical, Hardware, Drug and Sporting Goods stores. (Barometers for 3500-7000 ft. altitude cost a little more.)
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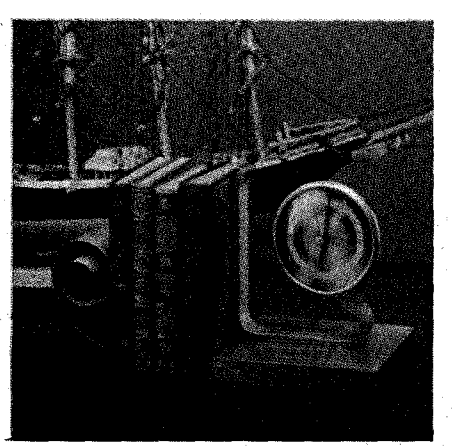
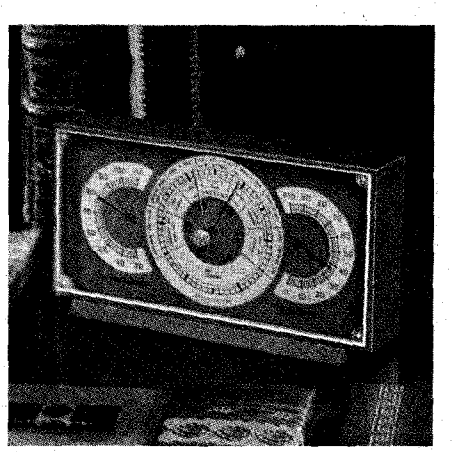
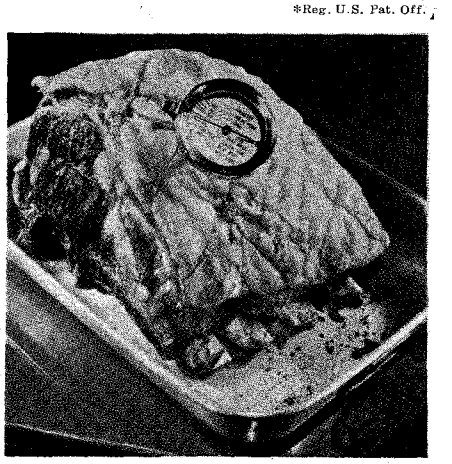


Modern Bookend Barometer makes an unusual, useful gift! Famous STORMOGUIDE weather forecast dial. Broad brass strip uncoils to hold up to 12″ of books... **$17.95**



"Consul" STORMOGUIDE Combination predicts weather, tells pressure, temperature, humidity. Cloud grey or chocolate brown plastic case. Ideal for home or office. **$10**

"Navigator" Compass shows the way on strange roads or foggy waters. Push-button lighting. No wires. Top or side reading. Lubber's line for use afloat. 2¼″ diameter. **$6.95**



Dial Roast Meat Thermometer assures perfect roasting of meat or fowl. A handy little "kitchen gift". Stainless steel. Can be washed with the dishes..... **$3.89**

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(*Continued from Page 96*) "it took you eleven minutes to get up here."

I laughed. "I'm out of condition." But I was impressed. "Are you really watching everybody as closely as that?"

"Not everybody," corrected Van Willigen, "but certainly every worth-while building. We'll be looking for people breaking in, of course. But people slipping out are likely to be almost as interesting."

"Do you still suspect a native gang?"

"Maybe. They could always be somebody's servants or boys from the hotel. But—well, maybe."

"Strangling's a pretty horrible business."

Van Willigen looked at me under lowered lids, his jaw very prominent. "What gave you the idea it was strangling?"

"I thought it was. That's the rumor going round. I believe Mrs. Boersma told us."

"Ma Boersma was wrong," said Van Willigen, somewhat grimly. "It wasn't strangling, though it looked like it at the beginning. It was something I've never seen before. Old Kloof was knocked out by a wrestling trick—an illegal one, of course. His throat was smashed."

"Smashed?" I felt rather sick. "How do you mean?"

Van Willigen touched his own strong neck, just underneath his chin. "Here. It was all smashed in. A blow with a piece of wood. Or even a fist. We just got the doctor's report. The thorax, they call it."

The thorax. Somewhere deep inside my skull a bell was ringing, loud and clear and insistent. I tried not to hear that bell, but it continued to ring as I sat opposite the sergeant in the bare, whitewashed police post and talked about methods of murder.

I was thinking back through the years, thinking about a certain way of killing an enemy, a vilely treacherous way, suitable to a dark night and a free hand. For me, it was a part of the war roughly labeled "Disposal of Sentries."

It entailed grasping the hair from behind, wrenching back the head and delivering a chopping blow across the throat which splintered the thorax and choked the victim. Instant disablement was automatic; and it was usually enough, we had found, to kill older people. I knew all this so well, because it was one of the ways I had taught my own commandos to kill.

For the next four days nothing worse happened in Plettenberg Bay than surprise police raids, a strict evening curfew, an invasion by the press and a spate of rumors. We had to live with our record, which was suddenly notorious; any village which has six robberies in a month, and two murders in a week cannot expect to jog along in tranquil seclusion. Thus the discomforting limelight bore down upon Plettenberg Bay for the first time within living memory. But that, for four days, was the limit of the community's ordeal.

It was not the limit of my own. I had two other things to live with: memory and conscience. Memory led me to suspect Murderer Martin, almost beyond doubt, of yet another murder, because old Kloof had been killed commando-fashion; Martin had been an expert commando, and the coincidence was too rich a mixture to be disregarded.

Conscience worked two ways, in this private wrestling match of mine. If Martin had killed, he had killed in a way I had taught him; he was therefore my murderer. And if I knew this for certain, or even suspected it strongly, then I had a clear duty to hand him over to justice.

I should have told Helene, of course, quite apart from the police. She would have helped, she would have split the burden, she would have set me right. But for four days I did nothing, because I couldn't face any of it, and I wanted, above all, to be wrong in my suspicions.

I wanted the past wiped out, I wanted Murderer Martin—who had twice saved my life—to be an honest citizen who had forgotten all the killing I had ever taught him. I wanted both of us to be innocent bystanders. More than anything, I wanted to be a chartered accountant on a happy honeymoon in South Africa.

I was wrong, of course. Cowards are always wrong. I knew this all the time, and the fifth day blew it all apart anyway. For on the fifth day, or rather the fifth night, we had another murder in Plettenberg Bay, and I knew for certain that Martin was the executioner.

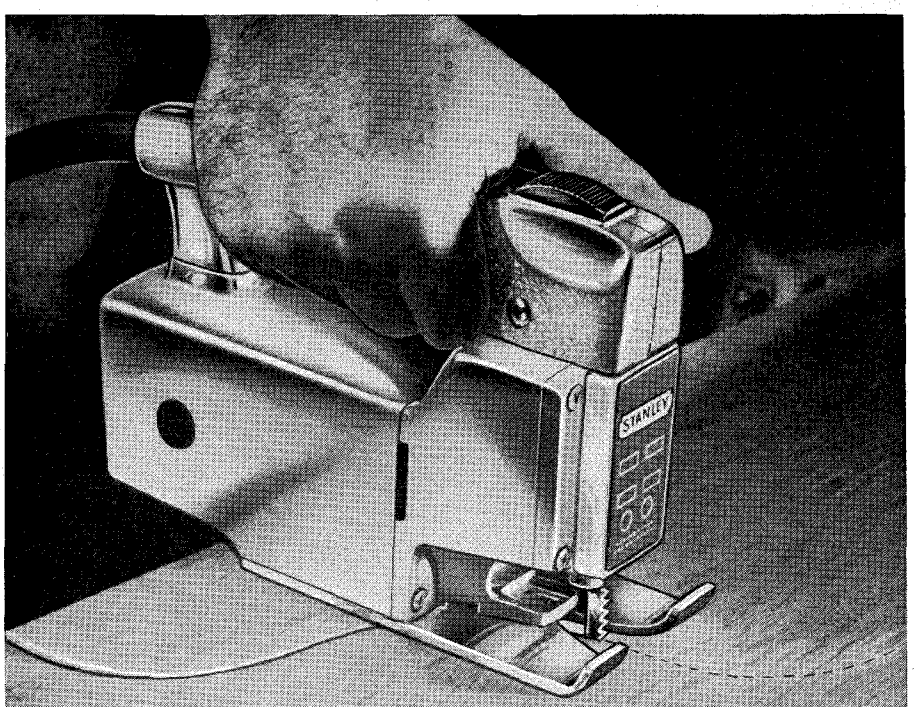
This time it was a senseless murder, the wayward killing of a colored fisherman who couldn't have had a penny in his pocket. He died in precisely the same way as old Kloof had died; his body was discovered at dawn down on the beach, on the first night that police patrols were

What's Going On Here?

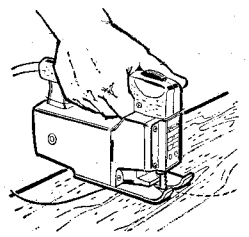
A famous American, a general who later became President, has just issued an order which many of his soldiers question and resent. Under the order, every man in the army is to subject himself to a measure which was so bitterly opposed earlier that it aroused mob activity and led to an attempted bombing in one of our largest cities. What general, and what did he order?

By Richard Q. Rodgers

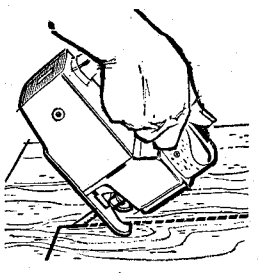
(*Answer on Page 100*)



This new Stanley Sabre Saw makes all kinds of cuts in all kinds of places



Cutting curves

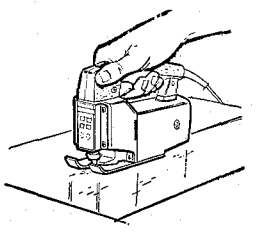


Making plunge cuts

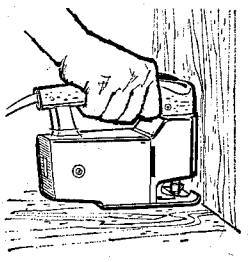
Introductory price

... only $54.50

Here is a portable saw that cuts 2″ lumber, plywood, molding, sheet metal, plastics, embedded nails, etc. with 21 different blades. And the blades have 25% longer life because they have a 25% longer stroke. It is a fast-cutting, smooth-working jig saw that makes all kinds of cuts in all kinds of places.



Cutting sheet metal



Cutting up to a wall

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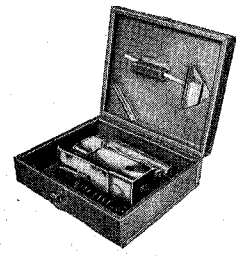

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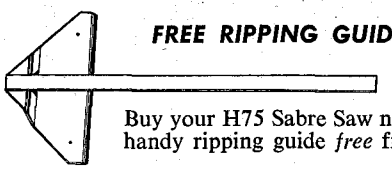

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Model 57 Deluxe Moto-Shop illustrated

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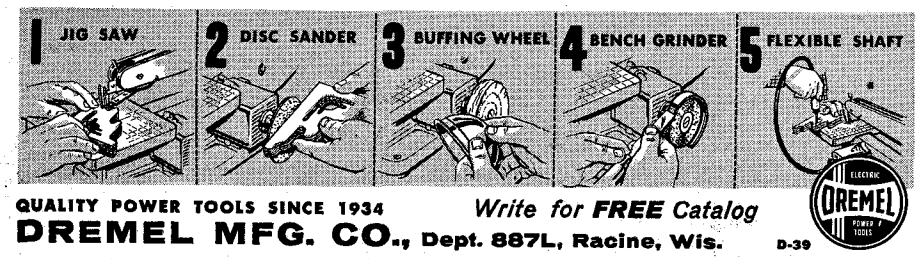

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relaxed and people were free to move about again.

Of course the police patrols shouldn't have been relaxed, except that Van Willigen was short of men, and was also being pressed by public opinion to free the village of its curfew. But by ill chance, it was done that way, in the same fashion as my own silence, my own cowardice, had developed from various haphazard pressures. The result was a tattered, worthless body down on the beach, not fifty yards from James Forsyth's house, and a return of extreme local tension.

As soon as I heard about the third killing, the whole thing suddenly became crystal clear, and frightening in its clarity. As if Martin were my own manipulated puppet, I knew that he had done it, and I knew why. It was not just for the fun of killing, though that was something which the war and I myself had implanted in him long ago. It was his only way of demonstrating his strength and cunning in a hostile world, a world which for the past twelve years must have seemed determined to prove him futile.

Only the war had brought Murderer Martin to full flower. Shoddy peace had withered him. Now the delayed shock of that licensed murder had caught up with him, and he was going back to war again. It was just as Helene had said in the Robberg fishing hut a few days earlier; Martin was a casualty of a hideous battle long ago, and he had not got rid of the past. It meant that he was mad, anyway, but that did not lift any of the burdens, least of all from myself.

Behind doors which were now barred as early as five o'clock in the evening, our household discussed the situation. Or rather, I threw in an occasional monosyllable, while my father-in-law, an old and angry man, laid down the law about murder, crime and the decay of discipline, and Helene watched us, and especially me, with clear anxiety. She sensed in me, and in my silence, a deep disquiet which sprang from something much more fundamental than a spoiled honeymoon.

In an aside, while her father was contrasting the good old days with the bad new ones, she tried to reach me, "Darling?"

"Yes?"

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing much. All this, I suppose."

"It's terribly depressing, I know. But don't let it spoil things."

"They are spoilt."

"I know. But we're not really involved."

"Everyone's involved!" declared my father-in-law, choosing this moment to be able to hear the softest whisper. "It's a challenge to the whole community, nothing less!"

There was a knock on the door, and Timothy appeared. "Master," he said, bowing. "Policeman."

It was Van Willigen, paying his weekly visit. As we shook hands, I marveled at how much had happened since the last one. My father-in-law poured the sergeant his customary stiff whisky and soda, but there was nothing ironic in his manner tonight. I think we all felt that Van Willigen was probably earning it.

"Still nothing new, sir," said the policeman, in answer to James Forsyth's inquiry. "That murder yesterday was a crazy job, right enough. We're working on the theory that it's probably a madman."

James Forsyth frowned. "Madman or not, he's got to be caught."

"We're busy on it, sir."

Watching his stern expression, I wondered how many other people, in authority or not, were breathing down his neck at this moment. We knew from the radio that the reign of terror in Plettenberg Bay had already been criticized in Parliament.

For the first time that evening I spoke a sentence longer than a couple of words. I found it extraordinarily difficult.

"If it is the work of a madman," I said to Van Willigen, "then it might happen again any time. It might happen tonight."

"I can guarantee it won't happen tonight," answered Van Willigen grimly. "We've really got this village laced up. But I can't keep it like that forever. Sooner or later, things have got to return to normal, which means that our friend, whoever he is, is free to go to work again."

"Our friend," he had said. In my jittery state, the words were like a cold shaft in my throat. I glanced at Van Willigen swiftly; though there was nothing in his expression to indicate any special significance, yet it was easy to imagine that his words had been used to test me, to probe beneath my skin.

Now everyone seemed to be staring at me—Helene, my father-in-law and Van Willigen—and the latter was speaking again.

"That's why it's so important," he said slowly, "that we have a hundred per cent backing from the public. This thing is too big for the police alone. If anyone knows anything, or suspects anything, or sees anything that's out of line"—I was sweating under his gaze, and the seemingly insistent eyes of the other two—"then they must come up the hill and report it to us."

I went up the hill early next morning. But it was not to see the police that I went. Because he had been my friend and my own creation, and because he had saved my life, I had to see this man who was on my conscience.

I wasn't going to warn him—so I swore to myself. I just wanted to talk to him, look at him, find out what had happened to him.

Bright and early, while Helene still slept, I went up the hill to see Murderer Martin.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 99)

To protect the fledgling American army from smallpox, then epidemic, General George Washington in 1776 ordered every man inoculated by the primitive "arm to arm" method. This involved direct contact with a smallpox patient. When first tried in Boston fifty-five years earlier, under the sponsorship of the Rev. Cotton Mather, it provoked the opposition of a mob. A bomb was thrown into Mather's home, but failed to explode. There were still so many doubts about the process in 1776 that the army inoculations were begun secretly. Soon, however, Washington openly pronounced them an "amazing success."

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Interpretation of Marriage

(Continued from Page 30)

smile, and the tall man on the gray horse smiled back at her, tightly, but with a weathered gallantry that made her feel better.

Betty nudged her in the ribs, whispered, "Like television."

Marcia nudged her back, to be silent. Marcia was conscious of their solitude and weakness; of the huge dark masses of the volcanic mountain behind the house; of the broad shimmering plain that led into empty distance. The house itself, of thick adobe, was lovely in some ways, but better suited to the tough artist from whom they had rented it than for a lonely family.

Marcia felt that something was expected of her, but did not know what. It was the horse that made things evident. He wheeled a little, stamped, fretted dusty nostrils with impatience, and his eyes grew huge and rolling.

Marcia saw the horse veering eternally toward the tank and its beautiful sheet of white water, and she saw the rime of dust and fatigue on the man. He must be tired, hungry, thirsty. My gosh, Western hospitality! That was what was expected of her. And, of course, he wouldn't ask for it for anything. That would make him a beggar, and she had heard that there were no such hereabouts.

It suddenly seemed as if she were living an adventure that was the direct descendant of a story. "We would be happy," she said, "if you would water your horse and have lunch with us."

"That's kindly of you, ma'am," he said, "but my wife and daughter are travelin' with me."

"We would be glad to have them too," she said quickly, relieved that he had his family with him.

He bowed from the saddle and made a signal with his hand. The sound of two horses and a crop of dust. Two people in jeans, shirts and boots; two more horses shying toward the silver square of the water.

They rode in and flanked the man. They had faces dark under tall hats. The woman was slim and firm-chinned; the child, perhaps within the same age group as Betty, was thin and rangy. She rode as if her thighs and hands were strong. Her lips were dry and thin, and she had inquisitive, proud eyes, startlingly blue.

"I'm sorry," said Marcia, "we have no feed for the horses."

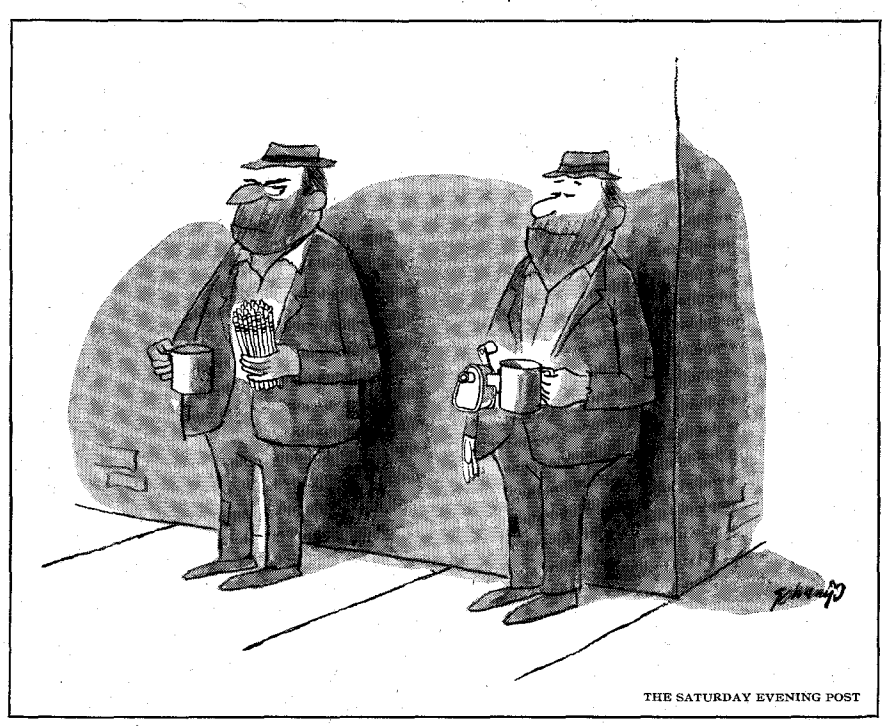
The man smiled. "These ain't grain horses, ma'am. They could outdo a sheep grazin'."

"If ——" Marcia lifted her hand, rather helplessly, inviting. "If you'll come in ——"

She couldn't be expected to unsaddle the horses, could she?

"Thank you, ma'am."

The two females had said nothing. Tight-lipped, Betty was staring at the other girl. Marcia noticed with a pang that the girl on horseback seemed much more poised than her daughter. Charles was impossible to evaluate. He was mad with wonder and agitation.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can I touch your gun?" he cried abruptly.

The tall man, dismounting, grinned, slicing the tanned dry of his face. "Better than that. I'll let you fire one."

"Oh, no!" cried Marcia, lifting her hands, fluttering, and then silently cussing herself.

"Pah," said the blond child on the horse; moved her horse and, to Marcia's horror, took the rifle from her father's saddle scabbard and jacked a cartridge into the chamber. She looked scornfully at Betty, said, "Throw a stone, chile, any direction."

Betty paled, and stood firmly on unknown rights and native dignity.

"I'll throw it!" cried Charles, scooping.

"No!" cried Marcia, grabbing for him, so he would not be a target area.

"Oh, mother!" said Betty, and with fine disdain dipped neatly, got a stone, flung it—and then the report of the gun, and the stone falling in chips like a destroyed bird.

Marcia said, after a moment, "If you'll do whatever you have to with the horses—and come in?"

She made a lunch of hamburgers, relish, salad and iced tea. The only trouble was that the tea was not very iced. She apologized and told them that the motor that powered the generator for electricity and the water pump had gone off a couple of hours ago.

"Jeb," said the woman fiercely, "you go out there and fix it."

The tall man's eyes gleamed. "Reckon I will," he said, gulping down the rest of his tea.

"It isn't necessary," Marcia said, fearful of the wreck he might make. "I'm sure when my husband comes home ——"

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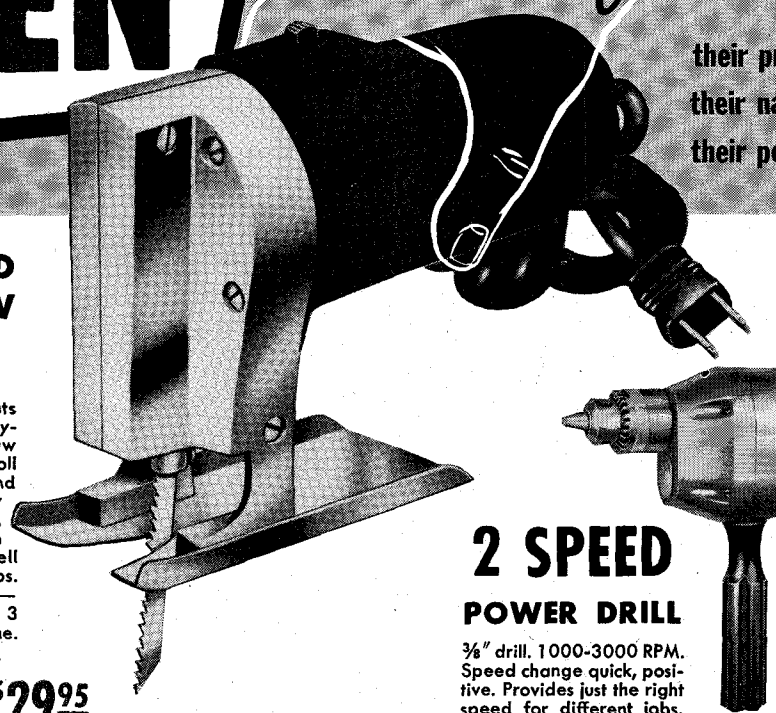

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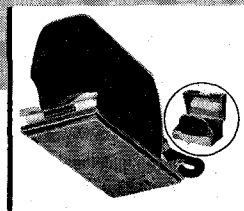

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"Jeb can fix anythin'," said the woman; "he's handy. He fixed more things like that, on ranches all around, and our own place ——" She broke off, knitted her long, usually silent fingers.

Jeb stared at her a moment. She lifted her head and nodded at him. "O.K.," he said, "I'll fix it. I'll fix it good," and went out, his long legs like scissors in the tight pants. Slowly, glancing around with furtive self-effacement, Charles slid after him.

Betty and the blonde her age were watching each other over a gleaming reservoir of conjecture. Betty still wore the slight disdain with which she had watched the thin girl wolf her food.

Marcia felt a little helpless. Jeb might ruin the motor, but there was nothing she could do about it, just as there was nothing she could have done earlier about his wife, Abby's, work in the kitchen.

When they had all come into the house they had doffed their big hats and practically plunged into the tub of clean water that Marcia had been intending to use for rinsing. Because of the generator situation, she had been doing the necessaries by hand, with water from the tank. Water was flung heartily in the room, and then they combed their hair with fingers, brushed dust and fussed over their clothes. Marcia had been surprised by the way they soon appeared almost presentable.

But then Abby had taken the mop and started to clean up. When she finished mopping the water, she took a rag and began on other things. It was soon evident that she was doing a full cleaning job, even to stove grease. Fast, with murmurs, sighs, gusto. Jeb smiling as he hooked a thumb in his belt and watched. And the daughter, Alope, watched, too, with a wild intelligence, like a blond Indian.

"It isn't necessary," protested Marcia. "It isn't really necessary," while the labor went on inexorably. And finally Jeb walked to her, leaning down with conspiracy, "Ma'am, she's just herdin' woman's instinct, just aplayin' house."

Marcia looked on, and suddenly felt a strange humility as Abby scrubbed and made odd tokens of sound that were like a humming in the creek that was a mile away.

After lunch, and after Jeb and Charles had gone out, Marcia said—as would have been usual in New England, in their convenient, pretty city, "Betty, show Alope your things." And could have sealed her mouth forever for having spoken so. It had a ring here of snobbery or the show-off, and not politeness.

Betty had more sense than she did, and did not move. But at length, Alope rose, made a quick move to release her tight pants from her bottom, and walked toward Betty with a slow, menacing clink of spurs.

"I'd admire to see your outfit," she said.

"Outfit?" asked Betty, rather stupidly. "Which one?"

"Everythin's a outfit," said Alope tolerantly. "One of 'em is a outfit, and altogether they's an outfit."

"Oh." Betty led her out, with too much hauteur in her shoulders. Marcia glanced compassionately at Abby, and hated herself for it. She put a smile on her face, and instantly knew it was the one you used when you were hiring somebody.

Abby sighed, sitting in a deep chair. She looked around the big room, with the Navajo blankets as throw rugs, with the huge fireplace, the books, the record player and the ancient guns on the wall. At the big Spanish-grandee furniture and the carved beams. The proud corbels and the religious paintings that had been done by saint makers a hundred years before.

"I sure would like to settle down here," she said; "I sure would, for a while."

Marcia was alert. She had worried about some such exposition as this. Squatters!

"But we couldn't," said Abby wearily, then smiled. "But I don't care—I don't really care. Where my man goes, I go. That's from the Bible," she said proudly.

"Yes," said Marcia, "yes, it is. The Book of Ruth. Although it isn't about a man."

"It's about love," said Abby, closing her eyes. She slept lightly, and Marcia saw the knife marks of fatigue cut into her cheeks, and around her mouth and eyes. Then, with a radiant smile, Abby woke briefly. "It's beautiful," she said, "that in the Bible." Murmuring, "But I'd do it anyhow." Sighing, "Jus' close my eyes one minute, jus' one minute, with my apology."

Marcia was alone, in effect, with the breathing of Abby, and with modulated voices from one of the bedrooms. Betty and Alope seemed to be getting on all right. Nothing from outside, no indication that the generator was starting. Charles. Charles was entranced. This was a good adventure for him. Real Western people. And they were, there was no doubt about that.

And, alone, she thought: Bob had gone off early this morning in the plane, ready to come down twenty miles away, where his two assistants, his instrument man and camp aide, were boarding in an old Spanish adobe mansion, now made into a bar and inn for travelers on the highway. And then they would go far,

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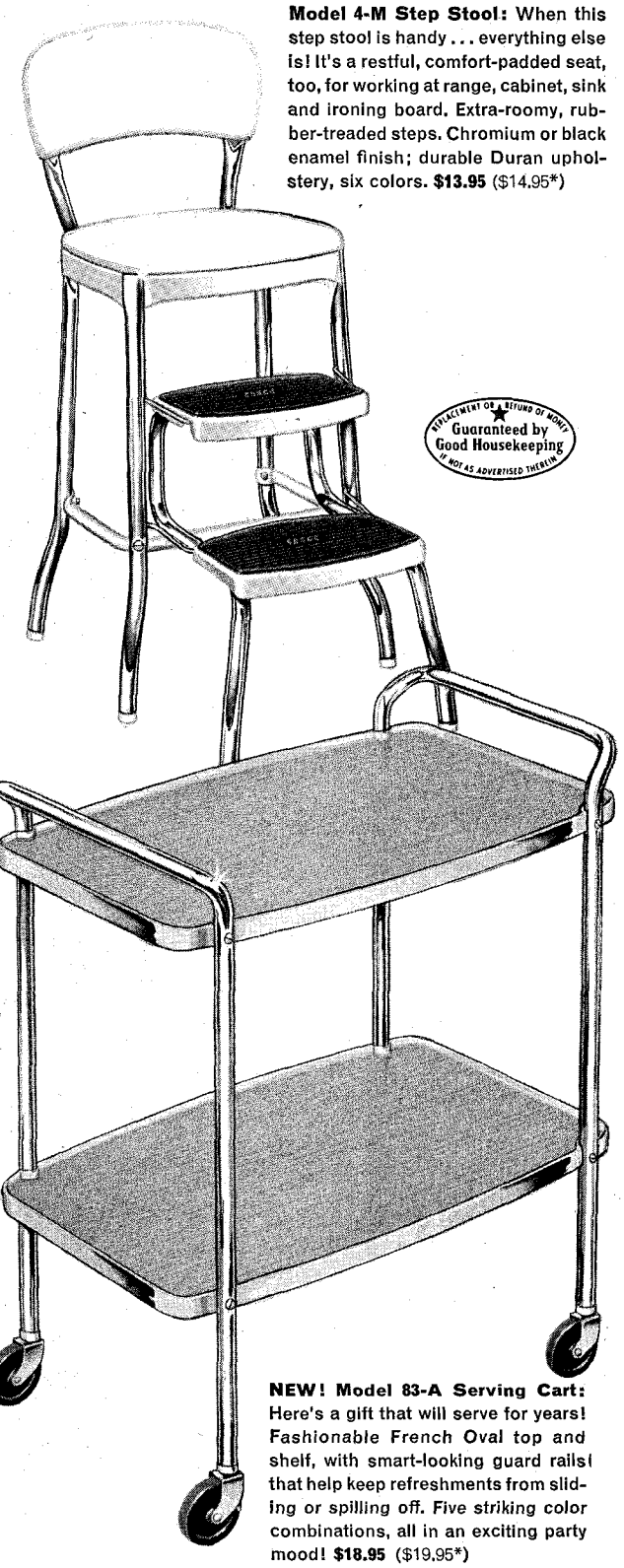

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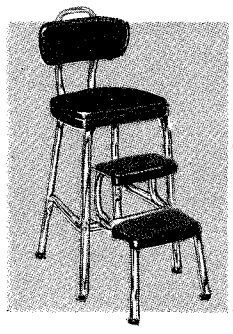

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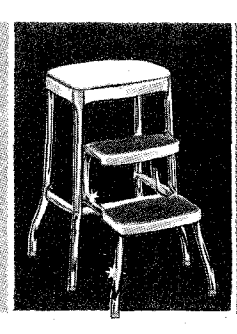

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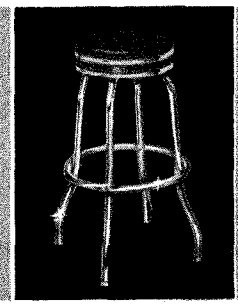

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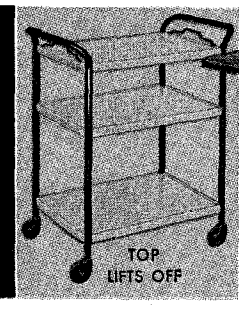

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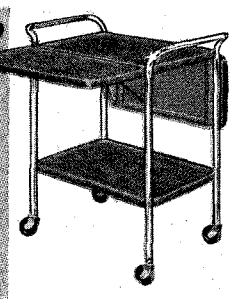
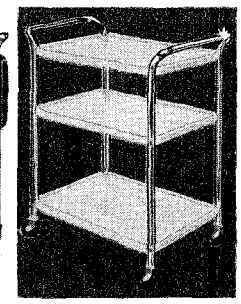


8-T Drop Leaf Cart Wood-grain finish
$20.95 ($21.95*)



8-F Utility Cart Enamel finish
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8-L Electric Utility Table, Enamel finish
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exploring, ceaselessly exploring. And he would be gone all day, which was not too bad.

It was different when he was gone for months at a time, to places where she could not follow because of the conditions, or because the trip would interfere with the children's schooling. Of course, at times she had left the kids with her mother and accompanied Bob, but she had never felt stimulated after the trip. As a matter of fact, after each such excursion she had almost hated him, almost thought of divorcing him. So smug Bob was, with his petroleum geology.

This business of "whither thou goest, I will go" did sound beautiful, but in practice it was not at all good. It did not make for family life; it made for nothing of stability. Abby, sleeping, beaten—what made her follow a man through the hills, and with a daughter? Surely this was no summer vacation for them. They were on some serious business. The point was that for all Abby's protestations, she had gone mad to clean a kitchen, even though she was so tired she could hardly stand.

The case was not one that built up Bob's notions, but really one that built up hers. All the nights in which she had lain restless, nervous, furious and awake were molded into one:

"Bob?"

"What?"

"Awake?"

"Yes, darling. Thanks to you."

He was long and clean under the sheets. She did not know why she always thought of him as clean, but it was so. Not that it mattered too much, but that was the way he affected her. Gosh knew, he was not godlike, and even when a young romantic, she had not expected that, but there was a sweet pureness about the long mess of bones and thin muscle that was Bob that she liked. But his mind. He had rocks in his head; he had studied rocks to become a geologist, and she thought it might have infected him.

"Bob, I want to talk to you."

"Naturally."

"Why don't you get an office job? Why are you a field man? There isn't more money in it. The children, me. Why do you do this, Bob? What kind of a man are you? Don't you love your family?"

He snorted, was restive, calmed, took her in the circle of his amazingly long arm. She wondered if his arm could go twice around her if it wasn't for some ridiculous thing about joints.

"Answer," he said, "all down pat, unchanging. A man's got to be his own man, especially if he does love his wife and family. The day a wife and kids are the employment counselors for a man, that day the world ends. No soldiers, no petroleum geologists, and damn it, no poets. So then all of us work for the post office, with a pension yet."

"You're being sarcastic."

He held her closer. And raging, but with an odd compliance, she allowed him to. And soon he slept, peacefully, serene, leaving her angry questions unanswered. It did no good to remember that when she protested about odd homes in strange places, he had replied, "Some odd place is a home. You carry a home in your mind, just like a tent, and can set it down anywhere."

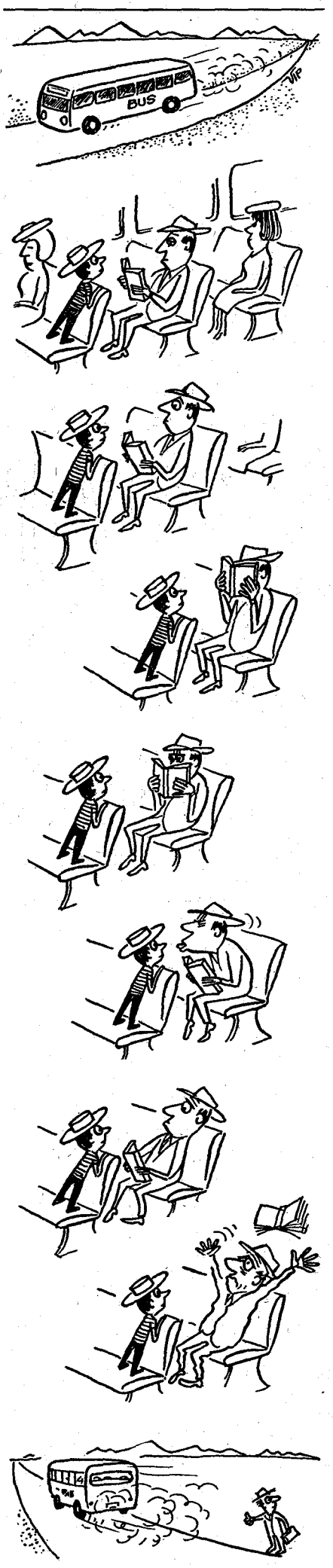
"If you're a gypsy."

"If you care enough," he said.

But that point didn't drive home. That was a pretty old-fashioned deal. *Yes, my wife, come along with me, two paces behind preferably.* If she cared enough, she would do what he wanted, but the rule had changed. Why shouldn't he care enough to do what she wanted?

There was no getting around that, and so she was thinking as Abby woke. She woke shyly and still unguarded. Bland and untroubled, she looked across at Marcia. "I don't like to favor myself so," she said.

"It's quite all right," said Marcia, and felt that her words did not quite carry the proper degree of softness. She lowered her gaze, not wishing Abby to see the curiosity that was in her eyes. She had always heard that Westerners did not like questions, and rarely chose to be other than taciturn.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Abby moved brightly, oddly refreshed. She planted her strong feet and rose. She moved to a window and looked out to the west. With a tenderness vastly disturbing, she said, "Would you like to see where we've been stayin'?"

Marcia joined her at the window. Abby pointed. "You see that peak that looks black and all silver? And as if it's red-hot on one side?"

"Yes."

"That must jus' be our camp. The mules're staked out there. And I have a pot with a flower in it. Only thing that makes it more home. Course, it prob'ly die."

"Why, you're not far off!"

Abby smiled. "It took six hours' ridin' to come down."

"Six hours?"

"This's my treat," said Abby. "With our glasses, I can see you and your house. Mornin' we go in deeper, and there won't be nothin' in there. Jeb just saw me hankerin', and decided we'd come down."

Marcia restrained her questions and sat down again.

Abby looked deep at the formations of the hills and mountains. Her small mouth was gentle and yet stern. It trembled and then became firm.

She said, "I don't believe that Jeb would care too much if I spoke like this." Her voice was easy, simple, as if she herself wanted to explain, and develop a certain plane of respectability. "We ain't poor, except we don't have much in the mountains. Everythin's dry, and you mostly do without. You eat flour and tanned meat. All you can do. Jeb—Jeb has him a dream." She frowned a little. "It ain't mine. But I've seen hit before. You live out here and you have to see it. Used to be gold, and now it's uranium." She nodded to herself. "That's what's in Jeb's spirit, same as in my father's when he was livin'." She became strangely fierce. "It's a man's dream, and they can't get over it—looking, looking for something." Her voice fell. "I don't rightly believe they're lookin' for what they say. It's just—well, men got to go out and struggle." She straightened, with a bewildered, stubborn pride. "It's jus' men's way."

Marcia restrained herself, and did not ask why it had to be or what it meant, if it could mean anything.

Abby spoke as if she was unused to explaining herself so much, but as if it was a luxury that in this moment she desired to afford.

"I think Alope knows him better; I believe that's true. She's young enough so she isn't quite in woman's way as yet. She ain't frightened, ever. When Jeb goes out, she don't mind leavin' anythin' behind. Well, she minds hit, but she'd rather be with him."

And now Marcia could restrain herself no longer. "And you?"

Abby looked out, silent. Marcia followed her gaze. High, brutal, in changing colors the arid mountains flung themselves against the afternoon.

Abby lifted her shoulders a little. She looked on the ribs of the hills and the somber, passive cruelty of the mountains. On the silver and burned darkness, on the caps of wild snow, still haunting in July, and on the strained mouths of gorges.

"Iffen he didn't come back," she asked, "or come back changed, and I couldn't know why?"

In the tenseness beyond words, she looked out on the mountains, and then smiled with the softness that could be in her face, and offered no more words. And Marcia needed none.

A moment came that seemed infinite, and then suddenly several things happened simultaneously. There was the burst of gunfire outside, and Betty came from her bedroom with Alope, Alope wearing Betty's most beautiful dress.

Charles ran into the room waving a gigantic revolver, yelling, "He held my hand, but I pulled the trigger! I did—I did! I pulled it!"

And Marcia started for him, to stop the blue-black waving of the gun, but Jeb came in easily and took the gun, saying, "It can't go off, wavin' it like that. It's an old single-action."

An impulsive rain came, hard and flushing, purifying. Alope displayed herself, and her parents spoke words of approval.

Betty looked proud and happy. "I put make-up on her," she said.

"Ma," said Alope, "I got on make-up."

Abby nodded, smiling with a smile so deep and true that Marcia felt a queer pang. Jeb drew his daughter toward him, looked at her and said, "Swear, never saw anythin' so nice. . . . Miss Betty, you should be in fashion, whatever they do, to make girls prettier. I swear thet."

Alope wept against the lower part of his tall shirt. Betty ran forward, turned the girl, and they hugged and cried.

"You ain't been listening," said Jeb. "Knew I could do it," he said; "jus' knew it! Listen," he said proudly. They became aware of the quiet thrum of the motor.

Abby clapped her hands, and soon they were all clapping their hands and doing a small square dance, until the hard drum brush of the rain stopped. Then the air was dry, for this was a dry rain, of the kind that left no mist and no humidity. Into the room poured the pure colors of the afternoon world—purple, gold, silver and a poignant slight gray. And on the edges of the walls, on the vigas, among their crucibles of dainty hiding places for spiders, dark trespassed, first drawn shadows.

"We got to go," said Abby. "Alope, put on your clothes." And her voice was like the last toll of a bell.

"Snik, snik." The singing rope of Jeb bringing in the horses. The horses were too delighted by the slight arid pasture afforded by the abortive lawn and garden of the artist's house to be herded in. Then each took his saddle, flipped it, cinched, tested. And a different kind of being was in them—in Jeb, Abby and Alope.

They mounted, almost in unison, and the horses were also refreshed, with quick tap dancing of fine hoofs. And the wide hats of the three turned and rode with the first mischief of their mounts.

Marcia, Betty and Charles stood abreast, and the mounts curved upward, rising chests toward the developing dusk, and came down and started off toward the hills and the mountains with a beat of hoofs that was like the cadence of a deep, excited heart.

But they did not go. Once around the house they came, strumming now, sweeping their hats and striking their horses with the brims, and yelling "Hy-ooo!" and off they went on a tangent over the down path on the erosion that the man had first taken, now back to the hills.

The tails of the horses flirted, and energy was in the riders and the mounts, and they wheeled and waved, with a friendly joy and yells that brought Marcia and her children to waving back and yelling too.

With a rush and an abrupt, happy laugh, gone.

(*Continued on Page 106*)

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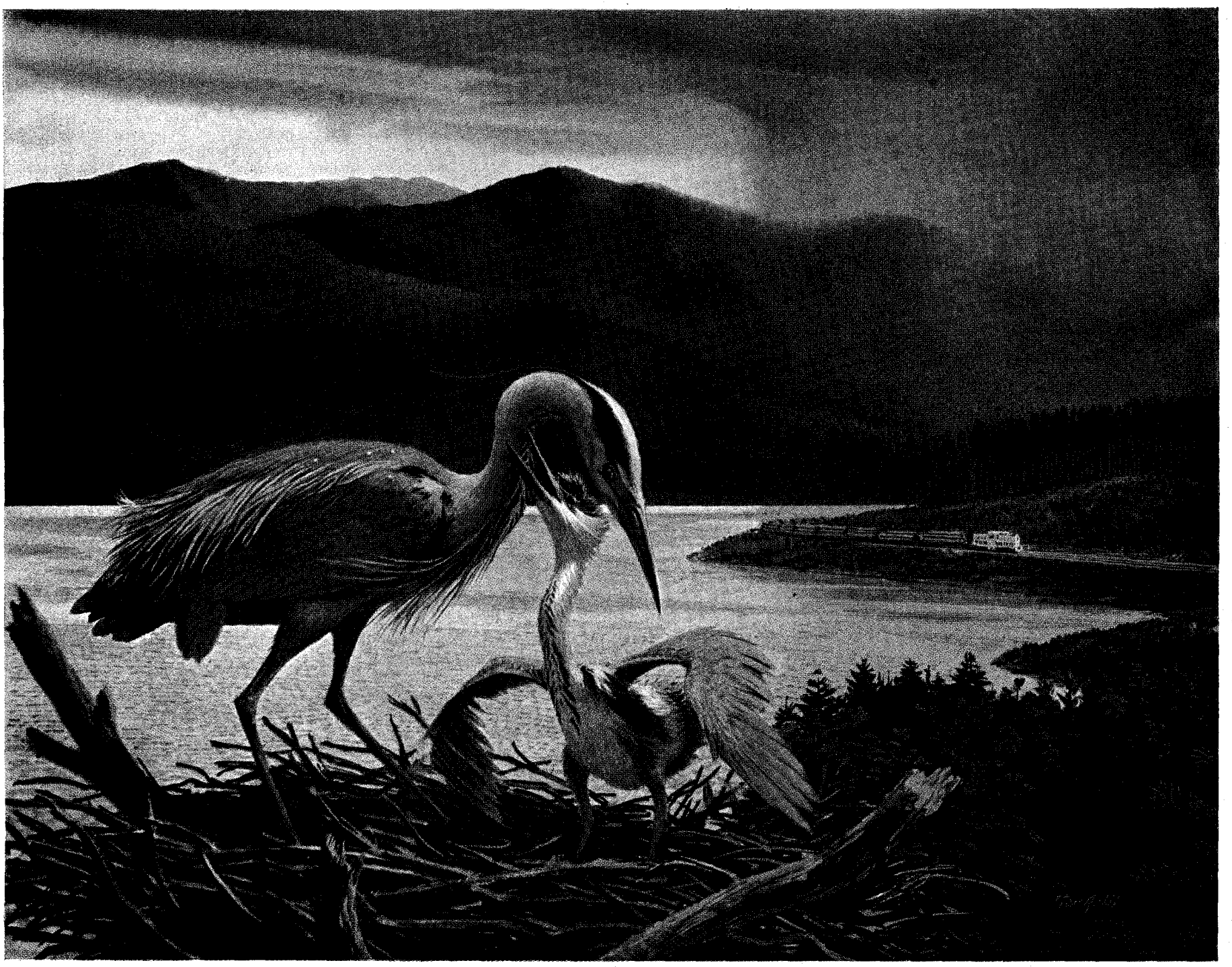

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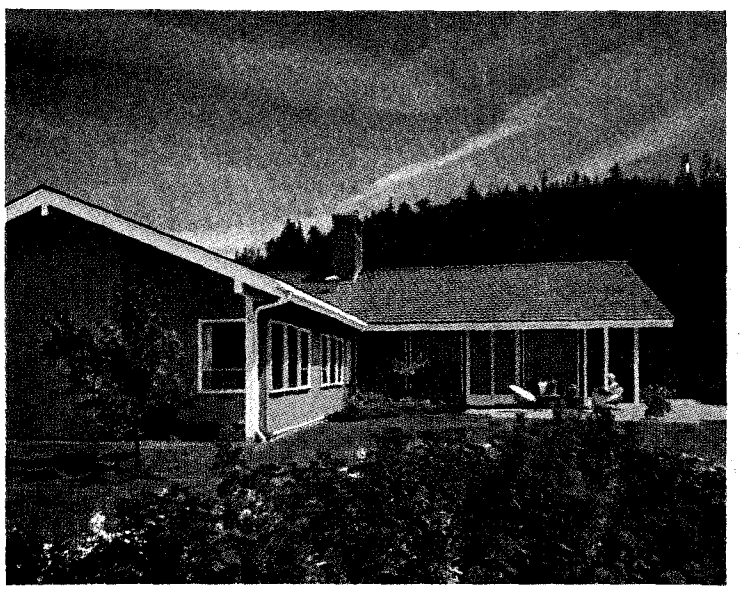

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(*Continued from Page 104*) And only then, standing holding her children's hands, did Marcia know how truly wild they were. And she was strangely affected, without knowing how.

The plane came, a taut dark figure on the sky. They were all waiting solemnly for Bob. He got out and rushed up to them, swinging each upward, in his usual way—the oldest, mommy, first, and on down. Shouting, "What in the devil's for dinner?" He saw how subdued they were, and paused. "What goes?"

"Come inside," said Marcia gently. "I have a cocktail for you."

"Something die? Packrat die in the well?" He sniffed. "All I smell is something good cooking!"

Then he got his drink, and explanations from three sides. At first a black look of anxiety was on his face, but as the explanations went on and he understood there had been no threat and no danger, he began to laugh and insist on more details.

He took Charles on his knee. "Well, now, you shot a gun?"

"A real gun."

"I made her up—Alope," said Betty, "poor dear; and she looked so sweet, didn't she, mother?"

"Well, by gosh, it was some adventure," said Bob.

He was assured of this over and over during supper. And he listened to embellishments until his eyes began to fold down.

In bed, Marcia clung to him, wanting to hold and feel the long length of his body. "I wish I was tall enough," she said, "so I could touch noses and toes at the same time."

"Woman, what makes you so sensual?"

She cooled. "Must you say that as if it's something exceptional?"

"No," he said, mollifying, "no, darling."

She rested against him, feeling a consummate desire to do so.

"I don't know," she said at last. "I don't know. Maybe just to feel" (at home?) "comfortable," she finished.

"Fine," he said. "I feel it too. You know," he said, "I think I'll have to have a manikin of you, stuffed, so whenever I'm anywhere ——"

"Don't talk that way!"

"But, darling ——"

"Well, a manikin, stuffed, it sounds like ——" Like death and ending?

"Honey," he said.

"I'm sorry."

He enfolded her in those endearing long arms, and there was no other world. Long darkness.

So long? Filtering light. Marcia troubled as the first vagrant rays of the sun penetrated the room. She slipped away from Bob. In her flimsy gown she braved the still coldness of the very early morning. In bare feet she went to the side of the house and looked upward at the mountains.

Jeb, Abby and Alope. Lances of light struck on the peaks. Black-gold morning rose there, and the savage ranges smote into the sun.

She stared long upward. A fire like that of a camp grew and faded and was lost near the peak that Abby had pointed out. *And now*, thought Marcia, *they are packing their few things, wherever they are, and are moving, deeper, deeper, into the mountains.*

And, as she thought, she felt the mystery of the ranges close around her, and the dangers. She saw the family trespass into regions that she would never be called upon to know.

She jumped and cried out when a cold hand touched her elbow. But when she whirled, she was held in Bob's arms and against his chest, which was still warm from the bed.

"I missed you," he said.

She thought he must have come fast when he found she was not with him; she felt the beat of his heart. She held herself close to the beat, because it was of life.

Over his head, to the east, she saw the sun thrown skyward like a great coin. And suddenly she wished to grasp it, that coin, and all the others of all the days allotted, whether they be gold or silver or even lead on certain days.

Holding herself against him, her voice muffled, something seemed to break in her, and, in spite of anything, came out in words, "Bob, Bob. Let's be foolish and old-fashioned and passionate, and—I'll follow you to the ends of the earth!"

He stood awed against her words, and somehow suddenly guilty and proud. And it all made him say, "When—when you talk like that, I want to make you a house with my bare hands, and fight for it forever."

THE END

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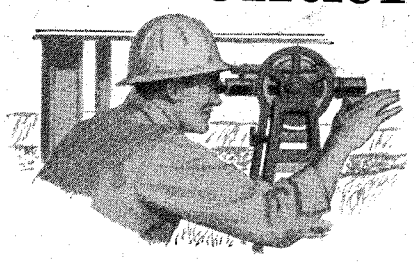
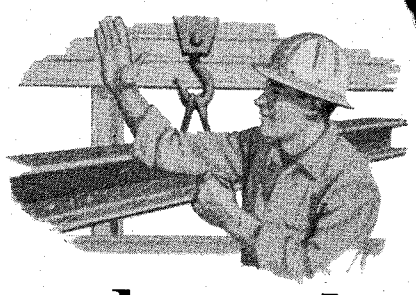
Starbuck Galbraith

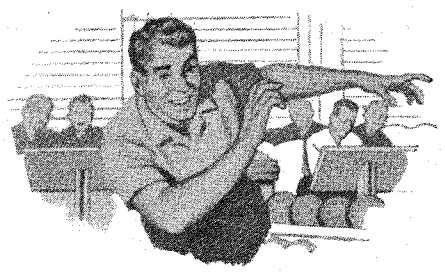
No wonder

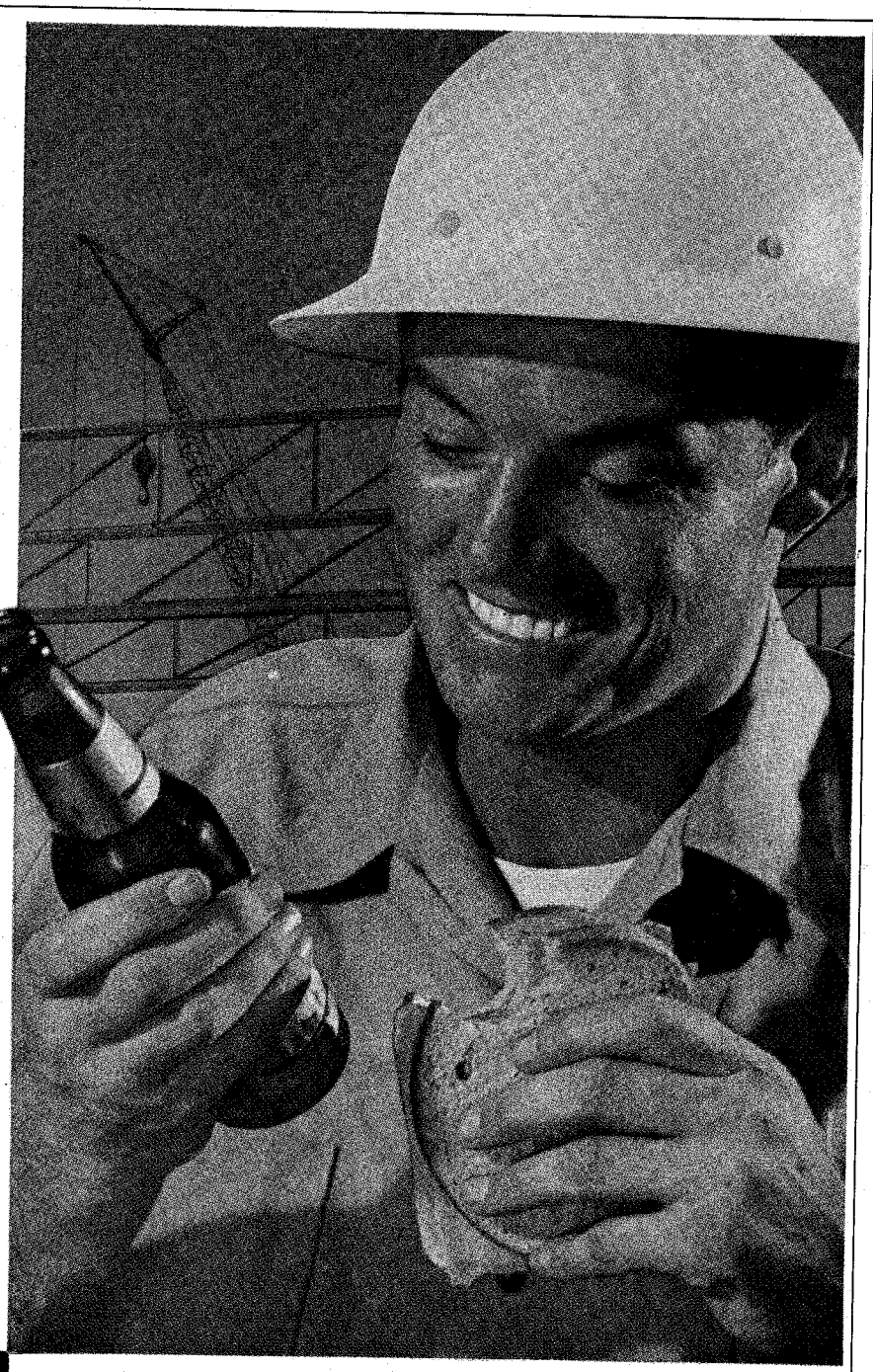


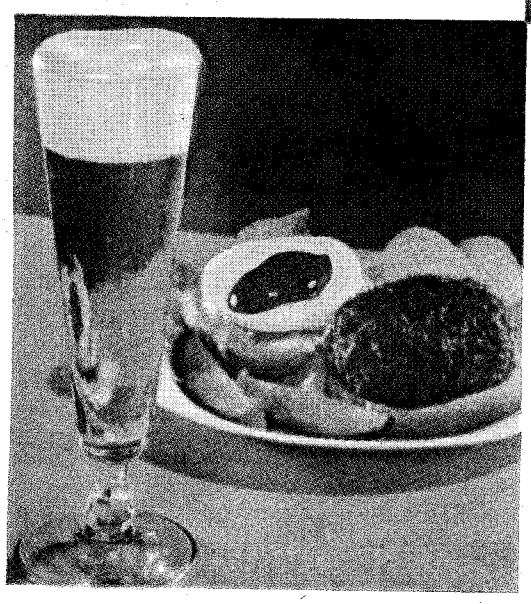
Dan Parker



needs malt...







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I Call on Mike Wallace

(Continued from Page 43)

"Anything I write is the truth so far as I can judge," I said. "The whole truth and nothing but the truth is governed by the libel laws and the laws of good taste. I doubt if anyone has ever put the whole truth about anybody on paper. In this country the whole truth would probably be banned in Boston and forbidden the use of the mails."

"In a talk with one of our reporters about six hours ago," Wallace went on, "you said that some of the truth you leave out is material which might be considered the work of a literary hatchet man. I would like to ask you specifically what, in your opinion, makes a literary hatchet man?"

"He cares more about turning a phrase at someone's expense than he does about reporting," I said. "A literary hatchet man would rather kick someone in the stomach with a word than use a less explosive word. A hatchet man is a literary smart aleck, but he is paid very well and I envy him. I wish I had a little more of it in my blood."

"You really do?" Wallace asked.

"I really do," I said.

"Yet you say, in essence, that you are doing a complete coverage on the human being with whom or about whom you are doing a story," Wallace said.

"I've never claimed I do a complete story on anybody," I said. "I try to do an adult job, a reasonably intelligent job, neither gooey nor slimy, and come up with something of which I'm not ashamed."

Wallace said, "We spoke today with E. J. Kahn, Jr., a profile writer for The New Yorker. He told us that when a man does an as-told-to story, as you often do, he automatically loses his objectivity as a reporter. He identifies himself with his subject rather than taking a dispassionate look at him. In a sense you are writing what the subject and his loyal fans would like to read rather than the simple truth."

"Those things don't have to be contradictory," I objected. "When a man tells me his own story, what he tells me can be the truth, whether I identify myself with him or not. Anything I write on an as-told-to basis must be O.K.'d by the person I write it with, since it appears as his own words below his name. But I do other things besides 'as-told-to's.' I once wrote a three-parter about Marilyn Monroe which she didn't see before publication."

"How much of the real Marilyn Monroe came out in those articles?" Wallace asked me.

I was getting tired of his hinting that I covered up for people; that I was a deliberately dishonest writer who held out on the public, but I tried to keep my voice as unemotional as his. I replied, "I like to think that a lot of the real Marilyn Monroe came through." Then I decided to tell him how I felt about his line of questioning: "One of the most insulting things that happens to me—and it happens frequently—is people come up to me and say, 'What did you *really* think of Marilyn Monroe?' I'm sure they don't think about it that way, but to me their question takes it for granted that I was lying for three installments."

"So one of your pet peeves is people saying, 'What do you *really* think of So-and-So?'" Wallace said. "And it's your conclusion that the person who asks you that is calling you a liar. At the risk of incurring your further wrath, I'd like to ask you this about one of your subjects who has the most controversial public-relations image—Arthur Godfrey. What do you *really* think of him?"

Bitter resentment jetted inside of me, then died down. Wallace's legman had concluded his questioning that afternoon by saying, "Mike will do this for you. If there's one subject you'd rather not discuss, he'll skip it. Just tell me and we'll leave it alone." Seated with us at that time was a Post photographer assigned to cover my appearance on the Wallace show. Suddenly his feet became active under the table; so much so that I moved my shins.

"I did an as-told-to series with Arthur Godfrey," I replied. "My editor liked the series, but Arthur didn't like the job I did and I'm not sure he liked me, either, so I'd rather not talk about it."

When the legman left, the photographer said, "How naïve can you get? I'll bet a question about Godfrey will be one of the first he'll ask you."

There must be something about being a photographer that makes them cynical, I thought, but this one had merely been wise, for now Wallace was asking me about Godfrey. I said to myself, *Somebody on this show is dishonest. I don't know whether it's Wallace or his legman, or both.*

But promise or not, I was on a spot and I felt that I had to try to answer his question. "My Godfrey story was an as-told-to job," I said. "What appeared in those articles was what Arthur thought himself, because when I was done he got out his pencil and started all over again. I don't say he was wrong, because when his story appeared the Post was bootlegged, for one, two, even three, dollars a copy. During the first six weeks his story ran, if you waited too long after it hit the newsstands, you couldn't buy a copy. So judged by that yardstick, Arthur was right."

"Would you like to leave it there?" Wallace asked. "Because you really haven't been responsive to my question: 'What do you really think of Arthur Godfrey?'"

"It would take too long to go into it," I said.

Somehow, time passed, and we reached the spot in a Wallace interview in which he tosses a few names or phrases at a guest and asks for a quick, one- or two-sentence reaction.

"Scandal magazines," Wallace said, "like Confidential. What do you think of them? Should they be permitted to be sold on the newsstands?"

"I buy one every once in a while," I said, "because there's a photograph on the cover of someone I've written about. Then the magazine makes me sick at my stomach, and I toss it in the ash can. My digestion is not strong enough to go all the way through an issue."

The next thing I knew, Wallace's voice was saying, "Thank you for spending twenty minutes with us."

Twenty minutes! It had seemed forty, sixty, but I was still alive. I hadn't shamed my children or humiliated my wife and the skeletons in my closet settled back into place.

Wallace was saying, "In just a minute I'll be back with a run-down on tomorrow night's guests."

Some time later I went back to see him again. This time I asked the questions. We sat in an office furnished with only two chairs. Wallace began by saying that since I had been on his show, he had heard that I thought he'd been dishonest in promising not to ask me to discuss Arthur

(*Continued on Page 110*)

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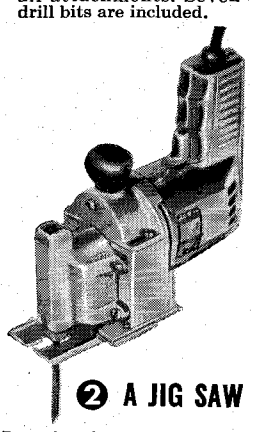

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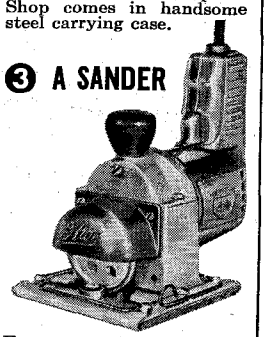

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(*Continued from Page 107*) Godfrey, then insisting that I talk about him on the air.

"I heard you were upset," Wallace said. "I want you to know that we don't promise people we won't ask them certain questions, then ask them those questions."

"I'm not upset," I said. "I figure it will put extra wallop into my Wallace story."

"We scrupulously honor any promises we make," Wallace said.

"You didn't in this case," I said. "And I couldn't help wondering if you work the same dodge on your other guests."

"You'll have to ask my other guests that," he said. "In getting people to go on our show, we say to them, 'We will go over the general areas of discussion with you, not the specific questions, and if there's some area in which you do not want to go, tell us about it. Unless it emasculates our story, we won't go into it.'"

"The word 'area' wasn't mentioned," I said. "Your legman said, 'If there's one thing you'd rather not talk about, just tell me.'"

"When I last talked to you," Wallace said, "I felt that you respected us for the job we're doing. I'd hate being called a liar."

"In anything I write about you, I'll be glad to include your statement that you hate that," I said. "All I know is that it happened the way I said it did. And I have a witness."

"I'm sure that what you've said was correct too," Wallace said.

It seemed inconclusive to me, but we'd talked enough about it. I wanted to get on with our interview. "After our last talk," I said, "I wrote one version of my story about you. But you move so fast with your interviews with such people as Mickey Cohen, Fred Otash, Diana Barrymore and Governor Faubus that what I wrote is outdated now. That was quite a tug of war you and the governor staged," I said. "I didn't think you were as detached and objective as usual. It seemed to me that you'd made up your mind that the governor was furthering intolerance, unrest and bigotry before you went to Little Rock to interview him."

"Take a look at me," he said. "I am a damyankee—a big-city damyankee, at that. I have been exposed exclusively to the Northern press; therefore, my orientation is understandable. At the same time, I told Governor Faubus that I was going to throw as many tough questions at him as I had time to throw, and he said, 'The tougher they are the better I like them. I want an opportunity to answer them.'"

"Ordinarily you are quiet, poised and reserved," I said. "That is one of the reasons you are so effective, but in questioning Governor Faubus, I thought I detected passionate emotionalism in your voice. Watching you talk to Faubus, I thought, *This is one time when Mike Wallace is convinced he's a crusader.*"

"I play devil's advocate with everybody I interview," he said.

"What does devil's advocate mean?" I asked.

"It means that I take the opposite point of view," he said. "I take the position of asking the person I'm interviewing to justify himself."

"You were more detached with Diana Barrymore," I said.

"She handled herself well on our program," he said. "As a result of her being on the Mike Wallace show, her autobiography climbed back on The New York Times' best-seller list. It had been off for several weeks."

"How do you persuade people to be on your show?" I asked. "I'd think they'd as soon shove their heads into a basket of cobras."

"You've been on my show," he said. "You ought to know I don't always clobber people. I don't take unfair advantage. I am not a muckraker. I'm after a person's motives and an exploration of his attitudes."

"Nevertheless," I said, "your show is based on abrasion?"

He pounced on the word. "That's it," he said, "abrasion. I get a person to say, 'I feel thus and so about a thing'; then I say, 'How do you reconcile that with what you said on the same subject a year ago?' Then I quote something to him that he said then that contradicts what he's just told me."

"You say you don't go into people's personal lives," I told him. "What about Elsa Maxwell and Mary Margaret McBride? Seems to me you stuck your questions inside of them like knives and twisted them around." He had cornered radio interviewer Mary Margaret McBride and had got her to confess: "I never found the right man to marry, but I contemplated having a baby with an Italian with whom I was in love."

"How much more personal could you have got?" I asked. "Let's discuss Elsa Maxwell. (*Continued on Page 112*)

"Play something expensive."

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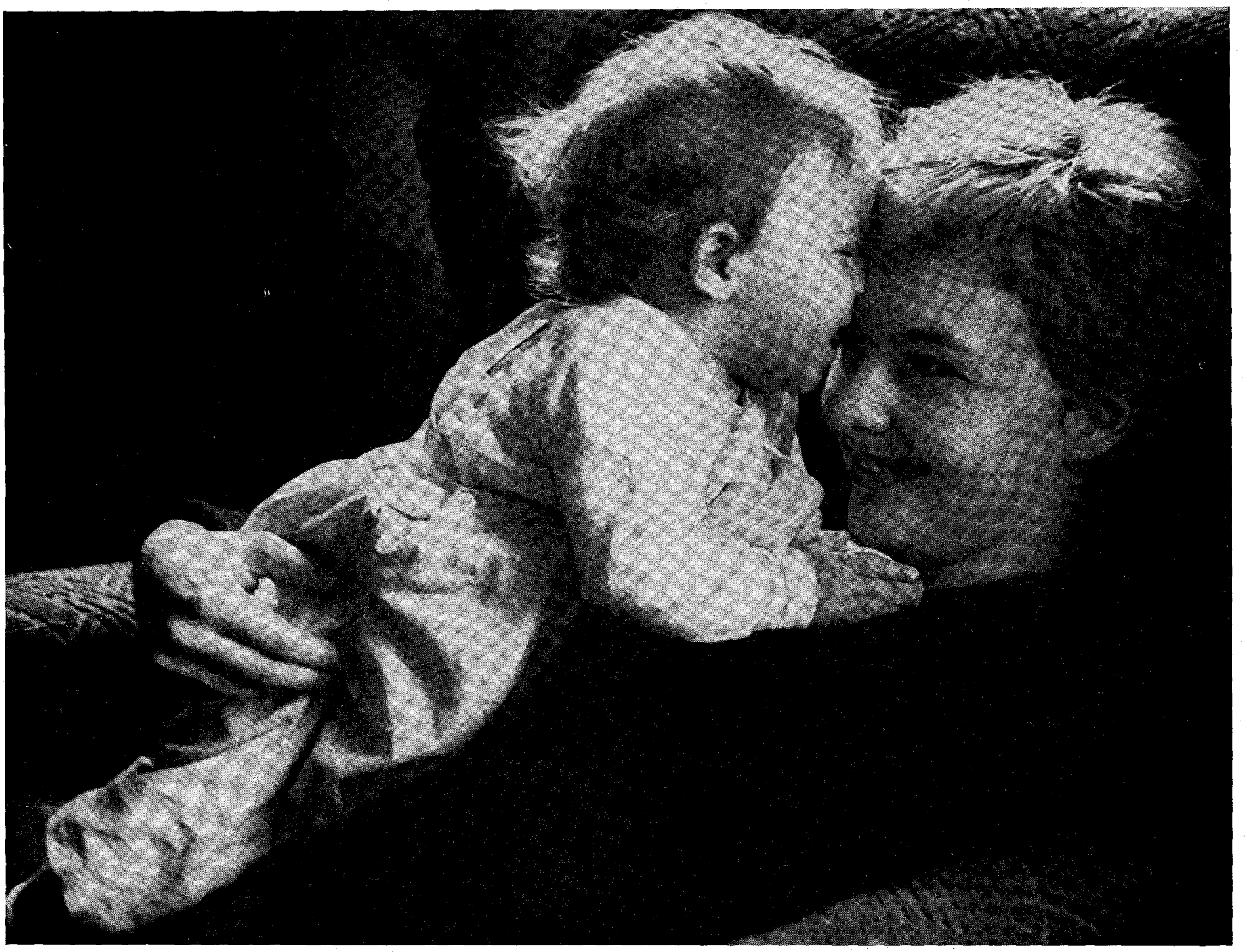

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(*Continued from Page 110*) When she was your guest you asked her about marital infidelity."

"She had written a book in which she said something like this," Wallace said: "'If I had to leave all my friends who bounce around from pillar to post, or bedpost to bedpost, I'd have no friends left, so I go along with it.' I mentioned that she is constantly saying she doesn't like a good many of the café-society people with whom she spends so much time and I asked, 'If the moral climate is so stifling, why don't you get out of it?' That was when she said that she thought infidelity was vastly overrated as a sin. She hoped that married couples would remain faithful to each other, but if they don't, it's not the worst thing in the world.

"I want to make the point," Wallace said, "that for every one of those so-called shocking interviews I've had—and they're not too shocking to be quoted in newspapers which go into American homes and are read by American families—I've had ten Ambassador Bowleses, Father LaFarges, General Ridgways. Such individuals make up the bulk of our programs, but the news magazines and the writers who cover TV are always on the alert for titillating items to which they can attribute the popularity of our show. The press has made great play with the Mickey Cohens and the Fred Otashes who've sat in the chair where you sat.

"Take one of the questions I was trying to ask you, although I don't know whether we got to it on the air or not: 'Aren't you just writing glorified movie-fan-magazine stuff?' I don't believe you are, but a guest on my show must justify himself. With the TV camera trained on him in a close-up, you can actually see one of my questions hit him in the face like a flung physical object. You see my question take hold. You see his thought processes. Then out comes his self-justification, if any, or his stalling. It's a dramatic thing to watch."

"I was sure you were going to ask me what I thought about Hollywood's standards of sexual morality," I said. "You didn't. Why? Is it a stale subject?"

"It is," he said. "I did ask a starlet, Cleo Moore, 'Do girls have to barter their morals for parts in pictures?' She gave me what I thought was a good answer. 'Most Hollywood producers are too smart to let themselves become involved with such things,' she said. 'That would give a girl a club she could hold over his head.'

"I've taken my credo from George Bernard Shaw," Wallace went on. "Shaw said: 'The ablest and most highly cultivated people continually discuss religion, politics and sex. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that they discuss nothing else with fully awakened interest. Commoner and less cultivated people, even when they form societies for discussion, make it a rule that politics and religion are not to be mentioned and they take it for granted that no decent person would attempt to discuss sex.'"

"You talk about sex so much on your program, you almost seem to have a fixation on it," I said. "Is it because you think it is a more interesting subject than others?"

"It is an interesting subject," he said. "It motivates us. It's basic. But actually I talk about it no more than I do a number of other things."

"You don't think you are a new kind of Peeping Tom?" I asked. "A TV one?"

"Nonsense," he said. "The people I respect in this business—Jack Gould, of The New York Times; John Crosby, or Ben Gross, or Harriet Van Horn, or the people who cover TV for the Saturday Review or The Nation—regard what I do as a responsible job. If you watch us over a period of time, I don't think you'll say I do a peep show."

"How much time do you usually spend preparing for a guest?" I asked.

"My staff probably spends fifteen or twenty hours on research per man per interview," he said.

"Where do your research men usually run down information?" I asked. "In addition to the New York Public Library?"

"They visit every newspaper morgue in town," he said. "We also have a mechanic, who lives in New Jersey, who's a big help. His hobby is putting together a private collection of clippings about people. He first called us and said he had some important information on one of our guests, and he asked if we wanted to see it. We said, 'Bring it in.' The New Jersey mechanic came in loaded with clippings on each of our guests who were coming up, like Jackie Robinson, Sam Levenson and the Reverend Dan Poling."

"You've been called 'the first mature thing that has happened to television in years,'" I said. "Do you agree?"

"I'd rather think of what I do as a responsibility," he told me. "When I was an interviewer at C.B.S., I was called on the carpet for discussing nudism and atheism on the air. I was told, 'Lay off. That's not the kind of discussion with which we want to get involved.' I was doing an afternoon show with a girl to whom I used to be married. My wife's name had been Buff Cobb—she was Irvin S. Cobb's daughter—so our show was called Mike and Buff. We were told to stay out of touchy areas, but when I started Night Beat, I said, 'I'm going to venture into places which haven't been gone into before.' And over a period of months I think we have made a contribution of pushing back a wall of prejudice and narrow-mindedness that hadn't been pushed back before. There's a lot of nice-Nellyism in network management and among sponsors. They want to please everybody, to stir up nobody's feelings, to jar no one out of his emotional rut."

"I don't think anyone will deny that you have courage, but how about sponsors?" I asked. "Do they like gutsy programs?"

"That's the crux of the issue," Wallace said. "When I left DuMont and came to A.B.C., I sat down with Leonard Goldenson, the head of A.B.C., to talk things out. 'I want to come here,' I said, 'but let's understand what editorial freedom I'm to have.' 'You can say anything you please,' he said. 'The only inhibition we're going to put upon you is that you must abide by the dictates of good taste and the rules of the F.C.C.' Now good taste is a flexible term depending upon the individual's definition. It means one thing to one person, another to another. So in an effort to clarify that vagueness, I asked Mr. G., 'What is good taste? Have I breached it up till now?' And he said, 'No.' 'Fine,' I said. We've had two hundred and fifty interviews, and we haven't been called on the carpet once by the F.C.C. or any other governmental agency or by any religious agency.

"Occasionally it's been said that I've overstepped the bounds," Wallace said. "My own estimate is that about five questions of five thousand I have asked have gone overboard. However, we've almost slipped, in our choice of guests, a couple of times. There was talk of our booking Polly Adler, the ex-brothel keeper who wrote a best seller, A House is Not a Home. But we decided that while she might write a best seller that nice women in America read eagerly, she was a guest we shouldn't book.

"My contract guarantees that, come what may, I'm to be on the air for a year," Wallace went on. "You won't find a clause like that in anybody else's contract. I wasn't going to leave DuMont, where I'd built up a good local rating, then in thirteen weeks have A.B.C. say, 'Good-by. You're too hot for us to handle.'"

"Has any of your guests ever been violently angry with you?" I asked.

"I've been told that Grace Metalious, who wrote Peyton Place, was angry at me," Wallace said. "I asked her if her book was autobiographical. She didn't seem too happy about that. As I recall it, she said, 'What do you think?' or 'That's a dumb question.' Whatever it was, it was snarly. In fact, she snarled all through the interview."

"They tell me that once in a while one of your guests shoots a question at you as barbed as any of those you ask," I said.

"There have been two or three," Wallace admitted. "Jimmy Cannon, the New York columnist, was one. Since Cannon constantly writes about women in his column, I figured he must be an incurable romantic, so I asked him, 'How is it that a fellow like you, who thinks so much of women, has never married?' and he said, 'For the same reason you've been divorced twice, Mike.' 'That seems a reasonable answer,' I said, and I went on to the next question. Another was Al Morgan, author of The Great Man. I was talking to him about the Great Man complex, which obsessed the television personality about whom he wrote, when he said, 'Don't you think that because of your success on your own show you're developing a Great Man complex yourself?' I thought for a minute; then I said, 'The point you made about the Great Man was that his greed for power applied not to what he did on the air, but off the air.'

"You ask me why people are willing to come on our show," Mike said to me. "Some of them like the challenge. They figure: *I'd like the opportunity to match wits with Wallace.* Then there are the exhibitionists who like to come on my show because they feel that it means they are celebrities of a sort."

"I learned to make gelatin today!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Who thought up your lighting and seating arrangement?" I asked. "The blinding light shining into the eyes of your guest while you, as the inquisitor, sit in the dark—the whole deal looks like a third-degree setup in a police station."

"Originally the real reason was necessity," he said. "We had no money. All we could afford was a couple of chairs and two tables holding two glasses of water."

"I've been told that you usually try to make your first question a real haymaker," I said. "A jolter."

"If I think I'm going to have trouble getting through to a person, I throw a Sunday punch at him at the beginning, to lubricate him. On the other hand, we sometimes have guests who won't give us what we want unless we ease them into it. We try to lull people like that and, when they're relaxed, let them have our basic questions."

"You went to the University of Michigan," I said. "What was your class?"

"Nineteen-thirty-nine," he said. "I was born and brought up in Boston, but I went to Ann Arbor because my uncle, Leo Sharfman, was chairman of the economics department. There's a good class in radio broadcasting at Michigan. I entered it. When I left Ann Arbor, I worked as an announcer in Grand Rapids, then in Detroit, then in Chicago. I did a little acting and narration. When I was in the Navy, I thought a lot about what to do when I got out. I was a good, even a first-class, hack announcer and actor, but I determined that I would move into the area which I am in now.

"In 1946 I went to Chicago and stayed there until 1951. I did news, some announcing and some interview shows. I wanted to make dough, and interviewing was the way to make it. News doesn't pay well. With my former wife, Buff, I did a radio-interview show on N.B.C., similar to Night Beat. C.B.S. looked us over and "pacted" me, as Variety says. I worked for them for three years. Among other things, I did a show called All Around the Town, a precursor of Wide, Wide World. We took live cameras to the Statue of Liberty, to West Point, to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, to the wine cellar at Chambord's. I'm going to Europe next week to interview Kirk Douglas," he volunteered. "We're trying to crack Hollywood."

I got it. "You mean those who live there are a little sensitive and uncommunicative because of the Confidential trial," I said.

"Correct," Wallace said. "We've been told that if we get a couple of top olives out of the bottle, like Douglas, or Cecil de Mille, we'll get some of the others."

"There are those who think that you get a kick out of the discomfiture of your guests," I said. "I guess that's one way of saying you (*Continued on Page 114*)

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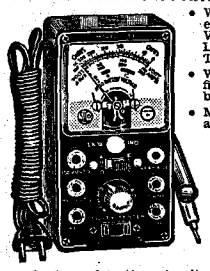

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(*Continued from Page 112*) are a sadist. I'm not putting it that way, I'm just asking. Do you get a bang out of finding a weakness in a guest, then watching him squirm?"

"I'm no more of a sadist than you are," Wallace said.

"Maybe some of the guys who come on your show are masochists," I said.

"Possibly," Wallace said. "Although after she'd been on my show, Faye Emerson said there are no indiscreet questions, just indiscreet answers, which, in a way, answers what you're saying. What I do get a kick out of is an individual revealing a little of himself. When I make a person really think about who he is in relationship to his job or his fellow man or his family—the way you're doing to me now for example—it's gratifying."

"I've been told that you think your shows are educational and in the public interest," I said. "Do you really think it is educational and in the public interest to discuss adultery, prostitution, birth control and other subjects ordinarily considered unfit for family consumption? Is it enough for you to say it's O.K. because by the time you come on, children are in bed?"

"That sounds like a sensible question," he said, "except that it's loaded. Not only that, it's unfairly loaded. If I were to take the question you've asked at its face value I'd have to believe that ninety-five per cent of my discussions are concerned with adultery, prostitution and birth control. The simple fact is that not more than five per cent of my shows have to do with those things. I've had atomic scientists as my guests, the former head of the Communist Party in the U. S., the present head of the Ku Klux Klan, a former pitcher named Bob Feller, an architect named Frank Lloyd Wright, a television comedian named Steve Allen."

"But you did discuss adultery with Steve Allen," I said.

"Only a small per cent of our discussion was concerned with adultery," Wallace said. "Certain papers took umbrage at the things I discussed with Fred Otash, a private eye who had worked for Confidential magazine. But the very same papers who were offended when I talked to Otash played the Confidential trial across their front pages, complete with gobs of Otash's verbatim testimony, plus photos, plus mentioning names, plus detailed description of incidents. We cleansed our Otash program of any discussion of specific names, any discussion of specific litigation, any discussion of specific incidents. Ours was a sterilized discussion of the methods, money and morality of a private eye. I wouldn't call it philosophical, but I could call it clinical and educational for us to have a better look at a man who does that kind of a job."

"Don't you think some of your previous statements about your program sound pretty noble?" I asked. "Take: 'I deplore the people who do not submit themselves to being counted and questioned as to their motives and opinions.' And: 'I'm not interested in specifics. I'm interested in the institution.' By that do you mean that you're interested in Elsa Maxwell as an institution?"

"What I meant by specifics is this," he said: "I'm not interested in prurience for the sake of shock appeal or to make one person uncomfortable. I'd like to explore certain institutions, mores, attitudes, which are representative of certain groups in America, and find out the why of them, and the statistics concerning them, so we will have a better understanding of who we are."

"You're putting a lot of steam into this talk of ours," I said.

"When we first talked, I had a large following in the New York area," he said. "Since then we have gone on a country-wide hookup and we started badly. So I'm more on the defensive now. We examine and re-examine our show. We ponder each guest. We consider the line of questioning we follow. In spite of our care and preparation, we are occasionally accused of irresponsibility and a striving for sensationalism. I'm sensitive about those accusations because those things are not the reason for our program. What we're after is exchanging ideas with celebrated people, no matter whether they are celebrated for good or for bad, in the hope that their responses will tell us more about ourselves."

(Despite what Wallace called his "bad start" on a national-network hookup, his rating and his "share of the audience" had both gone up substantially in the intervening weeks. He didn't tell me this. I'd asked the American Broadcasting Company's statistical department about it.)

"Fred Otash was quoted as saying, 'To me, Wallace's program is an exposé show,'" I remarked. "Do you suppose he was trying to put you in the same class with Confidential?"

"We cannot be put in the same class with Confidential," Wallace replied. "First of all, our guest draws his own picture of himself and edits it before our audience. Then, too, he has to accept our invitation to be with us to be interviewed. In Confidential, the profile is drawn whether the sitter is willing or not."

"Why did Eartha Kitt and Clifton Fadiman refuse to come on your show?" I asked. "You may have had other refusals, but I've heard about those two."

"I don't know," he said. "The best reason ever given to me has been given to me by half a dozen people: 'I do not care to spend my privacy in this fashion.' It is a perfectly reasonable answer if the one who says it doesn't go on innumerable other television shows to plug his book, his play, his movie or build his ego. I don't know one person who's come on with us, and who's been honest and articulate, who hasn't come out with several cubits added to his stature. It didn't hurt you to be on my show, did it?"

"It didn't hurt at all, once it was over," I said. "While doing my research, I ran into some nice things people said about your show. 'Mike Wallace singlehandedly is saving television from becoming the pastime of small children and idiots'; and 'He's a grown-up man sitting down and asking some grown-up people questions.' Oddly enough, the same man who wrote that last quote also wrote: 'His guest often looks more like a criminal about to get his lumps than a celebrity.'"

"We do have a certain irreverent attitude toward the celebrated people who come on our program," Wallace said. "It's that which creates what excitement I'm able to engender. When most interviewers talk to an accomplished or important person, they defer to him, but I've walked down a street and have had a truck driver shake his fist out his window and tell me, 'At-a-boy, Mike, keep it up. Give 'em hell, Mike.'"

Wallace said, "There's one more point I would like to make: If a reporter interviews a man, it doesn't mean that his newspaper endorses him. But when I interview somebody on television, people insist that I'm endorsing him. Because I interviewed Mickey Cohen and Margaret Sanger, I endorsed them. That is utter nonsense. As a reporter, I don't endorse or condemn anybody. I'll talk to anybody who's important enough, but that doesn't mean I agree with him."

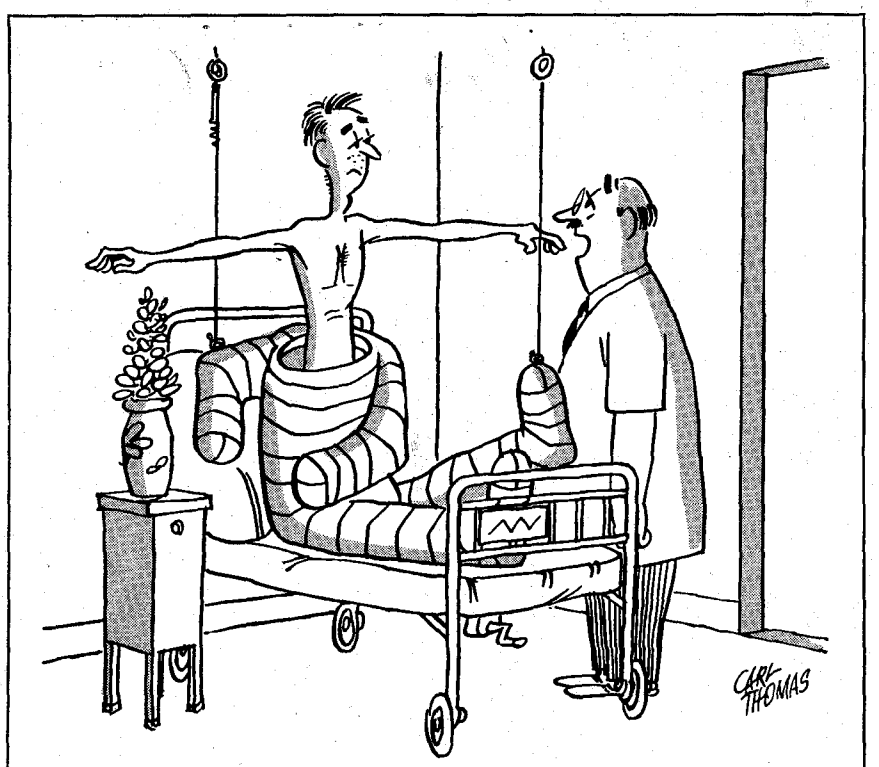
"Did Alger Hiss turn down an invitation to be one of your guests?" I asked.

"My producer, Ted Yates, and I had lunch with Hiss," he said. "We sat with him for two or three hours, trying to persuade him that it would be worth while for him to explain himself to the American people. He said that there were those in his family who thought he should, but his final decision was that he did not regard himself as a publicity freak."

I asked Wallace if he would define the ideal guest for his hour. "Colonel Lindbergh would be a wonderful guest," he said. "He's done things which have had an impact upon our lives, yet he's shrouded in mystery. We really don't know anything about him, except how he felt while he flew the Atlantic. Greta Garbo is another."

"I'd like to interview her myself," I said.

"Inasmuch as we can't get such people," Wallace said, "what we want are controversial figures willing to talk and who have the courage to say what they believe. In this conformist age, it's wonderful to have the opportunity to talk to people who will speak their inner minds in public." THE END



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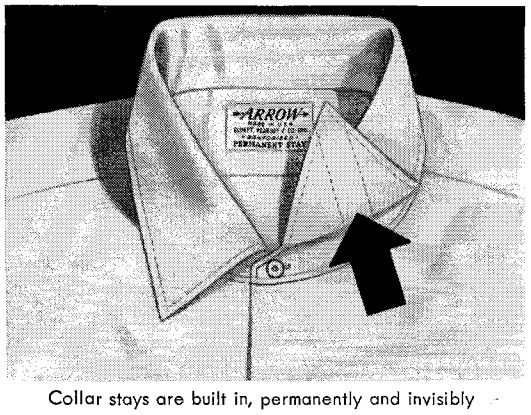

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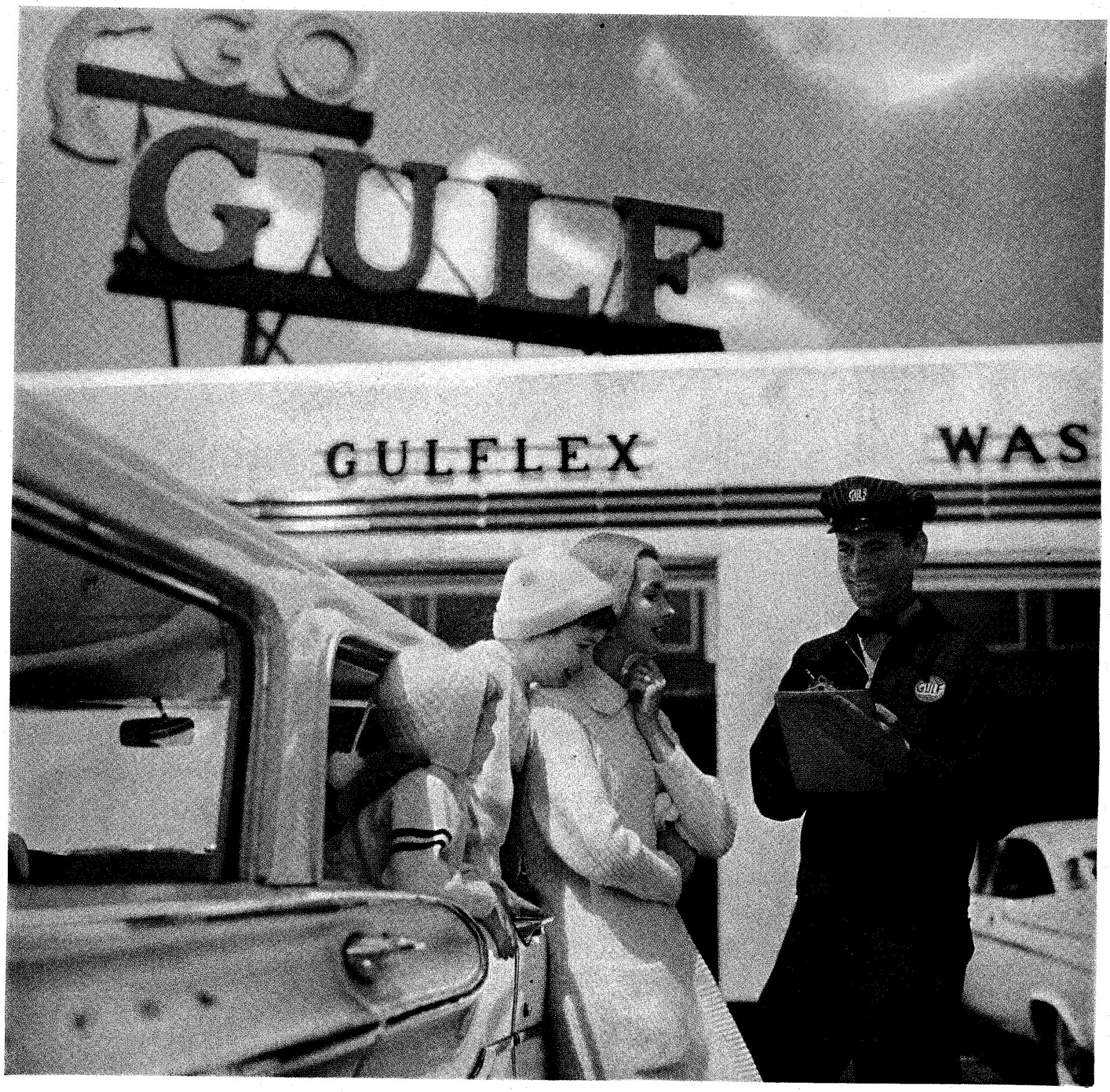

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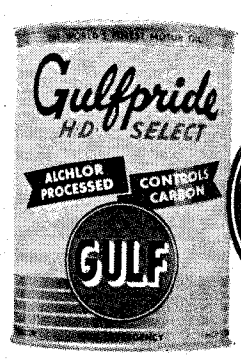

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My Forty Years in Pro Football

(Continued from Page 34)

period when we reached Canton's one-yard line on fourth down. I put a solid block on the left tackle, and Falcon churned into the hole for what looked like a sure touchdown. But Thorpe sensed the play. Charging up from his defensive halfback post, he hit Falcon with a tremendous body block, and Falcon bounced back to the two-yard line.

That defensive body block, delivered at top speed, was Thorpe's trade-mark. Jim never used his arms in orthodox tackling style. Instead, he hunched his shoulders and rammed his 210 pounds into the ball carrier. Jim racked up an awful lot of ball carriers that way, particularly when he happened to be wearing his "special" shoulder pads, which were reinforced with a stiffening layer of sheet metal. The use of sheet metal in shoulder pads wasn't quite legal, of course, but in those days Thorpe was playing two or three games a week, barnstorming around the country, and he occasionally needed some extra padding.

Anyway, in addition to enjoying the artistic satisfaction of playing against Thorpe—then the greatest name in football—I collected $100 from the Hammond management for my professional services. Naturally, I was impressed. That was almost twice as much money as I made in a week working in the bridge department for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

I played half a dozen games for Hammond that fall, and those games sold me on pro football. Our line-up was packed with former Midwest college players, including such nationally known stars as Bert Baston, of Minnesota, at end, and Paddy Driscoll, of Northwestern, at halfback. Driscoll, only 158 pounds, was an elusive runner, and tough as a keg of nails. Paddy could drop-kick accurately up to fifty yards, and was a tremendous punter.

I figured that any sport which could attract great players like Baston and Driscoll had a real future. Consequently, I could hardly say "yes" fast enough in March of 1920 when Mr. A. E. Staley offered me the job of organizing a new pro football team to represent his company. Mr. Staley, an enthusiastic sports fan, owned a prosperous corn-products business in Decatur, Illinois. His firm already supported a strong semipro baseball team managed by a famous ex-big-league pitcher, Joe (Iron Man) McGinnity, and Mr. Staley wanted to sponsor an equally strong football team to be named the Staley Starchmakers.

"We'll keep you busy, Halas," he promised. "You can play ball for McGinnity during the summer, run the football team, be athletic director, and spend the rest of your time learning how to make starch."

That sounded good to me—particularly the part about playing ball for McGinnity. Actually, baseball always had been my favorite sport. I'd made a lot more base hits than tackles during my college days at Illinois. In fact, I played practically no football at all until I made the varsity at right end as a senior in 1917. A fractured jaw had ruined my sophomore season, and I was side-lined by a broken leg most of my junior year.

But I had better luck in college baseball. Over three seasons I batted .350 for the Illini, and a scout named Bob Connery recommended me to the New York Yankees for a tryout. However, the war was on, and I served a fourteen-month hitch in the Navy at Great Lakes before finally reporting to the Yankees at their spring-training camp at Jacksonville, Florida, in March, 1919.

I got off to a good start with the bat. Manager Miller Huggins put me in right field for an exhibition game against the Brooklyn Dodgers at Jacksonville. Rube Marquard, the great southpaw who set the modern major-league record of nineteen consecutive victories, hurled for the Dodgers. On my first time at bat, Rube came right down the middle with a fast one, and I banged a line drive into left center. The ball rolled to the fence, and I stretched the drive into a triple with a bouncing slide.

I didn't realize it at the time, but I was sliding right out of major-league baseball. The jar of hitting the hard dirt at third base injured my right hip. Eventually the soreness disappeared, but so did some of my speed. I opened the season with the Yanks, but they released me about a month later. I finished the season with St. Paul in the American Association, then returned home to Chicago and went to work for the railroad.

Looking back now, I have a hunch that the hip injury which knocked me out of baseball and into pro football was just about the luckiest break of my life. At least one thing's sure. I wouldn't have enjoyed an extended career as the Yanks' right fielder. Just about the time I started in at the Staley Starchworks, the Yankees bought a pretty fair right fielder from the Boston Red Sox. Fellow named Babe Ruth.

Occasionally, a banquet toastmaster will introduce me as "the man who has been in pro football since its very beginning, George Halas." Of course, that's an exaggeration. The first professional football game took place at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, on August 31, 1895, between the local Y.M.C.A. and a team from nearby Jeannette. Contrary to a story given wide circulation by my favorite gin-rummy pigeon, Jim Conzelman, during his tenure as head coach of the Chicago Cardinals, I did *not* play for Latrobe under an alias in that inaugural contest. As a matter of fact, I was six months old at the time. Just the same, I was relieved when Conzelman gave up working to become an advertising-agency executive. Jim had too many people believing his story.

Although pro football flourished in Pennsylvania and Ohio for many years, it still was a small-town sport when I started lining up players for the Staleys in the spring of 1920. The strongest clubs were concentrated in the Akron-Massillon-Canton area. Over the years their line-ups had boasted many great players who became outstanding coaches—fellows like Knute Rockne, Jock Sutherland, Gus Dorais, Tuss McLaughry, Lou Little and Earle (Greasy) Neale.

In order to compete with established clubs like the Canton Bulldogs for players, the Staleys offered a package deal which included a year-around job with the starch company and a share of the profits from the gate receipts. And the real clincher—at least from my viewpoint—was Mr. Staley's decision that the players could practice two hours a day on company time. So far as I know, we were the first pro team that ever held organized daily practice drills.

With an attractive deal like that, I didn't have much trouble recruiting some outstanding ball players. Dutch Sternaman, the star back of Illinois' Big Ten champs, signed up. So did Walter (Pard) Pearce, of Penn; Jerry Jones and George Trafton, of Notre Dame; Hugh Blacklock, of Michigan State; Bob Koehler, of Northwestern; and Guy Chamberlain, of Nebraska.

While the ball club was taking shape, I still had the problem of arranging a schedule. There was no organized professional league. If you wanted to play a club, you wrote a letter to the manager and proposed a date. In corresponding with Ralph Hay, who ran the Canton Bulldogs, I suggested that it might be a good idea if some of the best teams got together and formed a league.

Hay liked the idea, and talked it over with Stan Cofall, manager of the Massillon Tigers. They decided to call a meeting, and the managers of eleven pro clubs got together in Hay's automobile agency at Canton on September 17, 1920. I'll never forget the date, because it marked the beginning of the National Football League.

That meeting in Hay's showroom must have been the most informal on record. There were no chairs. We lounged around on fenders and running boards and talked things over. We finally agreed on a name for the organization—it was the American Professional Football Association for the first two years—and elected Jim Thorpe president.

To give the new organization an appearance of financial stability, we announced that the membership fee for individual clubs had been set at $100. However, I can testify that no money changed hands. I doubt if there was a hundred bucks in the whole room.

We awarded a total of eleven franchises: Canton Bulldogs, Cleveland Indians, Dayton Triangles, Akron Professionals, Massillon Tigers, Rochester All-Stars, Rock Island Independents, Muncie Tigers, Hammond Pros, Chicago Cardinals and Decatur Staleys.

That list pretty well illustrates the financial hazards of those early days. Only two of those eleven original member clubs—the Chicago Cardinals and the Staleys, who later became the Chicago Bears—are still playing in the National Football League. Come to think of it, only one of the men who attended that original meeting is still active in pro football. I hope he stays that way for quite a while.

The value of our daily practice sessions quickly showed up when the season started. We were easily the best-conditioned team in the circuit, and probably the best organized. League records were so loosely kept that the National Football League today does not officially recognize that 1920 season. However, we lost only one of thirteen games, and laid claim to the title. Our lone defeat came at the hands of the Cardinals, 7 to 6, and we whipped them in a return match four days later, 10 to 0. At the end of the season we split the gate receipts, and each player's share came to $1900. All in all, it was a most successful season.

Looking back now, one game stands out almost as vividly as that check for $1900. That was our midseason battle with the Rock Island Independents. In the fourth quarter, our big center, George Trafton, tackled a fast Rock Island halfback named Chicken—and Chicken flew up against the low wooden fence bordering the field and broke his leg. Then the game got a little rough. In the next twelve plays, three other Rock Island players were knocked out of action. Since the game was being contested in Rock Island, the home-town fans became a bit restless. There were numerous predictions from the stands about what was going to happen to Trafton in particular and the Staleys in general when the game was over.

"This is getting serious, Halas," Trafton complained during a time-out. "We may have trouble getting out of here."

"Head for the bench when the gun goes off," I said. "We'll cover you."

When the gun sounded, Trafton raced for the bench, and trainer Andy Lotshaw handed him a sweat shirt. "Put it on," Andy urged. "Cover up that number."

Trafton required no urging. As an extra precaution, he grabbed an empty milk bottle from the water bucket, then sprinted for the exit behind our bench, where a cab was waiting.

As Trafton leaped inside, large quantities of rocks crashed through the windows, so George jumped right out the other door and started running down the road in the general direction of the state line. He had proceeded about 200 yards when a shiny blue Mercer pulled alongside, and the driver asked, "Where you goin', kid?"

"Davenport," puffed Trafton; "in a helluva hurry."

"Jump in," said the driver. Trafton jumped.

At the end of the 1920 season things looked awfully good. I was in line for a promotion in the glucose department at the starchworks, and I had become engaged to Min. Then the first shock of the 1921 depression hit the Staley company. Reluctantly, Mr. Staley decided he would have to curtail his athletic program, so he called me into his office.

"George," he said, "I know you're more interested in football than the starch business, but we simply can't underwrite the team's expenses any longer. Why don't you move the boys up to Chicago? I think pro football can go over in a big way there—and I'll give you five thousand to help you get started. All I ask is that you continue to call the team 'The Staleys' for one season."

It was an overwhelmingly generous offer, entirely characteristic of Mr. Staley. I can't remember what words I used to thank him, but I'm sure they couldn't have been adequate. We shook hands on the deal, and the next morning I hustled off to Chicago to sound out Bill Veeck, Sr., the boss of the Chicago Cubs, on the possibility of playing our games in Wrigley Field.

Veeck, whose son was later to operate the Cleveland Indians and the St. Louis Browns, was an ex-sports writer with a flair for promotion. He was positive Chicago had more than enough football fans to support a pro team. "Think of all the people who work on Saturdays and can't attend college games," he enthused. "They'll jump at the chance to see pro games if you play on Sunday afternoon."

"How much would it cost to rent your park?" I asked.

"Fifteen per cent of the gross gate receipts," Veeck replied, "and we keep the profits from the concessions."

"That sounds fair," I countered, "if we keep the profits from the score cards."

We had charged ten cents apiece for score cards at Decatur, netting almost $300 for the season, and I didn't want to let that plum fall into Veeck's hands. Besides, there was a business expression I'd read somewhere—"Never pay the first price"—and I didn't want to appear overanxious. Certainly I didn't want Veeck to think this was my first experience in a business deal, even though it was.

"Good enough," said Veeck. "You sell the score cards."

Our negotiations took all of seventy-five seconds, and we must have worked out a pretty fair deal, because we're still renting Wrigley Field on the same terms thirty-six years later.

Riding back to Decatur on the train, I settled down to some serious thinking. In less than twenty-four hours I had acquired a football team, $5000 working capital and a lease to play in one of the

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country's finest parks on a percentage rental. That was all to the good, but there still were some serious problems.

First and foremost, I had to get a job in Chicago to support myself until the team started making money, whenever that might be. Also, while supporting myself, I had to find time to sign the players, coach the club, write the publicity, distribute tickets, arrange the schedule and handle half a dozen other chores.

What I needed, I finally decided, was a partner. Our Staley halfback, Dutch Sternaman, seemed like an ideal choice. He was from Springfield, Illinois, and a topnotch ballplayer. By inducing Dutch to join the firm, I would reduce the administrative work load by 50 per cent and also lighten the payroll by $100 a game. Happily, the idea appealed to Dutch, so we joined forces.

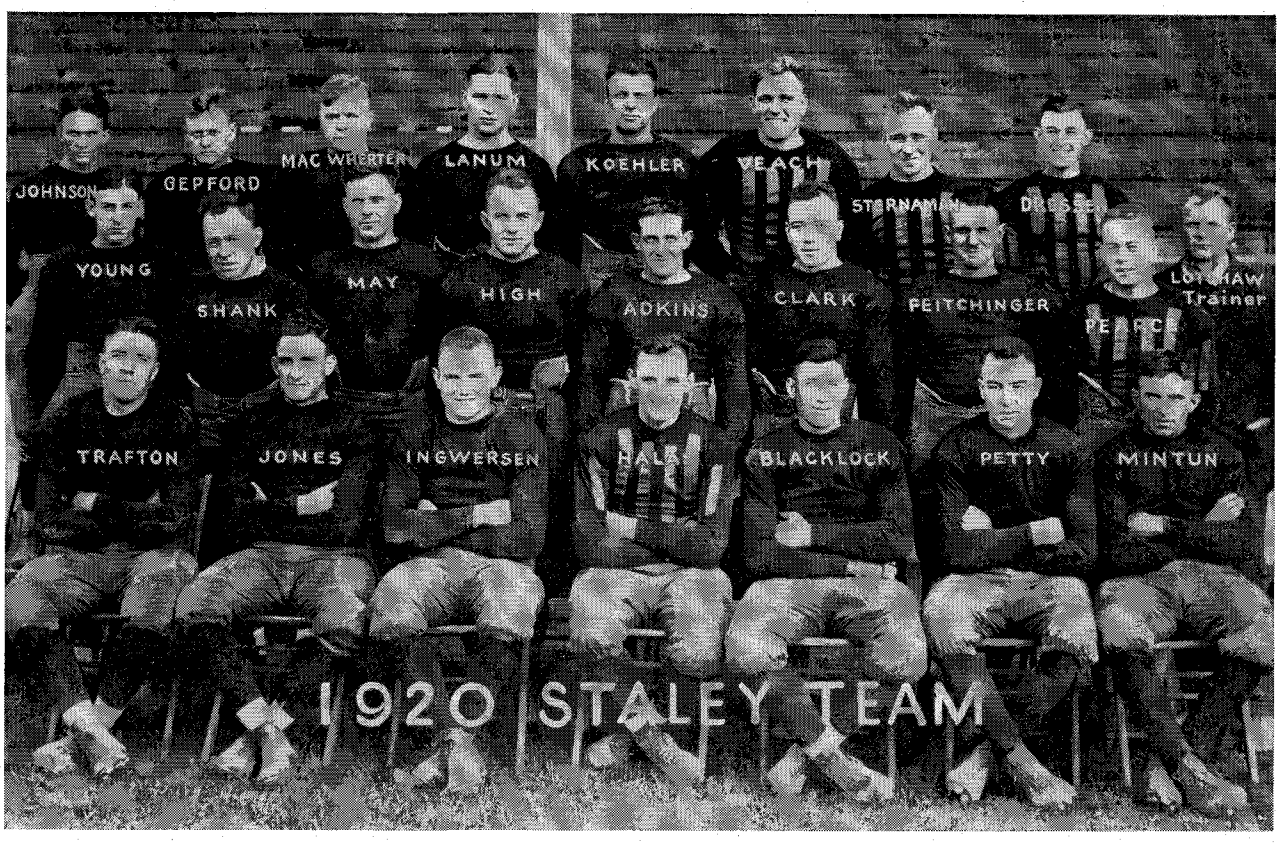
As I recall, Dutch landed a job in a gasoline station, and I went to work selling automobiles. Lacking an office, we held our daily business meetings in the rear of the lobby of the Planters Hotel. In fact, we even signed our players at the Planters. The lobby was a bit crowded, I remember, the afternoon we signed three members of Ohio State's Big Ten Champions—Chick Harley, Pete Stinchcomb and John L. (Tarzan) Taylor. Harley and Stinchcomb were All-American backs, and Taylor a fiercely aggressive guard.

The new men from Ohio State—plus the nucleus we brought along from Decatur—added up to a sixteen-man squad, which included Sternaman at halfback and Halas at end. We had only one substitute lineman, Lou Usher, an All-American from Syracuse. Lou played every position in the line.

Our opening home game against Rochester attracted 8000 fans to Wrigley Field, and we rallied from a ten-point deficit to win, 16 to 13. None of the Chicago papers assigned staff writers to the game. Consequently, we paid a press agent ten dollars to prepare an account of the action, and immediately after the game, Dutch and I hustled downtown to distribute the press agent's piece to the papers. Most of them rewrote our handout and devoted about half a column to the contest.

That close victory over Rochester enabled us to run up a seven-game winning streak which lasted until mid-November, when we took on the Buffalo All-Stars in Wrigley Field. Buffalo, also undefeated, had been tied twice. As a promotional stimulus, we billed the clash as a battle for the "world championship," disregarding the fact that the regular season would not be over for at least two weeks.

Buffalo won, 7 to 6, but fortunately for us, schedule commitments were decidedly elastic in those days. I immediately carded a return match to be played two Sundays later. We warmed up for this second "world-championship" battle by whipping the Green Bay Packers, 20 to 0, in the inaugural of what was to become the longest and most fierce rivalry in pro football.



Player-coach George Halas (bottom row center) with the first Staley Starchmakers, the back-lot team which later became the Chicago Bears. Halas subsequently made "Dutch" Sternaman (back row) his partner.

Upwards of 12,000 fans—our largest crowd of the season—came out for our title encore with Buffalo, and they watched our big right end from Nebraska, Guy Chamberlain, turn in a tremendous individual performance. At six-two and 210 pounds, Chamberlain was the best two-way end I've ever seen. He was a tremendous tackler on defense and a triple-threat performer on offense. He was the star of the day against Buffalo, running seventy yards with an intercepted pass to score our only touchdown in a 10-to-7 victory.

Over thirty years of coaching I've made my share of mistakes, but one of the biggest was my failure to sign Chamberlain again for the 1922 season. Instead, Guy went to Canton as player-coach, and led the Bulldogs through two undefeated championship seasons. In '24 Guy moved to Cleveland, taking most of the Canton players with him, and won the pro title again. Then in '25, Guy took over as coach of the Frankford Yellowjackets in Philadelphia, and won the championship for that club in '26. Over five years, Chamberlain won four championships with three different teams—a coaching record without parallel in National Football League history. He retired after coaching the Chicago Cardinals in 1928.

Getting back to that 1921 payoff game with Buffalo, not only did it decide the pro title but also it almost put us in the black financially. We concluded the season with a net loss of only $71.63.

This appeared fairly promising to me, but my mother wasn't impressed. She advised me to put the civil-engineering degree I'd acquired at Illinois to work immediately. "Go back to the railroad, George," she urged. "It's a steady job."

Mother and dad were immigrants from Pilsen, in what now is Czechoslovakia. They grew up in the Bohemian neighborhood around 18th Street and Ashland Avenue on the West Side of Chicago. Dad was a tailor, and mother helped increase the family income by operating a grocery counter in the front end of the shop.

They worked hard, and used their savings to buy an apartment building near the store. Dad died in 1910, when I was fifteen. Mother held the family together after that by managing the building. It contained eighteen small apartments, as I very well remember. Every day after school, my brothers, Frank and Walter, and I performed the janitor chores for those eighteen apartments, while our sister, Lillian, helped mother at the store.

That didn't leave much time for daytime sports like baseball and football, but we managed to play a few innings of softball—known then as "indoor baseball"—almost every night. We played under the street light on the corner outside our store. On summer evenings mother liked to sit in front of the store, visiting with the neighbors, and gradually she developed a real interest in our ball games. Frank and Walter turned out to be star pitchers in the Knights of Columbus indoor-baseball league, and she often went to watch them play.

But football was something else entirely. Mother's suspicions were aroused when I incurred my broken jaw and fractured leg in successive seasons at Illinois, and she never really reconciled herself to the physical hazards which she felt were involved in my playing pro football—particularly after I made the mistake of bringing Ed Healy home to dinner one evening.

Healy was a big, rugged Irishman, about six-two and 220 pounds. I weighed only about 178. Mother just looked at us and shook her head.

"Don't worry," I assured her. "He's on our side."

When Walter Camp, the famed All-American selector, watched Healy play against the Chicago Cardinals in 1923, he asked, "Who's that magnificent tackle?"

"Healy," Camp was told. "Ed Healy, of Dartmouth."

"H'm-m-m," commented Camp. "I wonder how I overlooked him. He's the best I ever saw."

There was a good reason why Camp overlooked Healy as an All-America candidate. Ed was a lanky 190-pound end of only average ability at Dartmouth. As often happens with college athletes, he didn't really mature until he filled out to 220 pounds in pro football, where he shifted to tackle.

How Healy came to the Bears is one of my favorite stories. Ed broke in with the Rock Island club at left tackle. He lined up directly opposite me at right end for the Staleys. Ed was just too big and strong for me to block, so I finally decided to try a slightly unorthodox technique which involved a bit of holding—not much, just a quick grab at Healy's pants.

My first grab tripped Healy, and our halfback, Dutch Sternaman, popped through the hole for seven yards. Healy was furious.

"Holding!" he bellowed. "Holding! You do that again, Halas, and I'll ——" He then proceeded to tell me explicitly what he had in mind.

Unfortunately, our quarterback decided to repeat the off-tackle play which had worked so successfully. I was forced to grab Healy's pants again, and again Sternaman popped through the hole for a substantial gain.

I was still down on my hands and knees when a sixth sense warned me to duck, and it's a darn good thing I did. Just as I jerked my head back, Healy's big fist whistled past my chin and buried itself in the mud, up to the wrist.

I jumped up and ran to the referee. "Healy punched me!" I yelled. "He's slugging! Put him out of the game!"

By this time, Healy was up on his feet. "Holding!" he bellowed. "Halas held me!"

The referee paid no attention to us. Play resumed and I made no further grabs at Healy's pants. But I decided then and there I'd much rather have Healy playing on our side than against us. At the end of the 1922 season, we finally landed him by canceling a $100 debt Rock Island owed us and paying an additional $100 for Healy's contract. No club ever got a bigger bargain.

Despite the acquisition of Healy and such other outstanding players as end Duke Hanny, from Indiana; guard Hunk Anderson, from Notre Dame; and fullback Oscar Knop, from Illinois, the Bears could not quite repeat their '21 title success. We finished second three straight years, from 1922 through 1924. Financially, we just about broke even.

Something had to be done to attract more customers. I decided that what the Bears needed was a big-name star. The man we wanted was Harold (Red)

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Grange, of Illinois, who took the country by storm in 1924 by making four touchdowns in twelve minutes against Michigan. I doubt if any other football player ever received the adulation showered on Grange—"The Galloping Ghost," as Granny Rice dubbed him. Red was almost as famous as Babe Ruth.

But signing Grange turned out to be quite an assignment. Red still had the 1925 season to play at Illinois, and he refused to endanger his eligibility by talking to pro-football representatives. Dutch and I wrote several letters to Grange that summer, but received no reply.

Luckily, while we were attempting to contact Grange, an enterprising gentleman named Charles C. Pyle, who then managed a movie theater near the Illinois campus, also was weighing Grange's box-office potential. One day that fall, Pyle paid a call on Dutch Sternaman and me in Chicago.

"Grange is ready to turn pro," Pyle assured us. "He'll join the Bears immediately after his final college game against Ohio State, and finish the season with your club. Then we'll go on tour for a couple of months—schedule a string of exhibition games down through Florida and out to the West Coast."

I didn't know quite what to make of Pyle, but certainly we couldn't lose anything by negotiating with him. He was about forty years old, I judged—a smiling, dapper man with a neatly trimmed black mustache. He wore an elegantly tailored gray-flannel suit, and gray spats with fashionable pearl buttons.

Frankly, Dutch and I figured that a middle-aged, small-town-theater owner who wore spats might not prove too tough an opponent in financial negotiations for a couple of smart young men from Chicago. But we considerably underestimated Mr. C. C. Pyle.

When we finally met with Pyle in a suite at the Morrison Hotel to thrash out final details, Dutch and I were prepared to offer Pyle a flat one third of our net profits for Grange's services. It developed that C.C.—soon to be internationally known by his richly deserved nickname of "Cash and Carry"—also thought a one-third split of the profits was fair. However, Charley's proposition differed from ours in one rather important respect. He figured the Bears should retain the one third, leaving two thirds for Grange and Pyle.

At ten o'clock on a Saturday morning we settled down to negotiations which continued all day, through the night and up until noon on Sunday. After twenty-six hours, Dutch and I emerged with a deal permitting us to retain one half of the net profits.

Pyle was just about the greatest talker I ever met. My only regret is that Charley didn't stay in pro football long enough to take on my old pal, George Preston Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins. That would have been quite a match.

At any rate, Grange signed with the Chicago Bears. Well, Wrigley Field wasn't big enough to hold all the fans who wanted to watch Red's pro debut against the Chicago Cardinals on Thanksgiving Day.

Editors' Note: This is the first of three articles by Mr. Halas. The second will appear next week.

The Church That Wouldn't Leave Town

(Continued from Page 36)

were ten dollars a week. He hung on for months, hoping for an upturn, borrowing from the banks, then from loan sharks. As matters worsened he tried gambling, then drinking. Finally, hopelessly in debt and despairing, he went to the clergy office at First Presbyterian. He'd never been there before, but had heard they helped people in trouble.

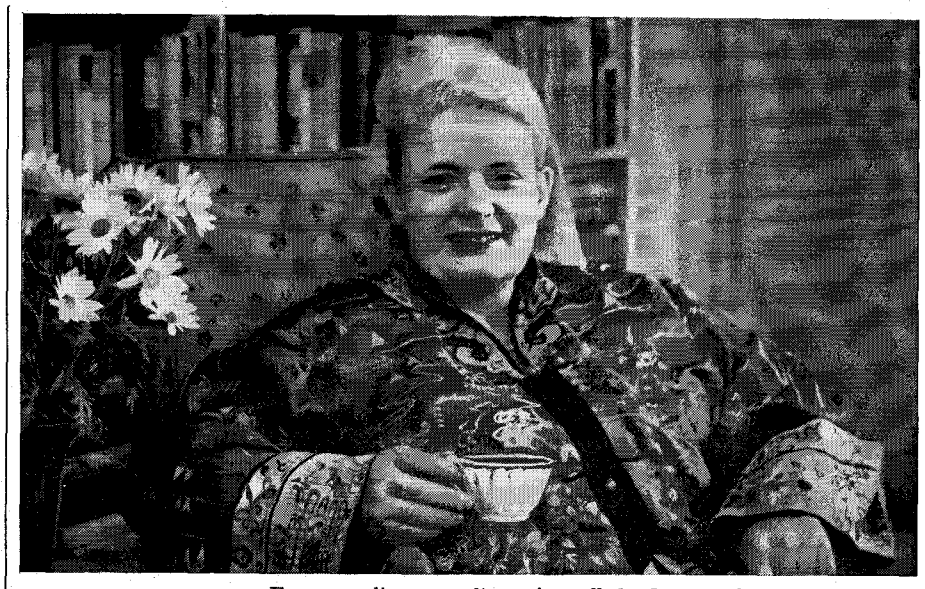
It's as good a definition as any of what the Fort Wayners are up to. The needs of the Perkinses, of the Smiths, and of the Johns and Marys differ widely, but have in common the fact of being typical of the modern city. To serve the city in all its variety, First Presbyterian has gambled a $2,500,000 bank roll and an impressive amount of personal endeavor. The decision to stay downtown and fight it out was a reversal of a trend. Four downtown churches had already shut up shop and moved to the suburbs.

The shift toward the fringes and the mobile population are felt not just in Fort Wayne, of course. A thoughtful analysis of the national picture is provided by Dr. Kenneth D. Miller, well-known Presbyterian clergyman, in his recent book, Man and God in the City. Some 20 per cent of our population changes its address in a typical year. About 13,000,000 people move to other states in a ten-year period. If they don't reaffiliate in the first year, writes Doctor Miller, they're "probably lost to the church." Many old city churches, he adds, "give the appearance of being exclusive spiritual clubs for 'our kind of people.'"

By all the yardsticks with which religious activity is customarily measured, First Presbyterian's gamble on a contrary idea has paid off. Since 1950, when the new program was begun, church membership has more than doubled (1100 to 2500), Sunday-school enrollment has quadrupled (300 to 1200), the annual budget has increased sixfold ($30,000 to $180,000), value of physical plant has grown six times ($350,000 to $2,300,000). The church has seven choirs instead of the previous one, four ministers instead of two. The Women's Association has 500 members, the visiting squad over 100, and there are ten prayer groups, known as "cells." There's a weekday educational program for 120 preschool children and 200 grade-schoolers. On Sunday the new buildings—a "New England Congregational" architectural splendor springing from a blight-threatened downtown block—are populated all day long. All this may reasonably be taken as evidence that something worth noting has happened.

The story is spun in two strands—the saga of a church, and the tale of a young minister named John W. (Jack) Meister. We may pick up the latter thread back of an Ohio grocery store one morning in 1931, when Meister was sixteen. He had gone to open his father's store when he saw a man fighting with rats for the contents of the garbage cans. This vignette so etched itself into young Meister's mind as to remind him for years afterward that whatever he decided to do in life, it ought to have something to do with helping people who needed help.

Until his junior year at Ohio University it seemed that this could be done best as a specialist in labor law. Up to then his religious experience had been agreeable but not decisive. One Sunday during high school his best friend, a Presbyterian, had invited him to church. Meister, whose parents had Episcopal and Roman Catholic backgrounds, liked his friend's church and joined the Presbyterians. Later, his



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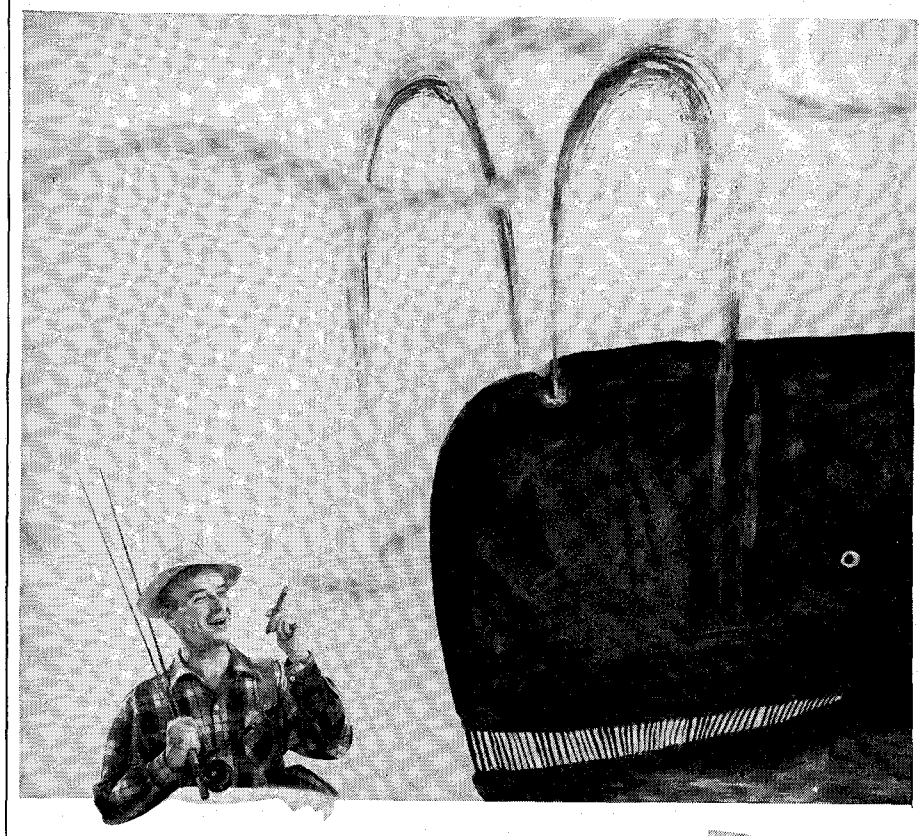

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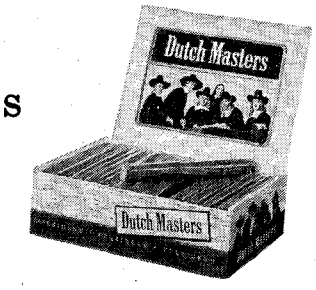

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parents also became Presbyterians. When he was a junior at the university, a church worker threw him the challenge: "If you really want to serve humanity, wouldn't the ministry be the best way?" He thought it over and enrolled, after graduation at Ohio, in Princeton Theological Seminary, where he became a bachelor of theology in 1941.

The young preacher soon developed definite ideas about where his main work lay. His first job was in Steubenville, Ohio—population, 35,000—with a downtown church next to a public junior-high school. Seeking to adapt his church to the after-school time of the children, he recruited youngsters of fourteen nationalities into a junior choir. The kids loved it, and Meister found the key to his ministry. He'd work in the unfashionable places that so many Protestant churches were moving out of. He'd stay downtown.

Meister's next call took him to another downtown church with another school nearby, in a town of 12,000—Sidney, Ohio. This church had 600 members and some extra space. The congregation backed the young minister's plans for a seven-day, twenty-four-hour church, with accents on youth and music and a program for a whole city. "We first tried out in Sidney," Meister says, "all of the essential ideas that later took shape on a larger scale in Fort Wayne."

At this point the Indiana town was a mere mark on a map to Meister, and nobody in Fort Wayne had ever heard of the bustling young cleric from Sidney. Things were afoot, however, that would bring them together. Fort Wayne's oldest—founded in 1830—and perhaps most conservative church had lost its minister to retirement. They had a committee on the prowl for a new one. They didn't know exactly what they wanted, but the rumor was abroad that when they found it, they'd go all out. This rumor was based on reports of a meeting of church members at which there had been "a strange yearning for something better." People had spoken with deep emotion, some close to tears, about the things they'd like to see in a church. The church was without a minister and there was no urging. But in a short time over $800,000 was raised to initiate a shining new program, whatever it might turn out to be.

They sampled the notable Presbyterian pulpits of the Middle Atlantic and Eastern-seaboard states, listening, evaluating, debating. Many distinguished clergymen were "auditioned." A few were approached. At last a pulpit veteran of international repute—Dr. Ganse Little, now of Pasadena, California, but then in Columbus, Ohio—asked bluntly: "Do you people want some advice?" The weary committee confessed that it did. "It's this," said Little. "Don't fool around with established spellbinders in big churches. Pick yourself some young fellow with an idea and back him all the way. Now, there's a chap in a little place in Ohio ——"

Meister said if they'd put through his ideas for a city church, he'd come. The family—Jack, his wife, Miriam, their school-age daughter and two boys—moved to Fort Wayne in 1950. The same year, a building-fund drive was launched. The first unit of the new church, the youth center, was opened in 1954; the completed structure was dedicated early in 1956. They gave Meister everything he asked for to make his case for the downtown church.

Just what this case is has already been stated by such celebrated city preachers as Harry Emerson Fosdick and Samuel M. Shoemaker. Jack Meister's statement of it springs from a fresh encounter with a problem that reaches into all the cities.

The American city, Meister asserts, is at once the most obvious fact of our time and the most widely ignored. In 1790, the year of the first Federal census, only about three out of every 100 people lived in cities. Today eighty-five out of every 100 live in urban areas. But too many churches still follow the colonial, rural pattern.

Cities change people's habits. Instead of the close-knit family of other days, we have the scattered family of the city—"little groups of lonely people who share the same living quarters." If the church is to assert its claims against the city's inroads, something more is required. The country-church program—Sunday school and service, children's pageants at Christmas and Easter, bean supper in the fall and strawberry festival in the spring—is still too prevalent. "The average church in a city is not a city church, but a farm church transplanted."

Shortly after Meister's arrival the session—governing board—announced five strategic decisions:

1. To remain downtown—"A central location is vital to city-wide impact."
2. To erect a building "designed to influence people seven days a week."
3. To adopt the staff form of ministry—"a team of specialists instead of one minister."
4. To open a weekday school—"If the church is to become a real part of our children's lives it must reach them daily."
5. To emphasize music—"Music harmonizes people, within themselves and between one another."

As to the cost, Meister did not mince matters: "If we are not willing to sacrifice—really sacrifice—to win the city back, we do not deserve and will not long retain the blessings of a Christian life. Nationally, we devote about two per cent of our income to religious and welfare activities. Regardless of how we may attempt to gain it, the kingdom of God is going to be more expensive than that!" One of the leaders of the fund-raising squad of laymen told me, with a twinkle in his eye, "It did my heart good to see some of these old tightwads loosen up!"

Now that it's built, how does the Fort Wayne version of a city church actually work out? To answer the question, your reporter undertook to follow a typical Monday-through-Sunday stretch with Jack Meister and the church. "I don't think most people know what preachers do," he said. His normal workday, which he says is not unusual for his calling, begins at eight A.M. and ends after one o'clock the following morning.

At the church, the feature of weekday mornings is the kindergarten, for youngsters three and a half to six. Just before nine A.M., forty car-pool autos, coming from a ten-mile radius, line up at the school entrance. Drivers, mostly mothers, turn in written lists of all aboard, so that passengers may be tallied when they go home at 11:30. The school employs five paid teachers and fifteen volunteer mother-assistants. The weekly tuition is $3.50 except for hardship cases, which are free. Enrollment is 70 per cent from First Presbyterian families, and includes representatives from nearly every local church affiliation and racial stock, as well as the "unchurched."

By the time school's out at 11:30, Meister has attended to his private devotions, checked the attendance and condition of the staff, and dictated for two hours into a recording machine, cleaning up the day's correspondence. He then returns the morning's accumulation of phone calls, sees any casual visitors who may be waiting, and goes to lunch. The noon meal is always combined with

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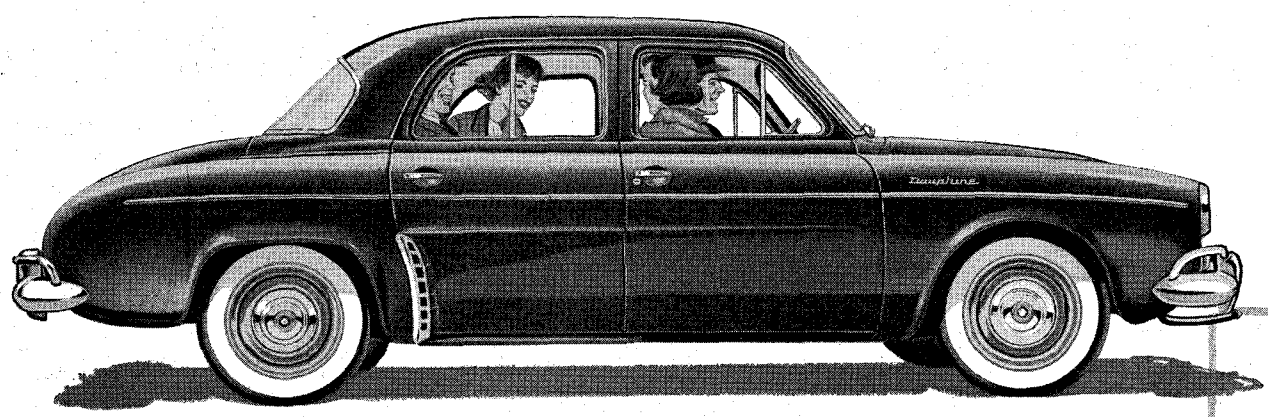

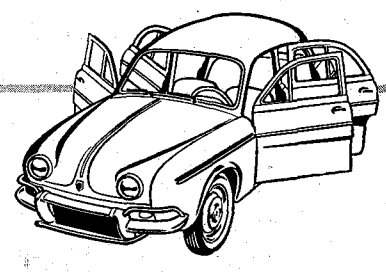

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something else—making a speech for a civic group, meeting with one of the seventeen boards, committees and councils of which the pastor is a member, or giving spiritual counsel to a troubled businessman.

Tuesday afternoons are set aside for staff meetings. Between 1:30 and 6:00 on that day, Meister reviews in detail the plans of each staff member. Between Tuesdays, except for emergencies, each staffer is on his own, with a precisely defined jurisdiction. The kindergarten, for instance, is in charge of Rev. Ray J. Walther, the minister of Christian education.

First Presbyterian is deeply in earnest about its kindergarten. "People make a do about delinquency in the teens," says Walther, "yet some of us are wondering if the teen age isn't almost too late for real correctives. If a disturbed child's emotional snarls, and the family conflicts which cause them, can be straightened out in the first half-dozen years of life, teenage delinquency never develops."

Helping to straighten out snarls makes up a good part of the work of the three counseling ministers—Meister; D. Richard Wolfe, the parish minister; and Walther. The case of mixed-up little five-year-old "Johnny," a poor sleeper, a bedwetter, a thrower of monumental tantrums and a deeply unhappy little guy, is illustrative. The kindergarten teacher saw he was having heavy going, and the parents came to the church to see what might be done. At home, it was learned, Johnny was unwanted and neglected. His mother was nineteen when she was married and only twenty when Johnny was born; she resented his coming so soon. His twenty-four-year-old father took no interest in him. Johnny's birth had been a difficult business with forceps, and no proper assessment of physical damage had ever been made.

The parents, when told what their attitudes were doing to Johnny, spoke soberly of change. Johnny's physical needs were referred to a specialist. At school he's learning that people can be friendly. With things looking up a little at home, hopes for Johnny's future are brighter.

"It's not just the kids in trouble who need attention," Meister says. "We're also concerned that those who are doing well keep it up." There's choir practice and Adventure Hour—after-school films and tales from religious literature—for children of all ages throughout the week.

On Monday and Wednesday afternoons junior and senior high-schoolers may be found in the youth lounge. On Wednesday evenings the Westminster high-school choir of forty-four rehearses. About eighty fourth- and fifth-graders meet on Thursdays for the Crusader choirs and Adventure Hour. Friday afternoon is for the littles—kindergarten, first, second and third grades and their Angelus and King David choirs. On Friday evenings the youth lounge is reserved for junior (7 o'clock to 9) and senior (9 to 11:30) high-schoolers. More than 500 have turned out for a Friday night. All this calls for a lot of staff work, so there's a youth-activities director, Mrs. Mary Rogers; an office manager, Mrs. Ruth Miller; a minister of music, Lloyd M. Pinkerton; and an organist, Jack Ruhl.

Meister has had occasion to note that children are not the only people who have times when they urgently need attention. A woman who had lost children, husband and parents to death within six months and was trying to drink herself to death, was found unconscious one day in the main church building. She was placed under medical care and encouraged to talk about her troubles. If and when she wants it, there's a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous in the church every Tuesday evening.

The case of the young couple designated by the pseudonym Smith—whose money woes were mentioned earlier—is another illustration of First Presbyterian's readiness to help people in extremes, whether church members or not. Doctor Wolfe counseled the couple. A lawyer member of the church surveyed, without charge, the extent of the financial wreckage and recommended bankruptcy. Another member lent Smith a car for job hunting. Now, rebudgeted, re-employed, going to church (their own idea), and straightened out with themselves and each other, the Sam Smiths appear to have an even chance to make the grade.

Adults who are in no particular trouble also have a place in the Fort Wayners' scheme—though "trouble" can have many definitions. "Who can say, who has ever been lonely," Meister asks, "that simple loneliness in a big town cannot be a fairly urgent kind of trouble?" So, there are the TNT's (Twenties 'n' Thirties), unmarried adults who meet for Sunday-evening supper and program, church membership not required. There are the Mohawks, married couples who get together for dinner and speaker on first Tuesdays, have two square dances, one picnic and a weekend outing each year, and turn out eighty couples for a December dinner. There are the Ambassadors, who call on new people, a Women's Association of 500 members, a Men's Council, and the "prayer cell" groups.

A prayer cell is defined by Meister as a group of two to twenty people who meet weekly for an hour of prayer, meditation and discussion. He is convinced that the remarkable spirit shown by the congregation during the five uphill years of financing and building was sustained by these cells, which were "founded" by William T. McKay, a businessman who recently retired to give full-time volunteer service to the church. Dale W. McMillen, Sr., who with eleven others donated the $500,000 that got the new program started, was interested in cell activity. One of Meister's first cells—there are now ten—abridged William Law's eighteenth-century devotional text, A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, and got the abridgment published. Meister drops in on cell meetings whenever he can. A "dawn-patrol" cell for doctors meets at seven A.M. on Wednesdays, a cell for mothers on Wednesday afternoons, and others through the week.

I attended a seven A.M. Friday-breakfast cell meeting for businessmen. This interdenominational group meets at a Y.M.C.A. on the other side of downtown

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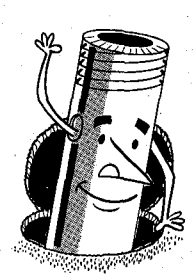

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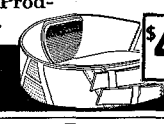

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from the church. Eleven men, ranging from the early thirties to retirement age, finished their cafeteria breakfast by 7:30, and opened the meeting in an upstairs room with a time of meditative silence. The discussion leader for the day—they take turns at this job—read the chapter on "Seemly Use of Time and Money," from the William Law abridgment. A brisk discussion, not always in agreement with the pious Law, followed. From there the talk wandered to other things. One man wanted to know whether universal kindness meant picking up hitchhikers. Once, he said, he'd picked up a pair who had turned abusive, frightening his family. Was obliging such people a requirement of kindness?

On weekday afternoons other than Tuesdays, Meister makes his sick calls, officiates at weddings and funerals, and confers with parishioners. The dinner hour is usually combined with a civic, club or parish meeting or a home visit. Evenings from 7:30 to ten are taken up with committee meetings and counseling. The pastor does his philosophical reading and makes preliminary notes for Sunday's sermon on weekdays from eleven P.M. to one A.M. On Saturdays he completes his sermon. Saturday night is family night for the Meisters.

Sunday, the minister's big day, starts for Meister at 7:30, when he begins checking to see that all is in order for the first service at 9:15—staff, ushers and baby sitters at their posts, altar flowers in place, scripture passages marked.

Sundays at First Presbyterian make the normally active anthill appear, by comparison, somewhat like a study in slow motion. Activity originates in concentric circles far afield and grows as it nears the tall steeple. One time somebody kept score for a three-week stretch, and tallied arrivals from seventy-one churches, twenty-one denominations and six states. The Sunday parking problem is happily solved by the propinquity of a large parking lot which, though jammed on weekdays, is clear for church use on Sundays.

By 9:15 the joint, as the teen-agers say, is jumping. Up to 1000 people are attending service in the main church. More than 700 of their children, in the care of 120 Sunday-school teachers and ten volunteer officers, are distributed among four crib rooms, four playrooms and thirteen classrooms. The adult choir is in full voice in the main church, accompanied by the doughty new $80,000 pipe organ. The boy-and-girl choirs are tuning up in the children's chapel, where another service is in progress. In one or another of the two lounges, two meeting halls and ten offices, the TNT's, the Covenanters (adult study group) and the Calvin Fellowship (adults of retirement age) are meeting. One of the two kitchens is aromatic with preparations for the coffee hour. This precedes the eleven o'clock service, at which Meister delivers the second of his five Sunday addresses. He speaks before a New Members class at 3:30, and adult seminar in the evening, and gives a radio talk at 10:15. That rounds out the pastor's week. As the schedules of big-church clergymen go, Meister says, his is not exceptionally strenuous.

Meister gives much of the credit for First Presbyterian's growth to the Ambassadors, the greeting organization. The church began last year with 2084 members. During the year three were dropped, twenty-one died, ninety-nine moved away. There was a gain of 223 by transfer. Other recruits brought new members up to 345 for the year, for a net gain of 222.

The Ambassadors don't leave recruiting to chance. Every name appearing on the guest register, every parent of a newly enrolled Sunday-school child, is followed up. Directed by a wholesale paint-and-wallpaper man named Frank Blosser and his energetic wife, 112 church members mobilized into fifty-six calling units undertake to make five calls a year. If nobody is home, a card is left. There's a telephone follow-up, in which the Ambassador tries to find out what the newcomer is interested in, and match it with one of the congregation's manifold activities. Within a short time after they've signed the register, each newcomer receives an invitation to meet other new arrivals at a church member's home.

But even without the Ambassadors, people come. I asked a random sample of newcomers, "Why?"

A young woman who came to Fort Wayne from Ohio to take a secretarial job was taken by a friend to a TNT meeting. "I felt very welcome and at ease on every occasion," she reports, and left her former denomination to become a First Presbyterian. A newlywed twenty-eight-year-old physician came to town not long ago from military service in Japan. He and his wife found friends who were attending the church, accepted their invitation to come and see, and found it "a friendly place." A life-insurance actuary, twenty-eight, single, from Erie, Pennsylvania, hit town in 1955 and tried the church on his own, just out of curiosity. He "liked the greeter at the door, the choir, the minister," joined the TNT's and added his voice to the Chancel Choir.

Sometimes a problem, even a tragedy brings strangers to the church door. A thirty-year-old salesman and his wife, just moved to town from Indianapolis, came despairing, looking for a philosophy that would sustain them in their efforts to care for their Mongoloid child. They talked it all out, one afternoon, in Jack Meister's study. The family was soon participating in services, family nights and Sunday school.

A thirty-eight-year-old Swiss watchmaker arrived in Fort Wayne with his wife and three children in 1950, and in 1955 sought advice on educating children in a new country. Now, with the kids in kindergarten and Sunday school, mother and father in the Mohawks and prayer cells, everybody's happy. "This church," the father confided to me, "made us feel at home in the United States."

Meister's version of an all-city church appealed strongly to the family of a thirty-nine-year-old warehouse manager. They "had no particular problem except being new in town." A caller invited them to church three months ago and now, with their two children, they're in the thick of things.

A Negro family wondered if they'd be welcome in the church, their children in the daily and Sunday schools. They tried it and found that they were. A sixty-year-old accountant and his wife, newly arrived from Lafayette, Indiana, became curious about how the church program would work out for older people. With the Calvin Fellowship, it worked out fine.

The six remaining downtown Fort Wayne parish churches—a cathedral, with its special functions, not being counted—admit ungrudgingly that First Presbyterian's daring lead perked up the whole religious community. All have redecorated, all have expanded their programs since the Old First took its plunge. There's now an effective antidote to big-town loneliness and newcomer's frostbite. There's a place in town where all you have to do is leave your name, and you're in the swim. Apparently Protestants are beginning to be aware of something the Catholics seem to have known all along—that there's work to be done downtown.

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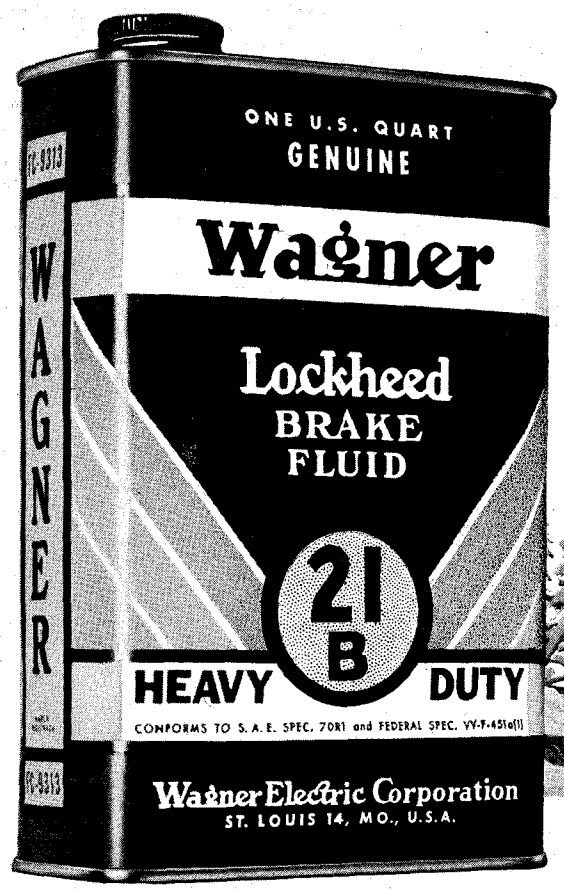

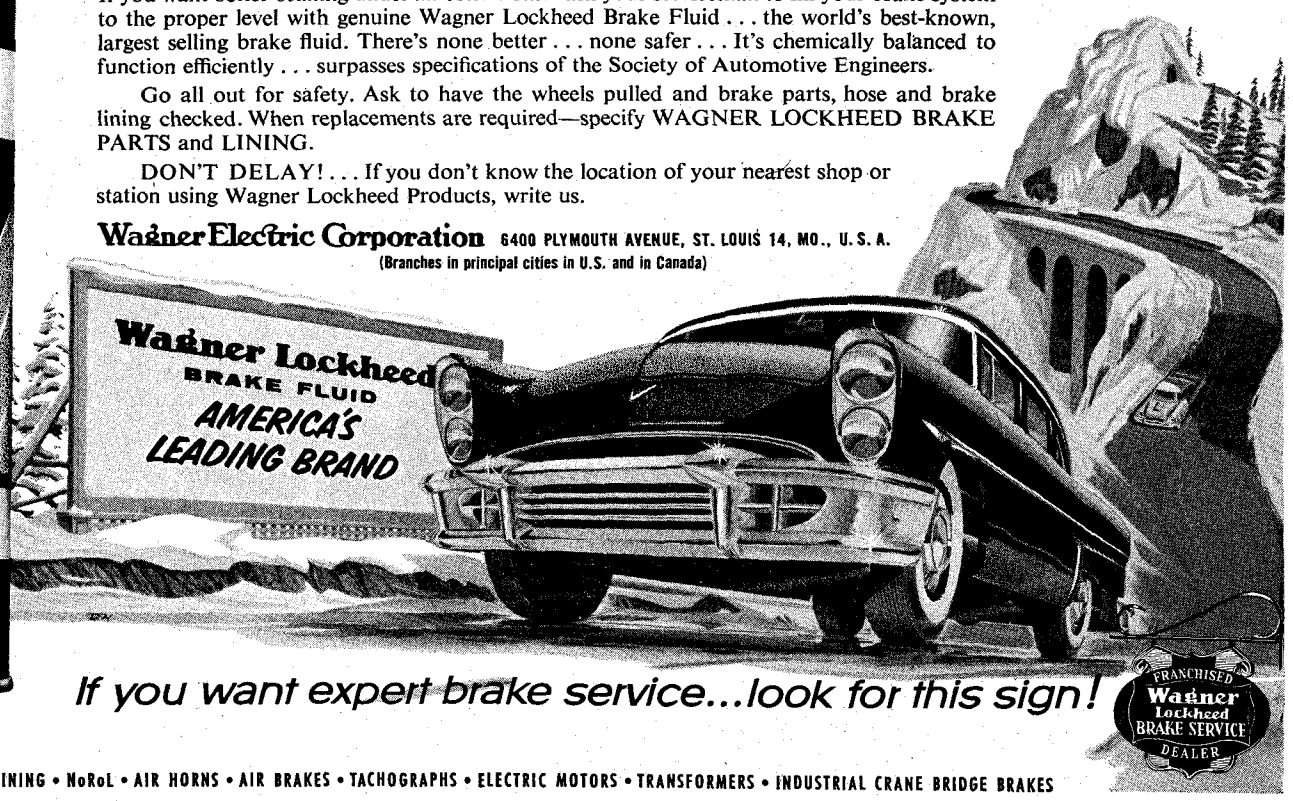

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Soldier's Boy (Continued from Page 33)

Edith's mind had done, for they did not know exactly. When their only son, Edward, died in the Pacific war—when Stan Brisk was with the division in Normandy—she had in some nebulous way been unable to accept the reality of any of it. So she had sought the shadows. She had slipped slowly backward in time until she found a place where she could live. All of her girlhood was there intact, Stan's courtship was there and their early marriage. Their boy, Edward, was there as a baby and as a youngster up to his twelfth-birthday party at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, in 1933, but beyond Edward at twelve, Edith could not or would not go. She had blocked herself off, twenty-four years back in time, for a security she could not find in reality.

With the doctors, the general had searched carefully to find that mental block, knowing that if he did find it, he might win a long and running fight for a loyalty and a love, for Edith had never left him.

Stan Brisk pulled on his shorts, laced his highly polished shoes, stepped into his creased slacks and tied his tie. And as he did it he forced himself back to the memory of Edward's twelfth-birthday party at Fort Sam so long ago—as he always did before he went to see Edith. For that birthday party was at once the open threshold and the slammed door. Edward's vibrant light grin as he cut the cake with the twelve blown-out candles.

"You know what?" Edward had said. "I'm going to marry Susan Mallory here"—pointing the cake knife at Jingles' blond-haired little Susie—"and then I'm going to West Point!"—with Jingles' good, throaty laugh over the boy's words. "No horse, no wife, no mustache at the Academy, Eddie."

In the pause while young Edward considered that and then said, "Well, I'll go to West Point first; then I'll marry Susan when I graduate," Stan had looked obliquely at his wife, Edith, and seen the sudden stricture that had tortured her face. Always the Army had been a threat to Edith against the permanence of home that all women eternally fight for. A surgeon's daughter, the Army to Edith was a pad-footed procurer in the night that could always steal a man back to his guidoned mistress. Much later that night she had said it in helpless desperation, "Isn't it enough that one of my men is a soldier?"

The general put on his blouse, buttoned it for his last duty day. A magnificent compact figure of a small man, with strong horsy legs still, and an old horse cavalryman's tight waist in spite of forty years of service and a three-war flame of brag rags across his chest. Brigadier only, but shot with the luck of a fox doctor's assistant to have even that one star, for he had mustanged it up the hard way from a spit-and-vinegar under-age trooper in '17.

He went to the bureau drawer and took out all he had left of his son, Edward. Edward's West Point diploma, his Regular Army commission, a few boyhood odds and ends, and the Ulio telegram the general had received in a cellar in Aachen, regretting the death of First Lieutenant Edward Cameron Brisk. All wrapped finally long ago, but for Stan's hands alone, to take down to the apartment he had rented.

Stan had burned the letter about the girl in San Francisco. Thought he must burn it, for if he had been killed, too, and Edith had got it in his effects, she would never have understood, and it would have hurt her terribly not to. Stan didn't regret burning it, for that letter was Edward alone, thinking frantically on paper from the trauma of his final desperate attempt, before he shipped out, to make what he was fighting for tangible. His final effort to prove his immortality. Three days of a soldier's farewell, with the cloying echo of youthful ecstasy still upon him as he wrote his father on that long-gone night before his first Pacific island crush-on.

There had been a final paragraph. "You must understand, dad, that had it been possible to get a license in the time we had in San Francisco, we would have been married. As it stands now, I shall see the regimental chaplain as soon as possible and ask him to arrange a proxy service for us. When I have done that I shall write mother, give you the girl's name, and possibly she and mother can meet and live together somewhere until you and I come home. I am a little pressed for time. Full details in my next to you."

But there was no next. Edward had been too pressed for time. He had been dropped with a thigh wound on that first island crush-on and the plane he had been evacuated on flew into the sea somewhere south of Guam. No foot locker arrived six months later. No Quartermaster query about reburial. Edward went all of a piece—with only a Ulio telegram and a soldier's farewell. Good-by, good luck and bless you, Edward.

The general put on his cap and stepped out into the golden morning wash of Hawaiian sunshine with the packet of Edward's things under his arm. Stood for a moment watching his aide and Sergeant Gannon load this batch of his stuff into his sedan.

"Good morning, Gannon."

"'Morning, sir." The sergeant flipped the brown canvas cover off the sedan's star, folded it, looked full into the general's eyes with the privilege of his own seventeen years of service and thought hard and angrily inside: *you soft-spoken, self-made, beautiful old son, today's going to break your heart, but you'll never show it. Not my boy; not old Stan the Man.*

The general said, "John, you stay and keep packing," and Lieutenant Barraclough opened the car door. Stan got in. "Palolo, Gannon," and Gannon made that quick head jerk of his that meant "Got it and will."

Sergeant Gannon knew what that packet was that the general held under his two hands in his lap, knew where the general's thinking was, but after about twenty minutes, he had to ask, because of the way the time was going now, "Was it to be Palolo first, general, or after we take this load of things to the Surf Village apartment?"

Stan flicked up his watch. There was an hour left of the morning visiting time to see Edith. Then not until after two. If he saw her now for a few minutes, it would be a kindness to leave her with the thought that he would be back later in the afternoon.

"Palolo," he said, "first." For there is always plenty of time to move into civilian life.

Gannon tooled the general's car out of Kamehameha and skirted east toward Palolo. The sun was high and golden and there was the fine breath of the Trades in the high-domed air. A magnificent Oahu morning.

A two-tone car passed them fast, swinging wide, and a taxicab was coming toward them. Swinging back, they struck savagely with a staggering wrack of torn metal that threw them right and left away from each other in front of the general's sedan. The two-tone spun broadside on with all four of its doors flailing wide in the hail of its splintered glass. The taxicab plunged to cover on its crushed front end like a rifleman hitting dirt, rolled rear up, twisted, went over twice and ditched upside-down. Gannon's quick, wheel-twisting evasion took him between them with combat precision.

The general and he were both out and sprinting back fast. Stan Brisk's foot stubbed a woman's high-heeled shoe as he ran, sent it spinning to ricochet from the rear of the overturned cab. He went down into the ditch and saw her doubled and pinned inside by the displaced seat cushion. That door was wedged shut. The Japanese driver crawling out front was stupid with shock and fey with Oriental fury.

He clutched wildly for Stan's sleeve. "You did it! Your fault!"

Stan chopped his fist hard at the man's thumb base and scrambled to the other side; crawled into the wrecked cab on his belly. The woman was bleeding slightly at the mouth and nostrils.

She opened her eyes to his close-in face. "Where's Edward?"

Stan said, "Just let me horse this damned cushion sideways." Then he got his handkerchief out and wiped her mouth. "Can you move toward me a little bit?" and she said, "I can't feel my legs. They're so cold." Then her eyes became frantic. "Edward!"

Stan heaved at the cushion, tore it free, reached a hand to her skirt hem and pulled it down. Twisted grotesquely still, she collapsed toward him, conscious, but helplessly inert. He eased her down flat, half in and half out of the torn-off door, smoothed back her hair and let his palm rest on her forehead just as a hand clutched into his elbow from behind.

"Don't try to move her, please!"

Stan looked up. There was a twelve-year-old boy on his hands and knees beside him. "Mom," the boy said, "are you hurt?"

The woman said, "Edward," in deep relief and closed her eyes.

Stan said, "Your ear's cut, son. Here," and he gave the boy the handkerchief. Absently Edward pressed it to his ear; not bringing it down to see, but holding it there, still looking intently at his mother's face. His jacket shoulder had red earth ground into the cloth. His bronze hair was sanded with it. So were his scuffed knuckles. He reached gently for his mother's hand, wound his fingers around hers, then looked in quick desperation at the general—and away as fast, as if ashamed of his appeal to a stranger.

Gannon was above them then, straddling the ditch bank. "Ambulance on the way, general."

Stan Brisk moved back on his haunches, watching the boy. Straight back with well-sprung boy's shoulders. Narrow hips and red-bronze hair, with the head at an intense, competent angle in his concentration on his mother. And because Stan's deep thinking was still of his own red Edward in spite of surface reaction to the crash, that boy beside him was Edward—come back again briefly, from the gaunt years, as vividly as life.

"Knowing not to move her ——" Stan asked softly. "What scout troop, Edward?"

"Buffalo, sir. San Francisco." The boy was still bleeding.

Stan picked up the handkerchief again, folded it to a clean patch and dabbed it gently to the torn ear.

"Thanks," Edward said. . . . "Mom, how do you feel now?"

The young woman's lips moved imperceptibly, not to speak, but in the tracery of a faint smile to reassure him. It drained Stan to watch, pulled him hollow in the upper chest, for there was that gallant integrity in them both, that neither would break in a manner to inflict himself upon the other. There is always, in battalion aid stations, one soldier who does, but never the tens of broken others, for man is a superficial animal whose solid under-fiber only draws fine to godhood when the going is blackest.

Sawing on the spoiled morning, a siren cut its distant wound and sliced it toward them. Thin dust powdered over the upturned taxicab and the young, white-coated surgeon was down with them. Stan touched the boy's shoulder and Gannon's hand drew him up the ditch bank.

Sitting beside Stan in the staff car, following close behind the ambulance, Edward dusted his jacket shoulder absently with a self-respecting instinct. Dusted his knees, his scraped knuckles. His voice was intense. "They used a spinal-fracture frame."

"Yes," Stan nodded.

Edward said, "She spoke—and she smiled at me. God!" he breathed fervently, and it was a prayer in essence, not just the word.

Stan turned full sideways and said, "Edward, if you force it into worry now, before we get to the hospital and find out, you'll burn yourself inside, and the burning won't do anyone any good, will it?" and he smiled in kindness. He laid his hand palm up on the seat between them. "People feel better sometimes when they can touch other people. Are you too big a boy to have your hand held?" The general said, "You go ahead and cry, Edward. Blow it out full." He put his arm firmly around the boy, drew him close.

Then, from a few remembered H-hours—close-in minus—in his own time, Stan threw it deliberately to the boy to draw his thinking from his mother. (*Continued on Page 125*)

. . . . . .

Hills of My Youth

By Harvena Richter

I stroke the backs of bare
November hills,
Beasts of my youth, now
shaggy grown, and tame.
I know you all by feature
and by name,
And call again the ragged
syllables
Of Birch and Panther Hills,
the Gravel Bank,
Of Guildon Hill and
Muskatawny Ridge,
And Round Top high above
the covered bridge—
All humped now, touched
with frost along the flank.
I climbed upon your backs
when I was young,
And rode the sky, and saw
the fields below
Fall back in waves of
summer green and snow,
And felt the sky flow cool
against my tongue.
My beasts lie tawny in the
autumn glow,
But wilder mountains wait
me where I go.

. . . . . .

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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(*Continued from Page 123*) "Ever had a tetanus shot, Edward? They sting like perditious fury. Lord, how they sting!"

"My ear, you mean?" Edward wiped his nose, his eyes.

"That's it," Stan nodded. "You pounded dirt into it."

"I guess I did." The boy smiled ruefully. "I went out of the cab like a bat. Shot out with it following me. I could see it upside down between my knees, coming after me like fury, but Mr. Fisher taught us to roll."

"How would that be?"

"You just hit loose and rolling," Edward said. "Don't try to scrabble yourself to a quick stop. It's a paratroop deal."

"Is that so?"

"He jumped in Normandy."

"Mr. Fisher did?"

"Yes, sir. He has only one arm. He's our scoutmaster."

Then the car stopped under the hospital portico. Stan looked at the boy and they got out.

Time in a hospital is suspended antiseptically in scrubbed glass. It moves infinitesimally to the pad of rubber soles on clean linoleum and it fights for you or against you with an inquisitional impersonality.

"Arm sting from the needle, Edward?"

"They must know something by now, sir. Why don't they tell me?" Not "us." "Me"—assuming the full responsibility.

Then they came in. The general looked at the doctor's eyes. Dismissed the doctor's gesture, put his hand on Edward's shoulder, more to control himself.

The doctor nodded absently. "We did everything we could."

Stan wanted to shout, *Don't. Just say it fast, and have done*, but you never can. You have to take it as dealt. "There was a compression fracture of the ninth dorsal vertebra"—the doctor pressed his fingers into his back, turning slightly for them to see—"with hemorrhage that affected the phrenic nerves. The diaphragm. She died in surgery."

Stan squatted quickly down beside Edward. He looked into the boy's stricken face. "Roll, Edward," he said softly, and he put a gentle hand to the boy's arm.

Edward stared at him with his eyes focused far beyond, not really seeing Stan's face. "Can I see her?"

"No, Edward. You don't want to ask to really, do you, not just now?"

"But what shall I do?"

"You'll know, Edward, in a little while."

"I can't leave her here all alone."

"Edward ——"

"She smiled up at me." The boy's voice pitched up slightly. He bit on it. "She smiled!" he almost shouted.

The doctor cleared his throat. "Perhaps the boy's father ——"

"My father died in the war! Before I was born." And then, for permanence and pride in the depths of his sudden aloneness in the world, "He was a West Pointer!"

For a moment Stan Brisk couldn't believe he had heard the two last words; then he realized it had almost been as if he had been waiting for them, braced physically for it, for now he felt himself begin to let go. From the moment that boy had put a fierce hand to his elbow at the car, from the moment Stan had first looked into his worried, clenched face, the fiber of the general's whole being had gone out instinctively to him with the esoteric tribal impulse of like for like.

Coincidence—sheer chance on his final Palolo decision to Gannon had put them on that road at that precise time, and yet the pieces had fallen into exact pattern. The boy's first name, his age, his coloring, San Francisco, and "He was a West Pointer!" In that moment the skein of blood instinct pulled taut upon Stan's heart—*He's my grandson*—and a fierce protective surge caught at his own breathing like the sobs that racked the boy.

"Edward," he said, "you take my hand again. We're going to get out of here for a little while to think."

In the staff car, Gannon had the sense not to ask where. He just drove, but, in driving, he had the instinct to go backcountry, away from people. Stan sat in his corner, letting it run slowly out with Edward in his corner, with his scuffed hands clasped tightly, the dreadful parched sobs racking his small body.

After a while the general said, "Was there any family besides you and your mother? I mean aunts or uncles or grandmothers"—then he forced himself fiercely—"or grandfathers?"

Edward turned slowly and looked at Stan. "No, sir," he said. "Not now. There were once, I guess, but I don't remember them. My mother's family. She and I never knew my father's family. He was killed before I was born. You see, my—my mother always said you had to do things for yourself, without depending on other people. She—she was a secretary in the San Francisco offices of the Moore-Maddox Line. Before that, she went to school at Berkeley. We—we came into Honolulu just this morning on the Luther Moore, for a holiday after her operation." He pressed both hands tightly to his face in his anguish and turned quickly away.

In that moment, Stan could not touch the boy, for he could not trust himself. It was as if he had been suddenly appalled by a spontaneous solution to a hard-fought problem that would not respond to logic. Twice he cleared his throat before the words came.

"If your mother was all the family you had, Edward, then you and I are in the same lonesome boat. For I don't have anyone left either."

The boy turned slowly and looked at Stan, his small face a bleak mask of grief. Then he reached for the general's hand and in one continuing movement pressed himself against the older man and sobbing into Stan's sleeve, said, "It isn't very good, is it? To have nobody?"

Stan's arm was around him fiercely. *Nobody—nothing will take this one*, and because he was worth his star, his mind began to sort the details. *What difference does it make whether they were married, if I give him protection? We're a long way from San Francisco and I have friends. Fight for time first. If I try to make it a legal adoption too soon, the authorities will point up my age and life expectancy, and they'll question Edith's mental condition and her being at Palolo. But if I drift with it—if I roll—I can make it an accomplished fact first, and deal with the law from there on. So we'll get to Surf Village fast and organize the first defensive position there. We'll hold at Surf Village, and start fighting for our time.*

"Surf Village!" he said, and Gannon looked around quickly at the sound of the general's voice, for he hadn't heard it with that cold ring in it since Korea.

The general sent Gannon and the boy to the beach. "Swim him, Gannon. Tire him, to sleep tonight."

Stan went over to the telephone and sat down. There was this now to arrange, and he had never done it civilian-wise in his life. He thumbed the yellow pages, picked Nuuanu Memorial Park, reached for the telephone just as it rang.

"Barraclough, sir. About Mrs. Brisk. You haven't been to Palolo?"

"Not yet. What about Mrs. Brisk?"

"She's—left the sanitarium, sir. They can't find her."

"What the hell do you mean, they can't find her?"

"Just that, sir. They called your quarters and I came right into town. I thought maybe you'd taken her for a ride—to Surf Village again. They're searching, sir, of course. Shall I come over to the apartment or go out to Palolo?"

"Neither one. With this now, John; I've got work for you. Write it down, John. One, at the Moanalua Cottage Hospital ——" And he told Lieutenant Barraclough what he wanted done. "Nuuana Park's number is five—three-nine-oh-seven. Two, then find out where the Luther Moore is berthed, tell the captain and the line officials what has happened, and that General Brisk is handling all the details—taking care of the boy. Bring all the baggage and things here to the apartment." He could hear young Barraclough draw in breath to ask a question. "That's all, John! No time for questions. Get on with it," and he hung up.

He started to dial the rest home at Palolo, stopped on the third digit and stood up, because he saw his wife through the window and for just a moment, with the distance, she might have been the old Edith. She was dressed for a walk and there was no furtiveness in her manner. In the whole line of her figure there was competence and quiet purpose.

He went up the path slowly as she turned in, and the old warmth of loyalty and love was on him full. "Why, Stanton," she said, "how nice of you to come and meet me."

"Hello, Edith," and he held out his hand to hers.

She said, "It was quite a long walk; I'm rather tired."

"Come in, Edith," and he took her arm, led her down the path into the living room. Sat her down. For a moment he searched her eyes for the vagueness of the years past, but it wasn't there quite as it had been. After a moment, he said in studied casualness, "What does Doctor Fairbrother say about your health? Will you be—stronger soon?"

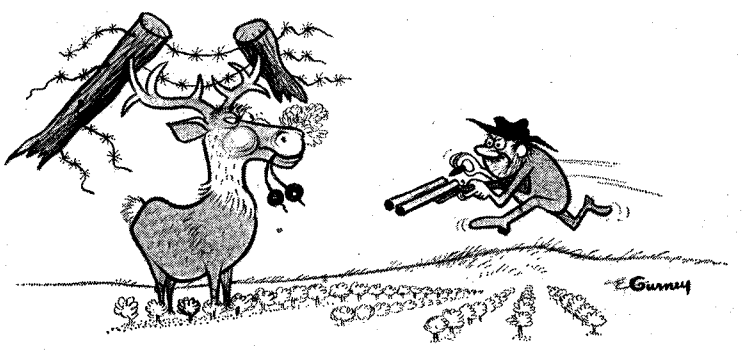
She smiled. "Oh, he still asks me all sorts of questions about you and Edward, but I really don't know what it is he wants to find out. After all, Edward is twelve years old; he's growing up."

"That's right"—the general nodded—"it won't be long now before he's his own man. Edith, let me get you a cup of tea." For he knew he had to get to Gannon, to keep the boy away now until Palolo could be notified. A dreadful fear was on him for the things he didn't know—the nebulous, delicate slippings of the mind. He stood up, watching his wife narrowly, lest she glance through the open doorway and see the boy on the beach. Then he moved so she couldn't, but that movement, he knew, was to protect the boy from Edith's stopped memory, not Edith from him. The last thing Edward could stand now was a mother gesture, for it was coming sundown, when all wounds hurt the most.

A car stopped in the road at the head of the path, and through the window he saw Doctor Fairbrother walking casually down toward the door.

"Well, well," he said. "Here's Doctor Fairbrother now," and his voice squeaked with his relief from tension.

The doctor came in. "Hello, Mrs. Brisk. . . . How are you, sir?" and he



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Time and again, elk plowed through rancher Jake's fences and ruined his pasture. The Game Commission said it could do nothing. So Jake shot several elk. It happened to be out of season for elk hunting, and Jake was promptly tried for this game-law violation.

"How much longer was I to stand by and watch those elk wreck my fences and gobble up my pasture?" Jake argued. "Surely I have a right to protect my property without being jailed for doing so."

"The law that makes it illegal to shoot elk out of season doesn't exempt property owners," the prosecutor replied. "Apparently the legislature felt it was important to protect the elk for all of the people, even if it cost a few landowners a little property loss."

If you were the judge, would you jail Jake?

• •

Jake went free. The court ruled: "If one may kill a human being or attack him in defense of one's property, it would be unreasonable to hold that defense of property does not justify the killing of wild beasts of the field and forest." It added that a law which denies one's right to protect his property by the reasonable use of force "is unconstitutional and inoperative."

Based upon a 1940 Montana decision.

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stood for a moment rubbing his hands together. "Did you have a nice walk?" he asked Edith.

"Very pleasant," Edith said. "I've always loved walking. Perhaps I went a little too far today, but I had something to tell the captain." She made a slight gesture of confusion and looked at the general.

"What did you have to tell him?"

"It's utterly ridiculous," Edith said, "but I can't seem to remember it quite. Something about Edward. It's right there, on the tip of my tongue ——"

Stan heard them come in the outside kitchen door, but before he could get across to stop them, Gannon pushed the inner door open with Edward at his heels and Gannon blurted, "General, this little redheaded file can really swim!"

There was a startled look on Doctor Fairbrother's face as Edith leaned slowly toward the boy and said, "Edward ——"

Gannon froze into his seventeen years of service. The general moved toward Edith, but she raised her hand to stop him.

Edward looked at her in surprise that she knew his name. "Yes, ma'am?"

"Edward," Edith said, "if you really want to go to West Point, when the time comes, I shall not stand in your way," and then she stopped, a hand halfway to her mouth, a stricken expression fighting for her eyes.

Edward looked at the general in quick-puzzled question, at Doctor Fairbrother, then at Edith again. "But I don't," he said. "Least, I never thought of it very much. What I'd like to do is be a doctor." He moved toward the general. "You see, Mr. Fisher was a doctor, sir—almost—before he lost his arm in Normandy."

As the boy said that, Edith stood up slowly, and the suggestion of the stricken look was completely gone. Stan moved toward her and put his arm about her. Her hand touched his shoulder and withdrew sharply.

"Stanton," she said, "you've been made a general! Why didn't you tell me?"

Over her shoulder, Stan saw the doctor's face and the high triumph in the doctor's eyes. "I should like to lie down, I think," Edith said, and when Stan carried her in and covered her, she fell asleep at once.

Fairbrother's fingers bit into Stan's arm sharply with his own exultation. "The boy was only momentarily a substitution—an image. When she recognized your rank, she came all the way back and accepted reality! Who is the boy? Will he stay with you? Be a tangible challenge for her care? Someone she can stay real for?"

The shower was running full, off the other bedroom, and they heard Gannon's voice, muted, "Come on, Eddie boy, shake the lead. Towel down now and get your clothes on."

Then John Barraclough's jeep drew in at the end of the path and the lieutenant got out slowly and stood for a moment before he came down, for he was a smart boy, and he wanted to case the joint before he moved in. Stanton Brisk went out to meet him.

"I'm terribly sorry, sir, about Mrs. Brisk."

"How's that, John?"

"I've arranged everything, sir. The service will be at two o'clock Wednesday at Nuuana, and I have all their things from the ship."

"Good man," the general said. "But Mrs. Brisk is here. She walked here from Palolo. She's all right."

"I meant young Mrs. Brisk, general," the aide said solemnly. "You didn't give me the name ——"

"You meant ——" Stan caught himself before he blurted "Who?" Instead he said, "Yes, John. Thank you. We'll unload the jeep later."

Lieutenant Barraclough held out the Manila envelope. "This was in the ship's safe, sir. I receipted with the Luther Moore's captain in your name."

The general took the envelope and saw his name written on it: "To be delivered to Brigadier General Stanton Brisk, U.S.A., in the event of my death. Martha Powell Brisk."

With his key knife, he slit the envelope. John Barraclough was a very smart boy. He saluted and went back to the jeep until he was wanted again.

The general drew out the papers. The regimental chaplain's certificate of marriage by proxy. Edward's letter to his wife, telling her to get in touch with his mother. Edith's pitiful, confused, outraged letter: "My son Edward can't possibly be married to you—because he is only twelve years old!" And the dead girl's letter to Stan after her operation: "—— but with time running out, it now becomes necessary ——"

Stan knew it was Doctor Fairbrother's face in the doorway, but his eyes couldn't quite bring it into focus. "The boy is my grandson, doctor. He will stay with us, come wild horses, hell or high water." Then he raised his voice, "Edward!"

The boy came out to him as the doctor stepped aside. "Edward"—the general spread his hands—"we missed lunch. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, come on then," the general grinned. "Let's go eat!" THE END

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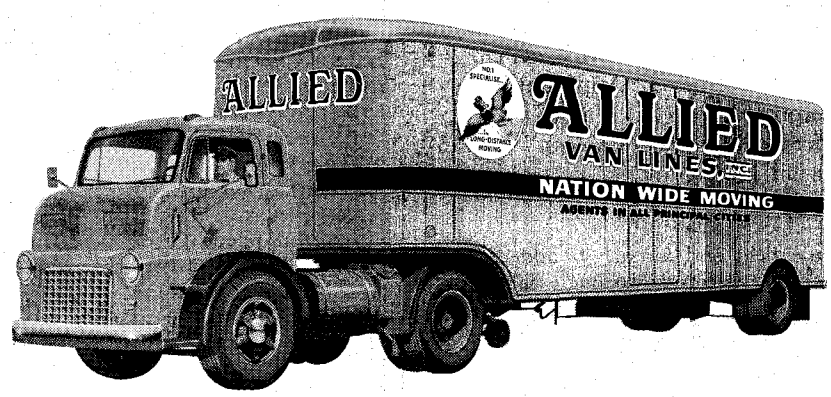

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So You Think You Have Moving Problems

(Continued from Page 49)

built-in sadly quizzical expression, as if he were perpetually worrying about how to get a seventeen-foot-high shipment through a fifteen-foot-high tunnel. "I have a real personal feeling about turbines," Larry said. "They get me the way fire engines get some people."

Korn and Osterlitz plan their moves painstakingly. They have the feeling that if instructions are carried out a shipment should reach its destination safely and reasonably on schedule. Still, because of "human failures" along the route, they admitted, accidents do happen.

"Take the time we were shipping several large generator exhaust hoods to Emory Gap, Tennessee," Larry recalled. "Everything was nice and easy except for a mile-and-a-half-long mountain tunnel just before reaching Emory Gap. The train was supposed to detour around the mountain.

"On the final shipment, some genius either overlooked or decided to ignore the instructions and go through the tunnel. The car carrying an exhaust hood got through the entrance all right, but then the tunnel narrowed down. The rest of the passage was just one grand crunch! When they came out into daylight the hood was a piece of junk and the floor of the flatcar was crusted with stone chips from the tunnel! The railroad had to pay off the full price, sixty-six thousand dollars."

> Experience may be the best teacher, but she is often late for school.
>
> ARTHUR VON STEIN

Whenever any large piece of equipment is moved by railroad, it is Larry Osterlitz's job to check the exact dimensions and tonnage against "every inch of rail over which it will travel." The railroad also issues elaborate instructions for all hands. Speed is strictly curbed—rarely more than twenty-five miles per hour on straightaways and often as slow as five or ten miles per hour on curves. Roundabout routes are ordered to avoid close-fitting tunnels and bridges.

Excessive speed is the worst grief maker. "If these big stators ever get to vibrating," Korn said, "the whole thing is liable to tip over."

In the course of shipping out some sixty-eight turbines per year—amounting to about 1360 carloads of parts—the traffic unit exercises numerous odd feats of logistical legerdemain. Said Korn, "We have moved tracks up, down and sideways. We have blasted rock cuts, enlarged tunnels, strengthened trestles, moved water-tower spouts and taken down canopies on station platforms."

"We've knocked 'em down too!" Osterlitz added. "Once, on the Pennsy, one of our extra-wide babies knocked the gutters clean off of a station. The stationmaster was madder than hell."

The process of figuring out just how these outsized items can be delivered usually is stretched out over a period of eighteen months to two years, while the generator is being manufactured. The Boston Edison order set something of a record in that planning actually started in 1953—four years and five days before I arrived in Schenectady.

When I got my first look at Boston Eddie—a leviathanlike contraption with unyielding, knobby protuberances—I realized why it would be a troublesome object to move. It was thirteen feet three inches high, twelve feet eight inches wide, and twenty-seven feet two inches long.

"It's that width that gives us trouble," Korn said. "For this Boston shipment, we can get it by rail as far as Jersey City. But then we're stymied. The old New England roadbeds are just too narrow for Old Wide Belly here."

After Korn had received specifications of the Boston contract, he and Osterlitz began puzzling out how they could get the stator from Jersey City to Everett. They realized that it was going to be necessary to shift from rail to barge at Jersey City. The next stage would have to be a long, slow water lift to Boston, via the East River, Long Island Sound and the Cape Cod Canal.

"Even then," said Korn, "we weren't certain where we could unload the thing from the barge or how we would get it to the door of the plant."

So Rudi and Larry made several scouting trips to Boston. They took along their old friend, Capt. Peter (Pete) Mikkelsen, general superintendent of Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corporation's derrick division, which had the water-lift contract. Captain Pete, a husky, foghorn-voiced Dane, is a living legend in the floating-derrick business; he has done everything from donning a diving suit and wrestling with sharks on the ocean floor to directing the raising of sunken freighters.

"We started searching for a dock we could use," Korn related. "We examined several. One was so rickety that Pete said, 'Let's get off this damn thing before it falls down!'

"Finally, we found the dock we were looking for on the Monsanto Chemical Company's property at Everett. The only problems were that, first, we would have to get Monsanto's permission; second, the stator would have to be swung over a couple of pipelines carrying molten sulphur and sulphuric acid; and, third, when we got it ashore, it still would be a mile and a half away from the power station, with a busy highway to cross and an elevated-train line to go under."

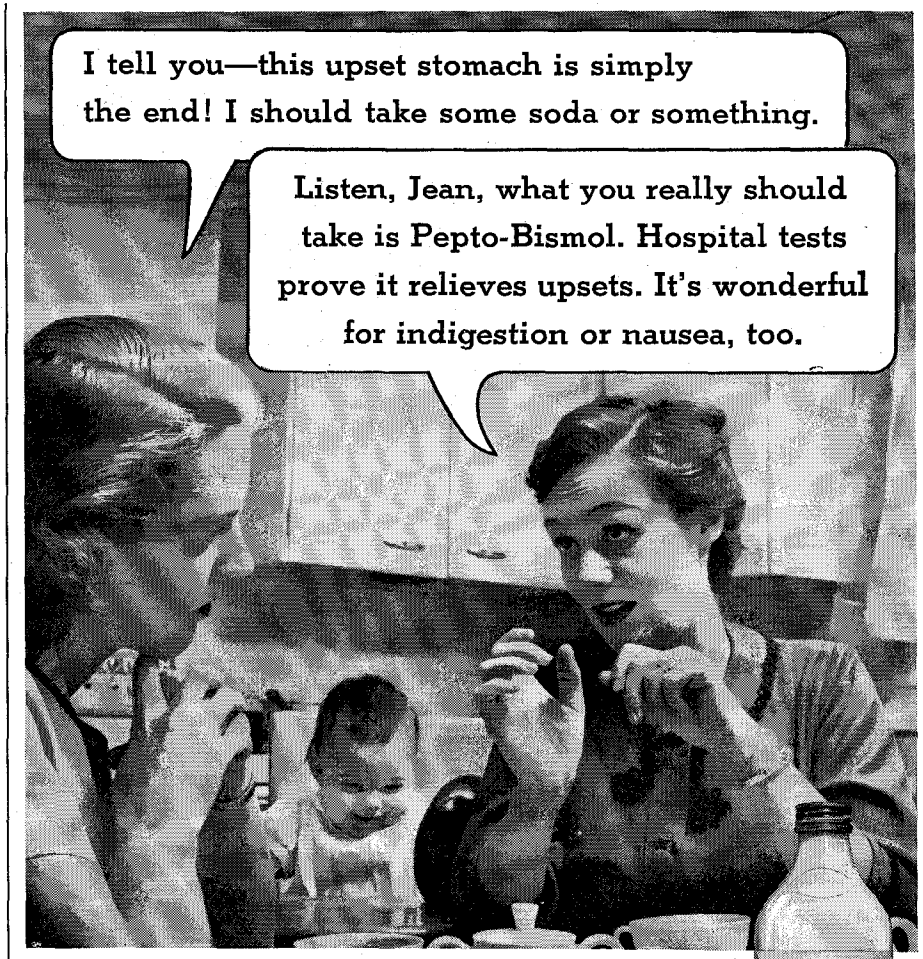
Negotiations began for use of the Monsanto dock. "The chemical company displayed what you might call industrial *noblesse oblige*," Korn related, "by granting us permission and requiring only that we pay for any possible damages. We then walked over every foot between the dock and the power station. The railroad spur from the dock to the Boston Edison plant simply wouldn't carry the weight. It would have cost us forty thousand dollars to strengthen the track. The stator would have to be hauled that last mile and a half by tractor-trailer."

I arrived in Schenectady on a Thursday. The shipment was due to go out on Saturday. On Friday I was notified that, because of testing delays, Boston Eddie would not leave until Sunday.

On Saturday afternoon I was in my hotel room when Korn came up. Ordinarily a meticulous dresser, he was wearing soiled work clothes. He sank into a chair and wearily said, "We have a problem."

It seemed that weeks in advance Korn had ordered a certain 500,000-pound-capacity flatcar—Delaware & Hudson 16154, known as No. 54—for the Boston job. A week earlier, he had been told that No. 54 was in Schenectady, ready for the move. On Saturday afternoon Korn was working in his garden when an assistant telephoned him. The railroad had "lost" the car.

For two and a half hours, Rudi and several assistants summoned from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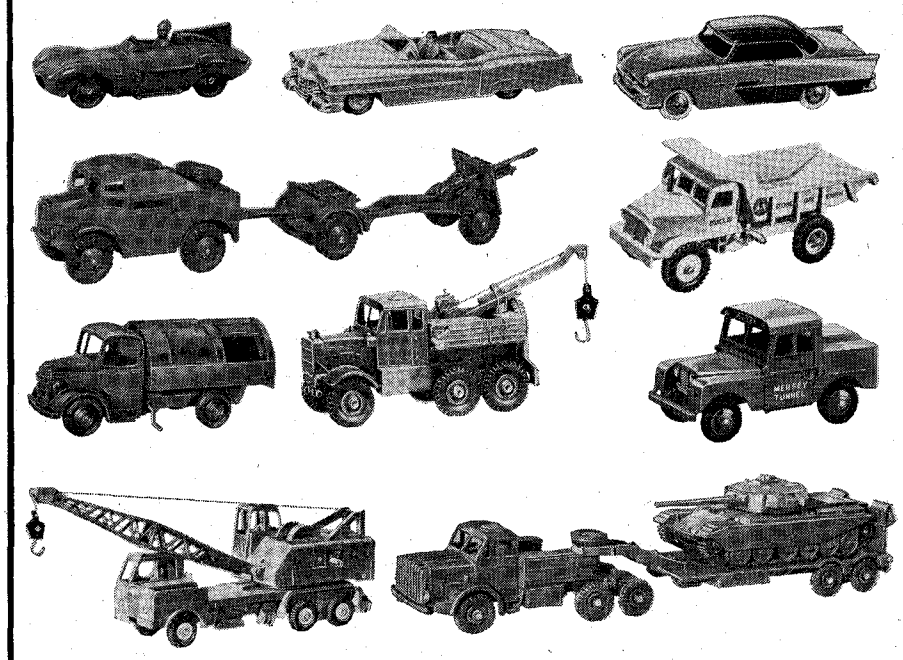

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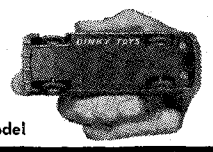

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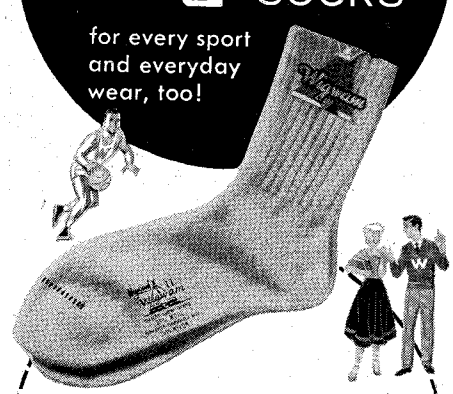

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gardens and golf courses, burned up the long-distance wires trying to locate No. 54 or line up a substitute. Finally, they established that the "flat" had been sent to a nearby naval depot as an Armed Forces Day exhibit. No one knew where it had gone from there.

While Korn was relating the tale of the lost flat, the phone rang. It was the assistant again. "I've just found her!" he said. It seemed that, although No. 54 carried large signs, reading: WHEN EMPTY RETURN TO SCHENECTADY, N. Y., somehow it had been shunted from the naval depot to the Boston & Maine yard at Mechanicville, some fourteen miles away. Korn called off the search, gently put down the phone and told me he thought he'd take a Scotch and water.

On Sunday around ten P.M., I went to the plant to watch the beginning of Big Eddie's move. It was raining heavily. Rudi Korn drove up just as I arrived.

Many men were working on and around the test stand where the stator was being readied for the big lift. The erstwhile missing No. 54 was standing docilely inside the shop. On another flatcar was a 21,000-pound wooden skid, or cradle—large enough to serve as a children's wading pool—in which Boston Eddie would repose when it went to sea.

At 1:45 A.M. the 200-ton overhead crane lifted a room-sized piece of testing equipment and wafted it away. By 2:30 A.M. nothing more had happened, and Korn had given up predicting when the stator might move.

By 3:30 everything was ready. Photographers got into position. Then someone remembered that this was the hour when the crane operator had lunch. All hands watched to see what he was going to do. The crane was moving, but no one knew whether it was going to park or lift. The operator stopped the monster near a ladder, leisurely climbed down, took refreshments, then climbed back up again. Another thirty minutes had elapsed.

At 4:13 A.M. the crane picked up its three-inch steel cables. At 4:25 it started moving. The slings were looped over massive trunions on the ends of the stator. At 4:30 Boston Eddie finally was lifted a fraction of an inch. Slowly it was hoisted higher. It hung stationary in the air for a few seconds, awesome in its boxcar-sized bulk. Then the crane hustled it swiftly toward the flatcar.

There were other details—a test fit of the stator in the skid, last-minute inspections and a final spraying of red-lead paint on its underbelly. At last, at 5:28 A.M. Boston Eddie was eased onto No. 54.

I next saw Boston Eddie a week later, on Monday morning on Marine Pier No. 1, in Jersey City. It was still on the flatcar. It had not left Schenectady until 4:10 P.M., Tuesday, and did not reach Jersey City until Sunday afternoon. A break in No. 54's coupling system had caused a day's delay en route.

On the pier at eight A.M. were Larry Osterlitz, Captain Mikkelsen and Merritt-Chapman & Scott's derrick-division manager, Charles F. Woods. In the background, the Monarch, a floating derrick with a ninety-eight-foot boom, loomed over the tops of the smaller vessels. She is an old lady, having been constructed in 1896 and rebuilt in 1927. Despite her age, the Monarch is the only vessel of her type in the East with a lifting capacity of 250 tons.

While the Monarch would undertake the heavy hoisting, the stator itself was to be carried aboard another floating derrick, the Catskill. The two derricks were to be towed by a pair of leased tugs, the A. J. and the Dorothy McAllister.

All day the crews worked steadily preparing the two derricks for the lift. By four P.M. the Monarch had her wires on Boston Eddie. Just before the big lift started, I became curious about a bareheaded man in a green corduroy coat who had been standing around all day with an official-looking paper in his hand. I inquired who he was.

"Oh, him!" Captain Pete explained. "He's the checker for the railroad. As soon as we lift this thing off the flatcar, he'll ask us to sign that piece of paper, saying: 'Received—One stator.'"

At 4:14 P.M. the actual lift began. As the Monarch's great boom suspended Boston Eddie above the flatcar, the deck of the derrick tilted thirty degrees to port. Captain Pete strolled nonchalantly under the monster cylinder, confident that his rig would not let it fall.

Quickly, the stator was transferred to the cradle on the Catskill. The man in the green corduroy coat promptly went to Captain Pete holding out the receipt to be signed.

The crews worked until midnight Monday, bracing the load with steel beams that actually were being welded to the deck.

"Before we go to sea," Woods said, "we must make that stator and skid an absolute, immovable part of the Catskill's deck. The slightest shift might bring disaster." This work continued next day from eight A.M. until eleven P.M. At 11:58 on Tuesday night, the Boston Eddie convoy sailed for Boston.

It was estimated that the run would take from two and a half to three days. I scheduled my arrival in Boston for Wednesday afternoon and the first thing I learned on arriving was that I needn't have hurried. The derricks were fogbound somewhere in Buzzards Bay.

On Thursday morning, Joseph Y. Strohman, the G-E representative who had handled the details of the Boston Edison contract, greeted me with bad news. The tug Dorothy McAllister had developed radar trouble on the far side of the Cape Cod Canal. "It's too dangerous to plow blindly through those waters with a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar cargo," he said.

We went to the dock, where two Monsanto engineers pointed out the pipes over which the stator would have to be swung. "One is for sulphuric acid," said one of them. "The other carries sulphur in a molten state at two hundred and sixty degrees. We will shut off the flow during the actual lift, but we're praying nothing happens to the pipes."

Captain Pete was on the dock, checking arrangements with the boss rigger for the Sherman Transfer Company, which had the trucking job. The moving equipment—an eight-wheel tractor, or "horse"; a sixteen-wheel "lowboy" trailer and a sixteen-wheel dolly—was standing by. The dock had been reinforced with planking and three-quarter-inch steel plates.

The fog lifted, so Strohman decided we would drive to Plymouth, hire a launch and go out and look for the derricks. But every boat owner in Plymouth, it seemed, was getting his craft ready to charter to sight-seers for the arrival of the Mayflower II. Finally, we located an available fishing craft and were just about to sail when another boat pulled up and her skipper inquired where we were going.

"Oh, them barges," he said. "I was just down to the canal. They've turned around and are headed back to New York!"

Strohman leaped out of the boat, ran to a telephone and called the Coast Guard. Our informant had been wrong. The derricks were not headed back for New York. However, the Monarch, which had gone through the Cape Cod Canal, now was tied up at the Sandwich end.

We discharged our fishing boat and set out by car. At the Sandwich end of the canal, we saw the Monarch serenely anchored. Several crewmen were fishing off the side. We hailed her and Capt. Willy Hansen came to the rail. He shouted that the Dorothy McAllister was still down at the other end with radar trouble, that he didn't know just when either of the derricks would move, and that the fishing was pretty good. We thanked him, and set out looking for the Catskill.

At six P.M., past the town of Buzzards Bay, we found her. We could see the Catskill, with Boston Eddie aboard, anchored out in the bay. Alongside a pier, the Dorothy was tied up, and a technician from Boston was working on her radar. Capt. Eddie Carpenter came out of the wheelhouse and told us that the radar had gone bad Wednesday evening just after the fog set in. "I couldn't take a chance on the harbor rocks," he said.

At 6:25 P.M. the radarman came ashore. Captain Eddie shoved off quickly, and by 6:40 had hitched up to the Catskill. We stayed long enough to see the Catskill moving; then we decided to have dinner and catch up with her later to see how she was progressing through the canal.

At dusk we caught sight of the tug and derrick, forging through the canal against a heavy current. We drove on to where the Monarch had been moored, and found she had gone. Immensely cheered, we figured that (*Continued on Page 133*)

"... it's all right ... he's just waiting for my other two wishes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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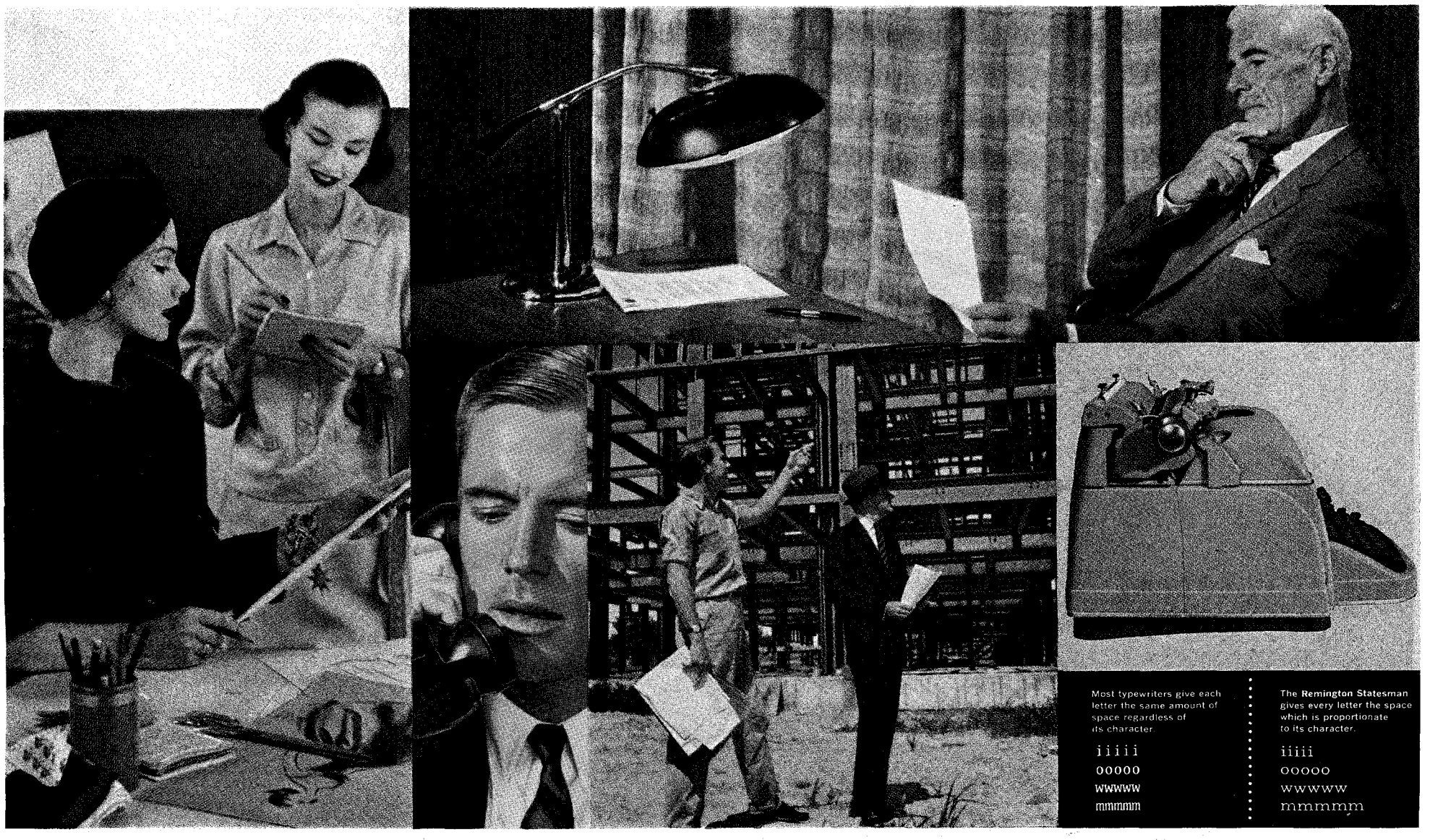

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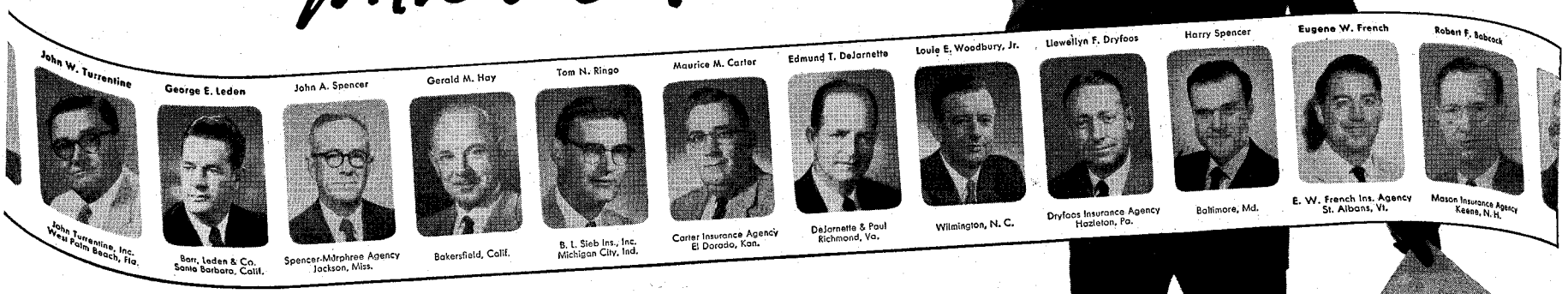
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(*Continued from Page 130*) both derricks would be at the dock on Friday morning, and that the job would be over early on Saturday.

When we reached my hotel around eleven P.M., we found Captain Pete and Rudi Korn, who had come over from Schenectady. They were holding what seemed to be a wake. After we left the Cape, fog had set in again. The Monarch was somewhere out in the bay, proceeding cautiously, but the Catskill now was tied up at the Sandwich end of the canal. Someone had heard a rumor that the Dorothy's radar had gone out again. The last thing I heard before I retired was, "The Mayflower will be in before this thing gets here!"

Next morning, after being awakened by a telephone call informing me that the Monarch had docked at eight A.M., but that the Catskill had just left the Sandwich end of the canal, I went to the Monsanto dock. Woods, of Merritt-Chapman & Scott, had come in from New York, and he and Captain Pete had cooked up a plan. They were going to dispatch the A. J. McAllister to help the Dorothy tow the Catskill into harbor. Captain Pete would take along a blowtorch crew to cut away the blocking in transit, and Woods would have everything ready on the dock. If the Catskill got in before high tide, the Monarch would swing Boston Eddie ashore onto the Sherman moving equipment; the Sherman rig would whisk the stator to the Boston Edison plant. The whole move would be finished by early morning. It sounded like a fine plan.

Sooner or later, all girls discover that the surest way to keep the wolf from the door is to get married.

DAN BENNETT

So, after a hearty Norwegian lunch of cold rhubarb soup and salt codfish aboard the Monarch, we boarded the A. J. and set out to search for the seagoing stator. Soon fog began to set in, and Captain Pete started looking gloomy.

At 3:05 P.M. we sighted the Catskill. At 3:30 we hitched on, jumped aboard her, and Mikkelsen immediately put mate Artie Whalen to work with the blowtorch.

At 5:20 we reached the Malden Street bridge. We were only five minutes from the Monsanto dock. Captain Pete had the beams cut away and was certain we would unload on the tide.

Then we were stopped cold. It was peak traffic period. The bridge would be opened only on the even hour.

So the Catskill and her two tugs sat there until six o'clock came and the bridge was opened. By the time we reached the Monsanto dock, a glum Charlie Woods had called off the whole operation for the evening.

At six o'clock next morning—Saturday—the derrick crews were back on the job, completing preparations for the big lift. By 8:35 both derricks were lined up and the Monarch's big lifting arm slowly started inching the stator from the Catskill's deck.

The Catskill moved in closer to the dock and, with her smaller boom, scooted the 21,000-pound skid from its own deck and deposited it on the waiting trailer and dolly. Then the Catskill backed off and the Monarch moved up. Deftly, it eased its 452,000-pound load over the hot-sulphur and acid lines. At 9:10, the mechanical leviathan was down.

"Joe," said Woods to Strohman, smiling for the first time in two days, "she's all yours."

While the Sherman crew completed its lashing up of the rig that was to carry Boston Eddie the last mile and a half, the Monarch's boom held part of the stator's weight. Then at 9:47 the slings were removed and the Monarch backed away. As Boston Eddie's unsupported weight came to bear on the rig, several of the rear tires on the dolly began scalloping.

"They're gonna blow!" someone yelled.

A second tractor sped up and gave the dolly a nudge from the rear. The ungainly rig started moving. A few feet from the dock there was a sharp turn, hemmed in by a brick warehouse. The "horse" and the front part of the trailer made the turn, then stopped just as one of the stator's protruding trunnions almost crashed into the building. The suffering tires sagged farther. Workmen scurried to save the situation. Some jacked up the rear of the dolly. Others grabbed wrenches and started unbolting the trunnion.

But the show was over for the day. The contractors decided that the turn was too tight and the dolly was carrying too much of the weight. They would have to prop up the back end of the stator with jacks and steel beams, and then "bulldog" the dolly farther back to distribute the weight more evenly. At the same time, they would endeavor to maneuver the rig into a better angle for the turn.

The final phase of the Boston Eddie movement was anticlimactic—though not without further incident. It was 2:10 P.M. Sunday before the rig was ready to roll again. Meanwhile, much of the unpaved route had been covered with plywood and steel plates. At 5:09 P.M. the movement was halted for the day, as (a) the stator had tangled with a trolley wire, and (b) a lug had popped off one of the dolly wheels.

At eight A.M. Monday the movement got under way once more. Three more lugs were replaced. By 11:15 A.M. the trailer was in position to cross the highway. But here it had to halt until one hour after midnight, the time fixed by local police for the crossing.

At one o'clock Tuesday morning, the movers began laying timbers, plywood and steel plates across Alford Street. When the jacks were removed, one of the tires promptly went down. It took half an hour to discover that a valve had gone bad. At 3:35 A.M. the rig crossed the highway and got right up to the powerhouse door, whereupon two other tires started sagging.

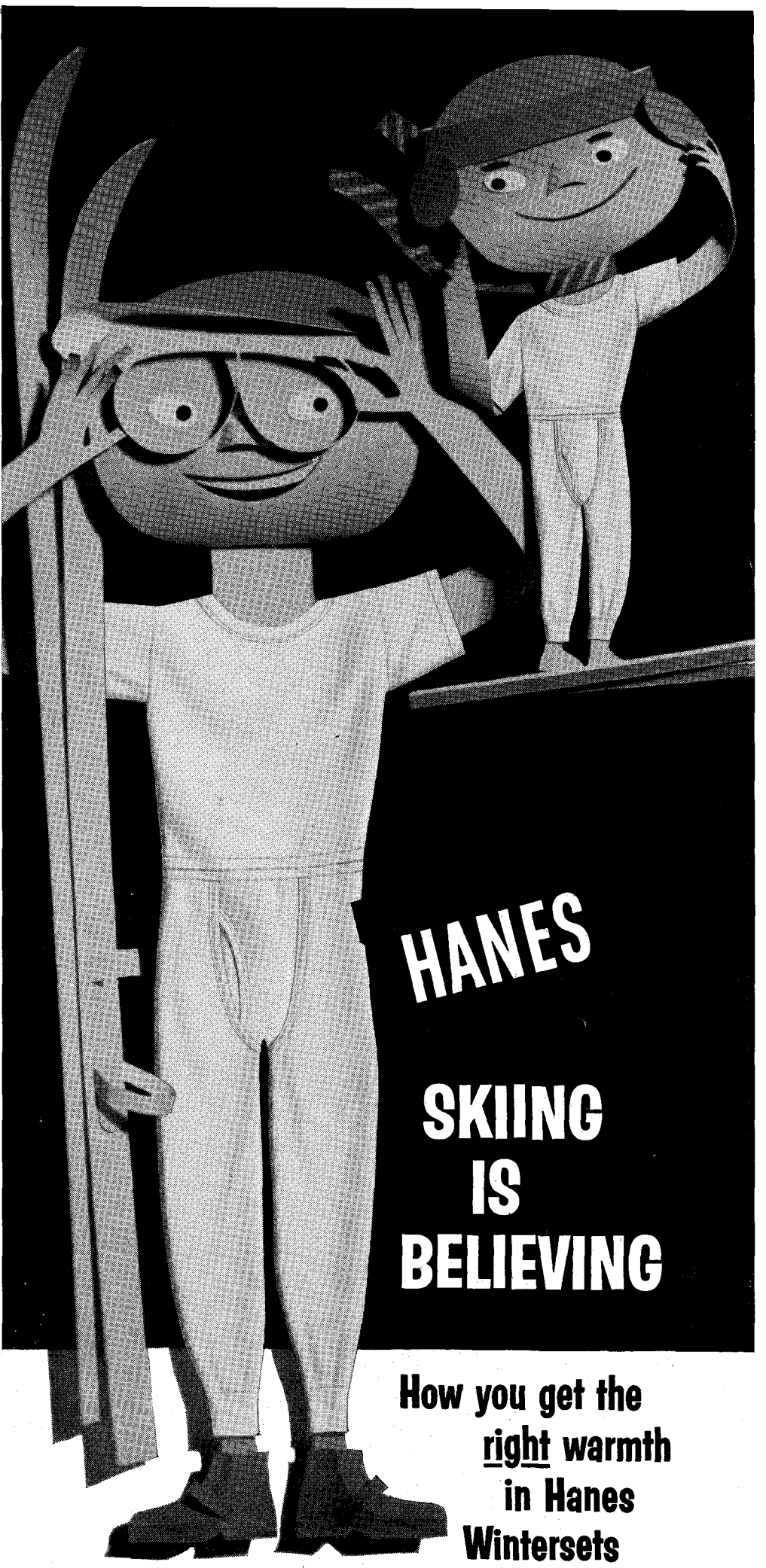
The load was jacked up again, and the workmen rushed back to clear the highway for traffic, which consumed another hour. Then they worked until late Tuesday afternoon, blocking up the load from the trailer, inch by inch, preparatory to shifting it sideways to a position where it could be maneuvered on rollers into the station.

It was 10:20 Wednesday morning before the big cylinder finally was freed from the trailer. Twenty days had elapsed—instead of the anticipated ten—from the day I had gone to Schenectady to see Boston Eddie off. The move had turned out to be one of the most complicated and—on a dollar-per-mile basis—expensive shipments on record. Instead of the $65,000 estimated in 1953, it had cost nearly $100,000.

Still ahead was the job of blocking and hoisting the 226-ton object up to its foundation on the second floor of the power station, hooking it up with the rest of the equipment, and putting the 140,000-kilowatt turbine-generator into service. This would cost an additional $200,000.

In any event, Boston Eddie had completed its travels. Any reader finding himself or herself in need of moving a similar object is welcome to use these notes.

THE END



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Murder on My Street (Continued from Page 51)

"I don't want to hear any more about Sylvia King," Harry Banks said, getting up from his chair. "After this, you knock. After this, when you want to see me, make an appointment."

"You know her," Bruce said. "Why lie about it?"

"Damn it, I don't know her. And what the hell is it to you, anyhow?"

"My little girl went up to Adele Sharp's apartment yesterday afternoon," Bruce said. "She saw a man up there about the time of the murder."

"For heaven's sake!" Harry said. "She didn't see me!"

"I never said she saw you."

"What were you trying to say?"

"A few minutes ago she saw that man again," Bruce said.

Harry's eyes opened wide. "Where?"

"In Beacham's sub-teen shop."

"You're kidding."

"He came after her," Bruce said. "As long as he's at large, my daughter is in danger. That's why I've got to find Sylvia King. I've got to find that man."

"What the devil, your kid must be romancing," Harry said.

"She wouldn't do that," Bruce said. "She saw him. She's in danger. Sylvia King is the only lead to that man."

"I don't know anything about the girl."

"I think you're lying, Harry," Bruce said.

"Well, the hell with you," Harry Banks said. "And the hell with your brat, for that matter."

The anxiety and anger fused in Bruce and he acted instinctively. He threw his right fist hard at Harry's jaw, felt the jarring impact of his knuckles, saw Harry crumple at the knees and pitch forward on the floor. He turned to the door without a word and slammed it behind him. He stared the flustered secretary down and walked on to the city desk, sucking the blood from the skinned knuckles of his right hand.

As he approached his chair he was aware of a stir in the city room. Pencils were moving faster at the copy desk, editors had found reason to call for copy boys in tones of authority, typewriters were clicking industriously. The reason was a small, bouncing man with a shock of white hair and bright blue eyes under black, questioning brows; the reason was Ezra Vincent, the Old Man himself. He came straight to the city desk, and Bruce moved to meet him.

The Old Man's eyes met his. "How is everything with your little girl?"

"She went shopping with Laura, Mr. Vincent," Bruce said. "Laura called a few minutes ago and said Pam saw a man in Beacham's. She thought he was the man she saw yesterday."

"In Beacham's?" Ezra Vincent frowned and pursed his lips. "This is odd," he said. "This is a puzzle, isn't it? Do you think she really saw him?"

"I hope not," Bruce said. "I'm afraid she did."

"That missing-girl story turned out to be important, after all," the Old Man said. "As I said, this is a puzzle." He picked up the photograph from Bruce's desk. "Who's this? Is this the girl?"

"That's the King girl," Bruce said.

The Old Man's china-blue eyes studied the photograph for a long time, and he ran the pink tip of his tongue along his upper lip. "A fine-looking creature," he said. "Well developed. Healthy looking. Doesn't look vicious at all, does she?"

"She's an accessory to murder, though," Bruce said.

The Old Man let the photograph fall onto the desk. "I want you to keep me posted on all developments in this case," he said. "And if I can help in any way in your personal problems ——"

"The police are doing everything possible," Bruce said. "That young lady is Detective Conley. She's been assigned to look after Pam."

The Old Man nodded and started to walk away, but Bruce followed and said, when they were a few paces from the city desk, "Mr. Vincent, I think I ought to tell you that things aren't working out. Harry Banks said today that one of us will have to go, and he's right. We had an argument, sir. In fact, we came to blows."

The Old Man frowned. "He struck you?"

"No, sir; I struck him."

"Why, Mr. Carter?"

Harry Banks had denied knowing Sylvia King, and Bruce felt he had no right to communicate his own doubts and suspicions. He said quietly, "It was a personal matter."

"When did this happen?"

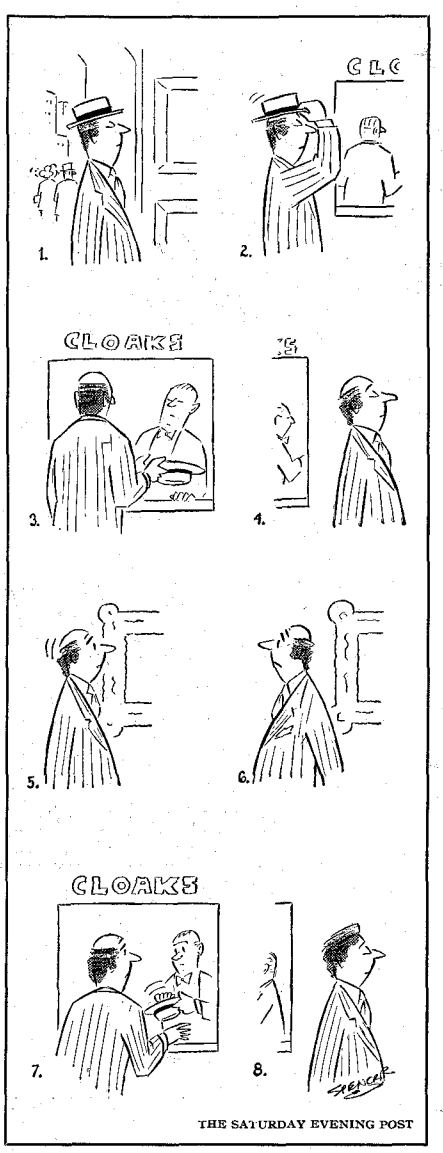
"Just a few minutes ago."

Ezra Vincent frowned and shook his head slightly. "This makes it difficult," he said. "Arthur won't like this, and Arthur is the editor of the Express. I'm sorry, Mr. Carter. I like you and I think you do good work, but you should have held onto your temper."

"I know," Bruce said. "I'll submit my resignation to Mr. Cole."

The Old Man hesitated a moment. "I'll talk it over with Arthur," he said. "Just hold off for the time being."

Bruce returned to the city desk and found Jack Gray grinning at him. "Yes, sir," Jack said. "She sure is healthy looking. Maybe she eats nut-meat roast. Do you know they put it on the menu up in the cafeteria last night and a couple of guys ordered it, believe it or not." He leaned nearer Bruce. "You know something? I always wonder about vegetarians and teetotalers. I mean take the Old Man. He doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink. He doesn't eat meat. He runs a successful business. What I mean is, what's his weakness? What's his secret vice?"



"You think there has to be one?"

"Everything balances in nature," Jack said. "You can call it Gray's Law. It's never all black or all white. There has to be a little of each."

"I wouldn't let it worry me," Bruce said.

"What worries me is how a man can take a look at a babe like that and call her healthy looking," Jack said. "That's the last adjective would come to my mind. . . . Say, Bruce, I couldn't help overhearing. It was your kid who saw the guy, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Bruce said. "A little while ago she saw him again, in Beacham's."

"I heard," Jack said.

"I'm hoping it was her imagination," Bruce said. "There won't be anything in the paper about it, Jack."

"O.K.," Jack Gray said. "Understood."

A long time passed before they came, but Molly Conley eased Bruce's worry, explaining that Digby was undoubtedly investigating at the store. It was almost four o'clock when Bruce saw them coming from the direction of the front elevators, Pam clinging trustingly to Joe Digby's hand, and he hurried to meet them. Pam turned up a tremulous smile to him and, as he bent and kissed her, Laura said, "Bruce, I'll never forgive myself for letting her wander off like that."

"We've all learned a lesson," Digby said. "It won't happen again."

"Right," said Molly Conley. "Next time you get a yen to go shopping, you'll have to take me along."

"Miss Parker . . . Detective Conley," Bruce said. . . . "And, Molly, this is Pam."

"Hi," Molly said. "I like the looks of you, kiddo. I hope you like the looks of me, because we're going to be looking at each other quite a bit for a while. And I'll tell you right at the start that I'm a tough baby. When I say do something, you're going to do it, Pammy. We've got to agree on that here and now. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Pam said, and smiled.

"Like to play games?"

"Yes."

"Good," Molly said. "So do I."

Bruce gave Molly Conley a friendly pat on the shoulder, to show that he was grateful, and her smile was quick and understanding. Pam moved into Laura's office with the two women. She looked pale and her eyes were big. She sat down on a chair, put her hands in her lap and gazed out the window. No one could know that she was thinking about a yellow dress that cost quite a lot of money.

"I don't know," Lieutenant Digby said softly. "Maybe it happened like she said and maybe it didn't. The clerk at the necktie counter didn't notice anything except a kid making a fuss. But Pam said an illuminating thing. She said he looked like a man about to be sick at his stomach, meaning he was tensed up and maybe white as a ghost, meaning he felt —— Well, you get it."

Bruce nodded.

"What happened to your hand?"

He glanced at his skinned knuckles and shrugged. "I was writing my resignation."

"In blood?"

"With my fist, anyhow," Bruce said. "I took a sock at our managing editor."

"Is that going to promote harmony?" Digby asked.

"I want to talk to you about our managing editor," Bruce said. "He only got the job yesterday. He used to work under me in Paris, and after that he was down in Oklahoma for a while. I think he knows the King girl and we had a run-in about it. He told me to go to hell and I slugged him."

"What makes you think he knows the King girl?"

"He hangs out in the Revelry Club," Bruce said. "Ask Charlie Pearl about him."

"Has he got a habit?"

"Not that I know of. But he was seen with Sylvia King. A man named Lester Silver, who runs a little stationery store around the corner from her apartment, saw him with her in his place. You can check that with him."

"What if he does know the girl?"

"He says he doesn't. I think he's lying."

"If he does know her and is withholding information, he's obstructing justice," Digby said. "She's wanted. She's a fugitive. I'll have a talk with this fellow. What's his name?"

"Harry Banks."

"We've got to find that girl," Digby said. "We've got to find out who her friends are, where she hangs out. Take me in to see this Mr. Banks and I'll get a little tough with him, if I have to."

Bruce led the way to the managing editor's office, where the secretary interposed herself at the door, asking formally, "Do you have an appointment with Mr. Banks?"

"This is police business, miss," Digby said, and knocked on the door. But there was no answer, and he knocked again. He glanced at the secretary. "You think he's in?"

"He hasn't come out," she said. "There's a back way out, though."

Lieutenant Digby turned the knob and pushed the door open. The knob slid from his fingers and the door swung back and banged hard against the wall. Digby stood very still in the doorway, and over his shoulder Bruce saw Harry Banks still lying on the thick carpet, where Bruce had left him. He sucked in his breath hard, and Digby muttered, "How hard did you hit him?"

No, it wasn't the same place, Bruce thought as Digby went quickly forward and dropped to his knees, and now Harry was lying face up; he had been face down when Bruce walked out before. Digby looked up suddenly and said, "This man is dead."

Behind Bruce, the secretary gasped. Bruce stood staring numbly at the dead face and puffy, opened mouth of Harry Banks, stared incredulously as Digby said, "There's blood here. My heaven, his head has been bashed in!"

On the dark blue carpet, brilliant in the light from the window, was a silver cup—the Ayer cup for typographical excellence that had stood on Harry's desk. The heavy mahogany base was stained with blood. Digby bent to inspect it, then stood erect with his hands on his hips.

Bruce took a step forward and felt a small, hard object under the sole of his shoe. He stepped aside and saw a silvery pinpoint of light reflected from the window. He stooped and picked up a small blue object that had been almost invisible in the blue nap of the carpet. It was an earring—a turquoise pendant supported by a silver rod around which was worked a serpent in the shape of the letter S—something like a caduceus, but with only one serpent instead of two.

"What have you got there?" Digby asked.

Bruce dropped it into the detective's palm and asked, "Does it seem familiar to you?"

"It does," Digby said. "But why?"

"There was a bracelet with that same design in (Continued on Page 136)

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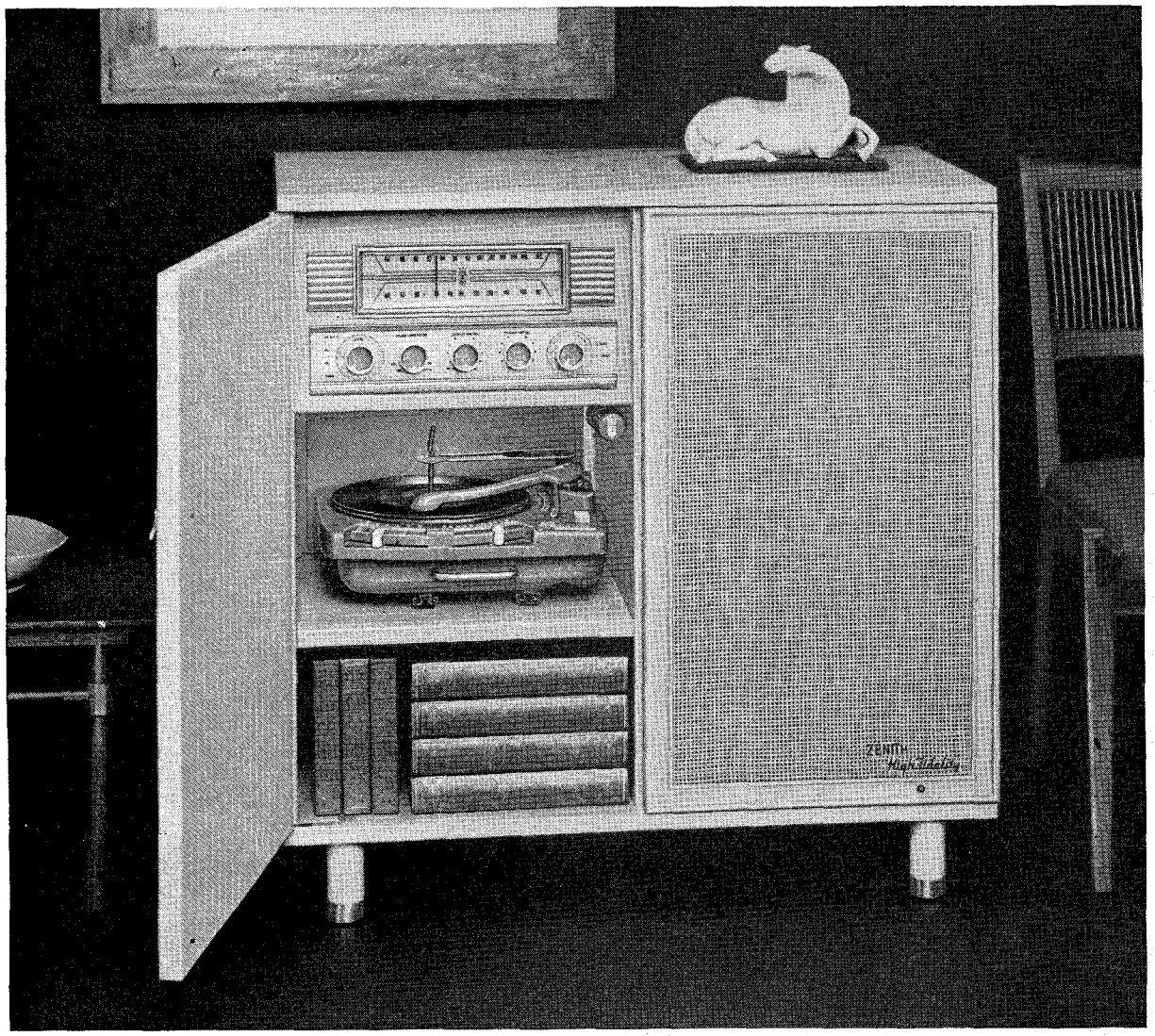

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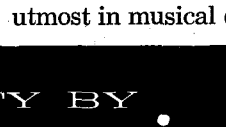

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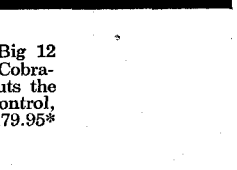

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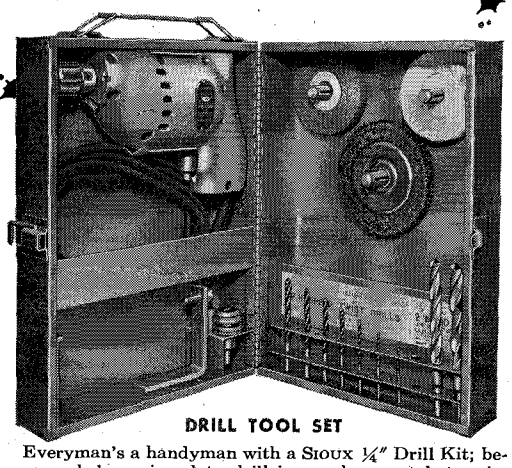

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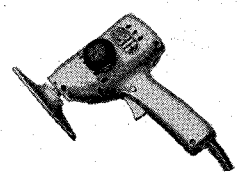

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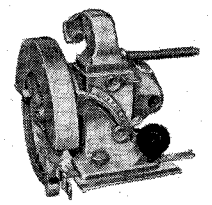

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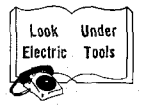

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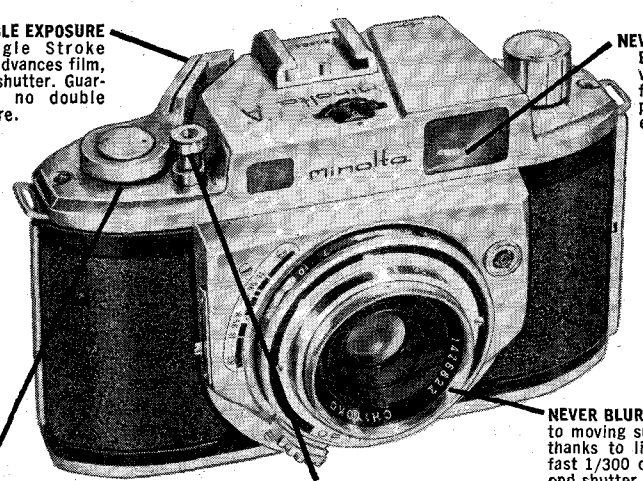

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(*Continued from Page 134*)

Sylvia King's apartment," Bruce said. "This is an earring to match."

"I remember," Digby said. "S for Sylvia. It looks like the girl paid a visit to Mr. Banks. He can't tell us anything about her now." His eyes met Bruce's showing a dull sheen of light across the iris and pupils narrowed to black pinpoints. "Within the space of a couple of hours Pam saw the murderer and Harry Banks was killed," he said softly. "They were working together, Bruce. One went after your kid and the other took care of Harry Banks."

Digby moved to the desk and picked up the telephone. As he waited for the operator, he said, "Better wait outside, Bruce. I'll see you in Miss Parker's office."

When Bruce walked out of the managing editor's office he found that Harry Banks' secretary had spread the news. There was a cluster of reporters at the railing, and the girl was sitting at her desk, pale and trembling.

Bruce paused and asked, "Who went in to see Mr. Banks this afternoon?"

"Nobody but you," she said. "He put off all callers today. He didn't want to be disturbed on his first full day."

"Someone used the back door, obviously," Bruce said.

Jack Gray called out, "What's the report, Bruce?" He was standing at the railing with Ben Rosario, in a group steadily increasing in size as the word was passed, as men came flocking from the sports department, the reference library, the copy desk.

"Harry Banks was murdered," Bruce said. "He was hit from behind with the base of the Ayer cup."

Ben Rosario fell in step with him as he pushed through to the city desk and murmured dryly, "I always suspected there was some kind of functional use for a prize cup." Ben was no man to leaven his cynical outlook out of respect for the dead, no man to affect a false respect for the dead when the corpse was Harry Banks.

"The medical examiner and the homicide men will be here any minute," Bruce said. "Give this story the works, Ben. Get photographs, diagrams. We'll spread ourselves on this."

He walked on to Laura Parker's office. Molly Conley and Pam were playing ticktacktoe, and Laura was at her typewriter. She came immediately to the door when he beckoned, and he told her what had happened. His tone was low, but Molly Conley caught the suppressed excitement in it and joined them.

When Bruce told her about the murder, she said, "I'd better see if Digby needs me. Keep Pammy here until I get back, please."

She crossed the city room—a trim, businesslike figure, walking with her shoulders squared and her handbag swinging.

Laura said with a wry smile, "I'm sure she's very capable, but I don't like being treated like a low-grade moron. I know I was careless, but ——"

"You weren't careless," he said. "It would have happened with any one of us. Pam is safe, and that's the main thing. I'm sure now that she did see the man."

"Pop, want to play?" Pam called.

The city desk could wait. Bruce sat down to play ticktacktoe with Pam, letting her win, enjoying her laughter. She seemed a happy, normal child again, as if no dreadful menace threatened her, and Bruce tightened his lips, thinking that he must watch over her every minute, he must protect her—wishing that he had been in Beacham's that afternoon.

It was nearly five o'clock when Digby returned at last with Molly Conley. He looked serious and his voice was flat and disappointed as he said, "The top brass is here, Bruce. Inspector Harrison is taking over on this, and I can't make him see the connection with the murder down in Greenwich Village."

"But how about that earring?" Bruce asked.

"I asked that same question," Digby said. "Dope is behind all this—dope and nothing else—and I told the inspector that. But Mr. Cole is in there, and ——"

"Arthur Cole?" Bruce asked.

"That's right. The inspector has known him a long time and called him down to the managing editor's office to discuss the situation. Mr. Cole has been giving the inspector quite a song and dance about you and Harry Banks."

Molly Conley said, "Pammy looks worn out. I think I ought to take her home, Mr. Carter."

"I'll call my housekeeper and see that dinner will be ready for you," Bruce said. . . . "Pammy, you obey Miss Conley. Come give me a big kiss. I'll be home as soon as I can."

Her arms squeezed tightly around his neck, she whispered, "Please come before I go to sleep."

"I will," he said. "That's a promise."

"Good night, Laura," Pam said. "Thanks loads."

Laura was bending to kiss Pam, but Molly tugged insistently at the little girl's hand, saying, "Let's go, Pammy. Maybe we'll have time for some checkers before bedtime."

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As she led Pam away, Lieutenant Digby noticed Laura's nettled expression and said, "She's a terror, Miss Parker. If Molly makes up her mind something is going to be done, it will be done. Just bear with her, and remember this—a whole division of the United States Army couldn't guard Pammy better than Molly."

"I can see that's probably true," Laura said.

"Mr. Carter, I'm going back in there and bend the inspector's ear," Digby said. "Maybe I can get him on the right track."

"What track is he on now?"

"Standing where you are, you could look up and see the locomotive," Digby said. "He's on your track, coming ninety miles an hour. Better get ready to duck, Mr. Carter."

"But why?" Laura cried.

"Bruce took a poke at him," Digby said. "Look at his knuckles. Bruce was the only man who went into that office this afternoon—by the front entrance, at least. Bruce was passed up for managing editor in Harry Banks' favor and he hated Harry's guts. That's the way the inspector sees it, but don't let it worry you, Bruce. I know what's behind this murder, and maybe I can cook up some surprises for Inspector Harrison."

"Bruce isn't the only one who disliked Harry Banks," Laura said.

"So I understand. This fellow Gilman didn't exactly love him, did he?"

"Harry Banks cut Gilman's throat," Bruce said. "He also cut other throats here and there. He carried a bloody knife."

"You've got a real macabre gift of expression," Digby said. "Well, excuse me."

He walked off toward the managing editor's office and Laura turned back into

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her office, moved to the window. The glowing light of the failing sun was on her face and revealed her frown, the drooping of her lips.

"Bruce, I really wasn't careless this afternoon," she murmured. "It was so hot in the booth, that's why I let Pam stay outside." She looked back at him. "I feel terrible about it. I feel so responsible, taking your only little chick under my wing and ——"

"Laura, I don't blame you," he said.

"Maybe you don't blame me," she said, "but you ask yourself if you should have left her in my charge, don't you? You disapprove of me, don't you?"

"Of course I don't. I think you're pretty wonderful."

She was still frowning. She looked very sad and very unhappy and he moved up beside her and put his arm around her. His lips gently brushed her cheek, then she turned and was in his arms. For a moment, her eyes were closed and her lips were softly responsive, but then she drew away and said, "That was considerate of you, Bruce, but it wasn't necessary."

"Necessary?" he said, with a soft laugh. "To me it seemed imperative. You looked so sad and so lovely here by the window, I had to kiss you. Come on, let's see that smile of yours. Everything is all right."

She shook her head. "You're sweet and you're understanding, Bruce," she said. "But still, you disapprove of me. I wonder why it is."

"I don't disapprove of you," he said. "Laura, I can't tell you how much you've helped me in the past twenty-four hours. It was good and generous of you."

"And please stop saying that," she said.

"What?"

"That I'm good and generous."

"You're also beautiful," he said. "Also provocative. Also, I'm going to kiss you again."

He did, and for a moment she clung to him, then she turned her head a little and he heard a stifled sob. He held her closely, murmured, "Laura, what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter."

"Have I said anything? Have I done anything?"

"Of course not," she said, and drew away from him. "It's just that I'm such a fool and I make such a mess of everything, no matter how hard I try. I wanted so much to help. I love little Pam, and I wanted to protect her, and ——"

"But you've been a wonderful help," he said.

She gave him a sudden, firm shove and said, "Get out of here, Mister City Editor. Don't you know a big story is breaking? Go out there and get on the job."

He knew she wanted him to go and he went. He glanced back from the door and saw her standing in the clear light of the window, dabbing at the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief, putting her make-up in order.

He returned to the city desk. The police machinery had assembled fast. The medical examiner had come and gone, and now there were fingerprint men, photographers, homicide detectives, going in and out of the managing editor's office, where a uniformed patrolman stood guard at the railed enclosure.

There was a continuing bustle at the city desk, where Ben Rosario had taken over. A diagram was being prepared of the managing editor's office, with an X to mark the body of Harry Banks. Photographs were being assembled and an obituary written, and flowing smoothly in short takes from the typewriter of Sam Hall, the Express' top local reporter, was the B-copy for the story, to be set in type and held in the composing room until the lead and headline for the story were sent down.

Bruce felt somewhat left out of it. Ben Rosario gave him the dour smile that passed for a friendly greeting, but he did not confer with Bruce about the details of the story. It was brought home to Bruce that he had been the last man known to have seen Harry Banks alive, and the friction between himself and Harry had been no secret. He was the city editor of a metropolitan newspaper, in charge of presenting the story of the murder to the public, and he was circumstantially a suspect. The situation was difficult enough to make a man feel self-conscious, almost guilty.

Several times Inspector Harrison passed by the city desk. He was an old pro of the police force, a strong-jawed, decisive man who had bulled his way from precinct to squad room to police headquarters and he walked as if he knew precisely where each step would take him, within a fraction of an inch. He thought with the same confident precision, as Bruce discovered when at last the inspector sent for him.

It was close to half past six when the summons came in a telephone call from Arthur Cole.

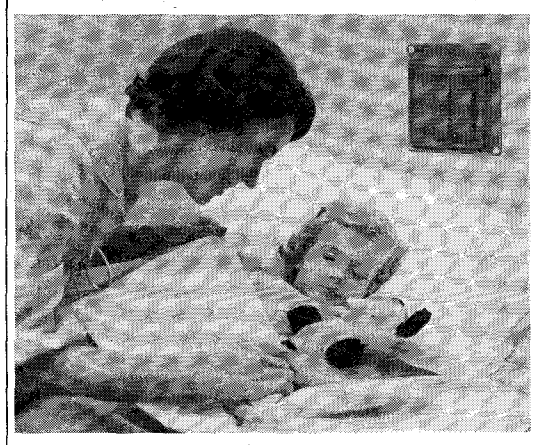
"Carter, please come to my office right away," the editor said. "Inspector Harrison wants to talk to you."

"I'll be there," Bruce said.

He found Arthur Cole at his desk, with the inspector beside him, and Lieutenant Digby stood back by the window, with his hands in his pockets. On a leather sofa, with his hands clasped in his lap and his small feet precisely paralleled on the thick rug, sat Ezra Vincent.

"You wanted to see me?" Bruce asked.

"We've been having a discussion with Inspector Harrison," Arthur Cole said.



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"Mr. Vincent thought it would serve the interests of the newspaper if we all sat in on this, unless you have some objections, Carter."

"I have no objections," Bruce said.

Inspector Harrison had a way of standing with his head held high, looking down his nose a little, and the perspective gave him even more jaw than nature's endowment. His voice was deep and commanding as he said, "Naturally the police department doesn't want to take any action that will injure the Express, but the managing editor of this newspaper has been murdered. I don't intend to rush into print with any quick conclusions, but I do want to get at the facts. As I see the facts, Mr. Carter, your position is suspect, to say the least. You were the last man to see Harry Banks alive. You were seen with a bloody hand. You admittedly came to blows with Mr. Banks. You had the motive and the opportunity."

Bruce drew in a deep breath, then said quietly, "I wouldn't say I was seen with a bloody hand, as you put it, inspector. See for yourself. My knuckles are somewhat skinned, that's all."

"We'll call it a skinned hand, if you like," the inspector said. "But I ask you, isn't it true that you had a fight with Harry Banks? Isn't it true that you knocked him down?"

"Yes, I did."

"And after you struck him no one was seen to enter his office until he was found dead," the inspector went on smoothly. "His secretary was just outside his door and she never left her desk."

"There's a back door, though," Bruce said.

"Yes, and it has an automatic latch. It can only be opened with a key from the outside."

"But it can be opened from the inside to admit someone, and I think it was."

"Mr. Banks got the job you wanted, Mr. Cole tells me. There was considerable friction between you and Mr. Banks, wasn't there?"

"It began over the King girl," Bruce said. "I think Harry Banks knew the girl." His voice strengthened. "Now look here, inspector. How about that turquoise earring? It belonged to the King girl. It was found on the floor a few feet from the body. Harry Banks knew Sylvia King. I'm sure of that. I think he knew something about the murder of Adele Sharp. That's why he was killed."

"Let me remind you that you found that earring," the inspector said. "Let me remind you that you had been in the King girl's apartment. You could have picked up that earring and dropped it on the floor of Mr. Banks' office."

"Why?" Bruce demanded.

"You make a great to-do about the King girl," Inspector Harrison said. "You keep harping on her. Would you be trying to lead us off the track? You made a great point of trying to link Mr. Banks to the King girl, and then you led Lieutenant Digby to his office. He was found dead there and the earring was on the floor. I suggest that you already knew he was dead and I submit that you could have planted the earring there, Mr. Carter."

"A woman was murdered down on my street," Bruce said in a slow, patient voice. "My little girl saw the murderer, and this afternoon she saw him again in a crowded store. Because she had seen the murderer he went out to get her. Because Harry Banks knew something, the King girl came here and killed him. . . . Isn't that right, Digby? Isn't that what you think?"

Inspector Harrison raised his hand before Lieutenant Digby could reply, and said, "Why? Mr. Banks was an executive of this newspaper, a brilliant and successful man. Why should he have been mixed up with the King girl's activities? Are you implying that he trafficked in narcotics?"

"I have no proof," Bruce said. "I do know that he was a shady man. I do know that he was mixed up in the black market in Paris when he worked over there a couple of years ago."

"He was? How?"

"I think Mr. Cole can tell you about that."

Arthur Cole glanced up. "First I heard of it."

"Harry told me someone had informed you about his activities on the black market."

Arthur shook his head. "Harry was my friend. I knew him well. I don't believe he was in the black market or any other kind of market. It's ridiculous on the face of it to suggest that he was in any way involved with narcotics."

"He worked in Oklahoma, though," Bruce said. "Both those girls came from Oklahoma. Lieutenant Digby believes that dope is behind all this, and so do I."

"Lieutenant Digby is a specialist, and every specialist looks for his particular angle," the inspector said. "The only apparent connection between the murder of Harry Banks and the murder of the Sharp girl is an earring found on the floor of Mr. Banks' office, and I've suggested how it came to be there."

"When I went into Harry's office with Lieutenant Digby I stepped on something," Bruce said. "I picked it up, and it was that earring. I didn't put it there. I found it there, and Digby can verify that."

Digby said quietly, "We have to stick to the facts, Mr. Carter. The fact is that I saw you stooping and then I saw the earring in your hand. I didn't see it until after you had it in your hand." His quiet words were dismaying, but he gave Bruce a reassuring smile.

Ezra Vincent spoke up unexpectedly. His voice was pitched low, but its resonance filled the room. "I suggest you produce the other earring, inspector," he said.

Inspector Harrison turned his head. "How do you mean?"

"If the King girl murdered Harry Banks and lost one of her earrings in the process, she must have had the other earring in her other ear," the Old Man said. "If not, where is it?"

"Maybe Mr. Carter can answer that," the inspector said.

"I never saw any earrings in Sylvia King's apartment," Bruce said. "I saw a Navajo bracelet that matched the earring, but no earrings. If the earrings had been there, Lieutenant Digby would know about it. He went through that place with a fine-toothed comb. He searched everywhere, even broke open a loaf of rye bread, looking for heroin. . . . How about it, Digby?"

"That's quite true," Digby said. "If those earrings had been there, I don't see how I could have missed them, inspector."

"When was it you searched that apartment?"

"Monday," Digby said.

"And it was yesterday—Wednesday—that I was up in that apartment," Bruce said.

The inspector frowned, then said musingly, "Mr. Carter may have known the King girl a long time. He may have got hold of that earring a week ago, a month ago."

"I understood we were sticking to the facts, inspector," Ezra Vincent said. "When and if you can back that surmise up with a fact, all right, but meanwhile we have a newspaper to publish, and unless you have further questions to ask, we'd like to get at it."

"All right," Inspector Harrison said. . . . "I'll get in touch with you later, Mr. Carter."

When the inspector and Lieutenant Digby had gone, the Old Man asked, "What are you doing about tomorrow's paper, Arthur? Who's sitting in as managing editor?"

"I'll sit in," Arthur said. "We'll hold the conference here in my office at seven o'clock." He swung around, leaned back in his chair and fixed his brooding eyes on Bruce's face. "The fact remains that you did hit Harry Banks," he said. "After all our talk of harmony and co-operation, that's too much. I'm not normally a patient man, but I've been extraordinarily patient with you, Carter. I think the time has come for you to make other plans."

"What do you mean by other plans?" the Old Man asked. "You want to fire him? You want him to quit?" He turned and fixed his china-blue eyes on Bruce's face. "Did you kill Harry Banks?"

"No, sir."

"Then stick by your guns," Ezra Vincent said. . . . "We support our men, Arthur. We back them up. That's always been the policy of this organization and we're not going to leave Mr. Carter in the lurch by dropping him at this time."

"I hadn't looked at it that way," Arthur said. . . . "Yes, I suppose you'd better stay on until this situation is cleared up, Carter. Do you intend to sit in on this news conference?"

"If I'm still city editor, I do."

"You're a city editor who figures rather prominently in the day's news," Arthur said. "I suggest that you leave the murder story exclusively in the hands of your assistants."

Bruce's lips tightened, but he nodded and made his way to the door. He passed by Laura Parker's office, but the door was shut and no light showed inside. He walked on to the city desk, and found Lieutenant Digby waiting there.

"Don't take it too hard, Mr. Carter," Digby said, with a friendly smile. "I think the inspector will come around to my way of thinking, but I want to point out one thing—the way most police cases work out, the inspector is right. You had the motive and you had the opportunity and you took a poke at Harry Banks. In nine cases out of ten, you'd be guilty. The inspector has handled a lot of cases, you know."

"I know it looks bad," Bruce said, with a shrug.

"At least they didn't find your prints in there," Digby said. "They turned up two sets of fingerprints on the Ayer cup—Gordon Gilman's and Harry Banks'. The cup was there when Gilman was managing editor, I understand, so he must have handled it."

"He was proud of winning that cup," Bruce said.

"But those prints were found up near the lip of the cup," Digby said. "The tapering portion, where whoever used it grabbed hold of it, had been wiped clean. It could be that the murderer was wearing gloves. Now a man wouldn't normally be wearing gloves this time of year, but a woman might. It's cockeyed, but they do wear gloves in summer."

"Digby, tell me something," Bruce said. "Where does heroin come from?"

"It's derived from morphine. Why?"

"I mean what is the principal source of supply?"

"It can't be prescribed or sold in this country," he said. "It's smuggled in, mostly from France. You can buy a kilo of the stuff for about five grand in France and sell it over here for from fifteen to twenty grand; then the wholesaler adulterates it with sugar of milk or sodium carbonate, and makes it up into decks for individual sale. A kilo is better than two pounds, you know, so the gross from one kilo of good H can mount up to more than half a million bucks."

"Then ten thousand dollars could represent about half the proceeds of the sale of a kilo of heroin smuggled in from France?"

"That would be about right. You thinking about the King girl's bank account?"

"Yes."

"That's been my idea all along," Digby said.

When Bruce assembled with the night editor and the foreign editor in Arthur Cole's office at seven o'clock, it was brought home to him how difficult his position was. The lead story in the next day's paper would be the murder of Harry Banks, and as Ben Rosario briefed the conference on the facts of the story, no one looked directly at Bruce or consulted him. The conferees passed on with relief to the discussion of other local stories, and after the cable editor, the telegraph editor and the picture editor had made their reports, after the dummy of the first page had been completed, Bruce was glad to get away.

He had time for a sandwich and a cup of coffee before relieving Molly Conley at eight o'clock, (*Continued on Page 141*)

"And when money isn't tight, he is."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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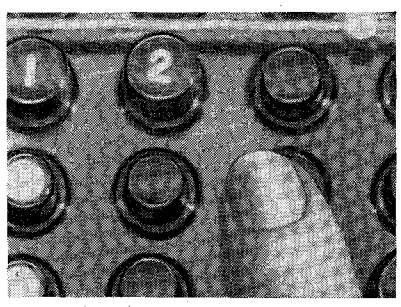

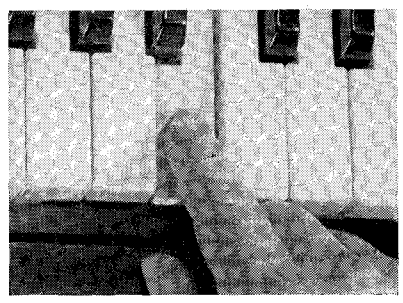

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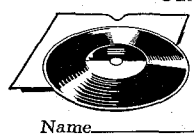

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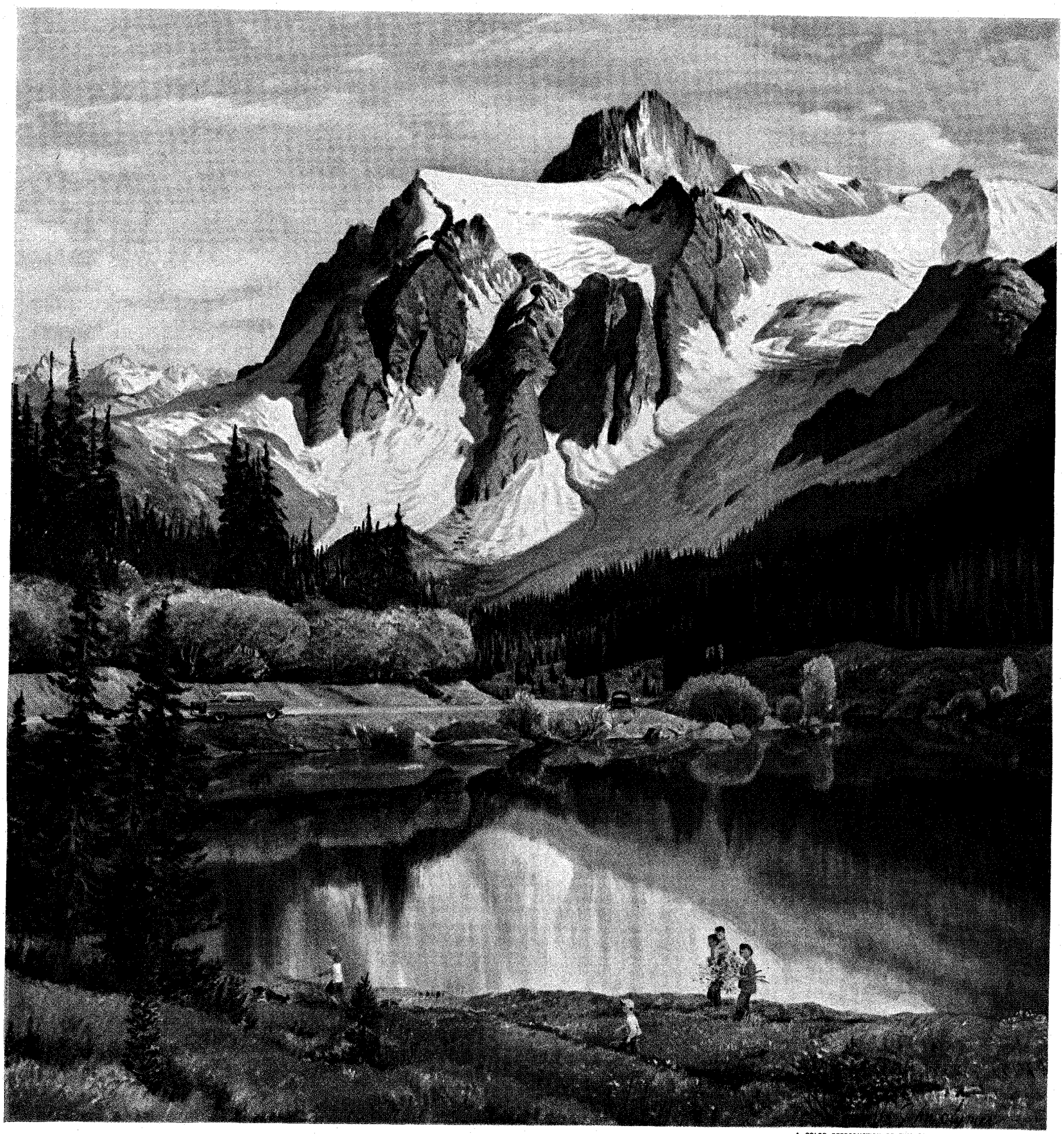

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(*Continued from Page 138*) and he started for the cafeteria two floors above. There was a man waiting for an elevator in the fourth-floor lobby, and for an instant Bruce did not recognize Ezra Vincent because he wore his hat pulled well down on his head, hiding his white hair. Without his impressive shock of hair, the black eyebrows and bright eyes did not seem immediately familiar.

It was when the Old Man said, "Calling it a day, Mr. Carter?" that Bruce looked again and knew him.

"Yes, as soon as I get a bite to eat I'm going home. My daughter is waiting up for me."

"That reminds me," Ezra Vincent said. "Ellen spoke to me about her. She wants you to bring the girl out Saturday—take a boat ride, have a swim. I wish you'd take her up on it. It would be good for your little girl and it would be good for Ellen. She's crazy about kids. Got none of her own, you know, and she'll see to it the child has a wonderful time."

"We'd like it," Bruce said, as the elevator doors opened. "It depends on this situation, of course."

The Old Man nodded and stepped into the car, and Bruce waited for an elevator going up. In the cafeteria he put a sandwich and a cup of coffee on his tray and was carrying it to a table when he saw Gordon Gilman sitting in a corner.

Gilman looked up with a small, secret smile and asked, "The cops had their rubber hoses on your back yet?"

"I had a session with them," Bruce said. "I tried to convince the inspector that narcotics is behind all this."

Gilman's face looked drawn and gray and his hand shook a little as he lifted his cup of coffee.

Bruce said, "You know a man named Charlie Pearl? He ——"

Gilman set his cup down so hard that coffee sloshed over. "Why should I know a man named Charlie Pearl?"

"He runs the Revelry Club."

"You can go to hell," Gilman said.

Gilman's sudden, intense anger astonished Bruce. He sat back in his chair, looking steadily at the former managing editor. Bruce had not been making insinuations; he had almost forgotten that Molly Conley had said Gilman was a user of narcotics. This could be what Harry Banks had had on Gilman. This could be why Gordon had been unable to fight back.

"Do you know the King girl, too, Gordon?" he asked.

Gilman got suddenly to his feet, pushing back his chair. He leaned forward with his palms spread on the table, his weight on his extended arms as he said harshly, "I don't know what right you've got to pry into my private affairs."

"You're oversensitive, Gordon," Bruce said. "You gave yourself away. I asked you about Charlie Pearl and you got sore. There was no reason to get sore. I only asked you about Charlie Pearl because he's mixed up in this somehow and because he pushes dope."

"So you figured if he pushed dope I'd know him?"

"No, I didn't figure anything," Bruce said. "The question was innocent. If you use the stuff that's your affair."

Gilman pulled back from the table, his face dark, his eyes gleaming. "Who told you I did? Was it Harry Banks?"

"No."

"Arthur Cole?"

"Look, Gordon, someone who knows about these things took one look at you and knew. It was a detective from the Narcotic Squad."

The angry shine was gone from Gilman's eyes; they looked dull and weary. "O.K., now you know," he said. "Harry Banks got wise. The heel held it over me. He used it. He was making a daily record of my mistakes and he could show it to Arthur Cole and say, 'What else could you expect from one who is a drug addict?'"

"How did he find out?"

Gilman shrugged. "He saw me down there at the Revelry Club. He watched me. He figured it. I had a needle in the drawer of my desk and one day I found a cigar band around it."

"A cigar band?"

Gilman nodded. "Harry's brand. He never said anything. He just grinned at me next time I saw him, and pulled a cigar out of his pocket and asked me if I liked the brand."

"You do know Charlie Pearl, then," Bruce said. "So you must know Sylvia King."

"I don't know her. I never exchanged a word with her."

"The police think she peddled heroin down there."

"Not to me."

"Who did?"

"You on Joe Digby's staff now?" Gilman's lips curled. "What's it to you, Bruce?"

"Sylvia King was handling a big deal, apparently, and the Sharp girl stumbled on the facts," Bruce said. "She was killed, and my ten-year-old daughter went up to the apartment on an errand and saw the murderer. That's why I'm asking questions. I'm worried about my kid."

"Oh," Gilman said. "Sorry. I didn't know."

"So if you know anything at all about the girl—where she hangs out, who her friends are ——"

"I wouldn't know the girl if I met her face to face," Gilman said. "Wish I could help you, Bruce, but there's not a thing I can tell you." He straightened slowly, his eyes opened wide. "Well, look over there," he said.

Far across the cafeteria, taking her place at a table, Bruce saw Laura Parker. With her was a lean man with a prominent nose and morbid circles under his eyes, a man who looked strained and weary.

"You know who that is with her?" Gilman whispered. "That's Con Parker. That's her father." There was a strange, glittering light in Gilman's eyes and his low voice was almost gleeful. "A hell of a time for him to show up, isn't it? The day Harry Banks is murdered. Con Parker hated Harry's guts. Harry went down there with Arthur Cole and got Con fired off that Oklahoma paper." The shining eyes met Bruce's. "What do you suppose Harry had on Con Parker?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Million-Dollar Decorator (Continued from Page 28)

When an interior decorator gives his clients advice about wallpaper or furniture arrangements, he does not charge a single penny for the advice. The decorator makes his living by selling to the client the various couches, chairs, chandeliers, tables, wallpaper, carpeting, curtains and other flotsam and jetsam which he has advised his clients to buy in the first place. Last year, Pahlmann sold a staggering $1,500,000 worth of goods, ranging from a $6500 English Regency breakfront to an ash tray from Genoa, Italy, priced at $1.98. Pahlmann wound up with around $400,000 in his personal till, before taxes.

As professions go, interior decorating is one of the newest. The American Institute of Decorators was not formed until 1931. It is mainly in the last ten years that decorators have begun to exercise a formidable influence on American life, changing the very designs of our furniture, our rugs, our curtains and, indeed, our whole conception of what a comfortable home should be. And Pahlmann is one of the most influential influences in modern décor. He has propagated such boons to existence as the oversized cocktail table; the mobile chair, mobile table and mobile ottoman—the mobility being provided by small rubber-tired wheels; the highly polished hard-surface bare floor; the single headboard for twin beds; the use of pin spotlights set flush into a ceiling for lighting a room the way directors light a stage scene.

Pahlmann's most far-reaching influence on modern home styling has been his development of what is known in the trade as "mixing." The art of "mixing" involves synthesizing into a reasonably happy whole, bits and pieces from various countries, periods and continents. For instance, Pahlmann may combine, in one room, a seventeenth-century bronze Buddha from Tibet, a delicate eighteenth-century Louis XVI armchair, and a long, low 1957 sofa upholstered in leather. A good many rival decorators, who belong either to the formalized period camp or to the ultra-modern camp, describe Pahlmann's interiors as mad, insane, pretentious, precious or just plain cluttered up. His disciples, who are equally numerous, believe that his interiors are elegant, luxurious, chic, clever and altogether lovely.

Pahlmann is a handsome man, who carries himself with that air of grace and authority that suggests a retired lawn-tennis champion or a career diplomat. His personal color tones include shrewd cerulean-blue eyes, thinning oyster-gray hair streaked with traces of ebony and an off-white complexion with a touch of salmon pink. His equipment for practicing his craft is a steel tape measure, which he is never without; a keen eye for subtle nuances of color; an impressive knowledge of art and antiques; a mastery of the principles of proportion, scale, symmetry and form; and, perhaps most useful of all, a dazzling quantity of sheer nerve and exuberant self-confidence. This last enables him to handle women clients who may get sudden attacks of neurotic anxiety at some stage in the decorating process, which lasts from six to eighteen months.

Pahlmann refuses to accept the popular business axiom that the customer is always right. In fact, he believes that his customers are usually wrong. Not long ago, he was decorating the home of Max Hess, Jr., a wealthy Allentown, Pennsylvania, department-store owner. Hess wanted a playroom in the basement and a big bar in the playroom. Pahlmann refused to put in a bar when he drew up the floor plan, because he said that the ceiling was too low and that a bar would be out of proportion.

Hess said, "Proportion—schmoportion—just put in a nice bar, maybe in natural oak, with a lot of these red leather stools like in a cocktail lounge."

"It's out of the question, sir," Pahlmann replied suavely. He is firm in the belief that when the backs of sofas, chairs and the like are too high in relation to a ceiling, the effect is disturbing. If a ceiling is, say eight feet high, Pahlmann likes the sofa to be no more than thirty inches high. He is willing to go up to thirty-six for a bar in relation to an eight-foot ceiling, but the Hess ceiling was only seven feet high.

"Listen," pleaded Hess, "I got to have a bar down here. What do you want me to do? After all, I can't raise the ceiling."

"Well," Pahlmann said, "if you can't raise the ceiling, lower the floor!"

Hess immediately hired a contractor to start excavating. By the time the Hess playroom was complete with bar and high ceiling, it had cost him a tidy $25,000. "But," Hess confided to friends, "we got perfect proportions now."

At times, Pahlmann seems to exercise a frighteningly hypnotic power over his clients. He was once redecorating the Southampton, Long Island, mansion of Standard Oil tycoon Henry H. Rogers. In the sixty-foot library, he saw a custom-made white rug, three inches thick, running from wall to wall. He rolled up a corner of the rug and peered underneath. The floor was made of random-width walnut boards with an unusual border of inlaid-ebony bands running completely around the room.

"Well," Mrs. Rogers asked, "what do you think we ought to do in this room?"

"Luxurious feeling, isn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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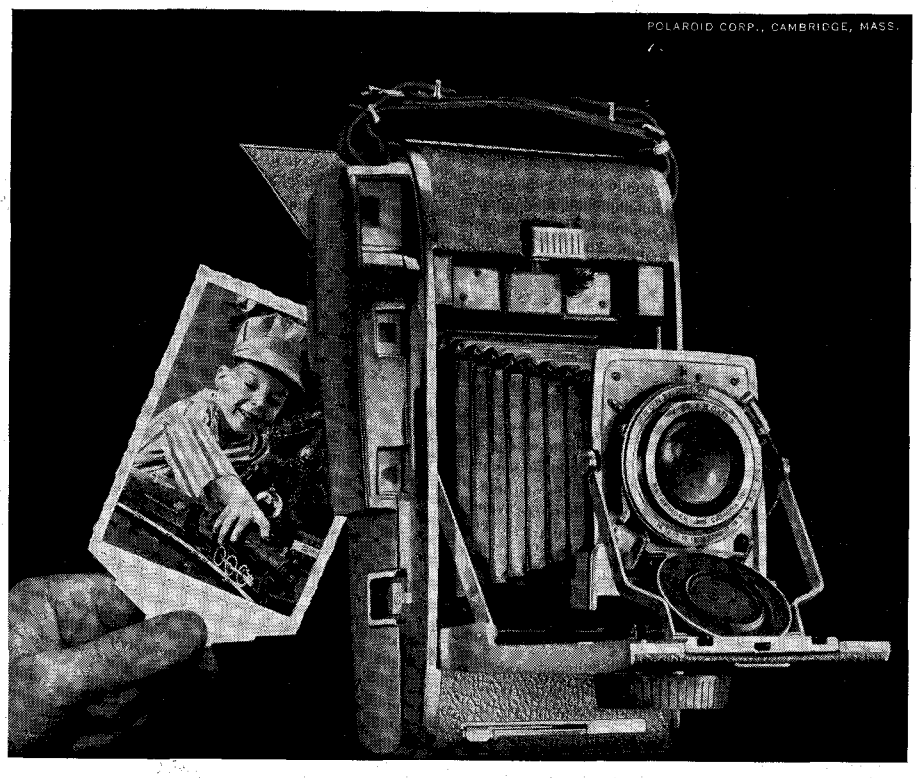

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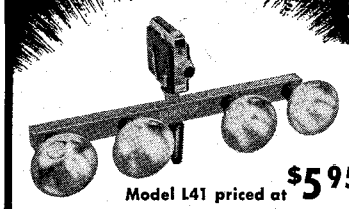

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He charged his clients only fifty dollars a yoke.

Probably the most recognizable characteristic in a Pahlmann interior is the use of these "fun" or "flair" pieces. Pahlmann has turned sentry boxes into coat closets; broken-down brass bread racks, pillaged from bankrupt French bakeries, into flower stands; ancient leather feed buckets into umbrella holders.

Pahlmann thinks it is nice to find a "fun" thing that vaguely relates to the personality of the client. One room of vegetarian Gayelord Hauser's house is decorated with a set of six large and quite rare ancient French prints of enormous vegetables. Pahlmann had to search almost two years to locate a complete set of these prints. When he first showed them to Hauser, Hauser looked a little nauseated and informed the decorator that he got enough vegetables all day long, what with his dietary habits and the lectures he gave on the beneficial effects of vegetable juices.

Pahlmann fixed him with a cold glare. "Gayelord," he said, "these pictures are not only in good taste but they are also fun things, and furthermore they make the room—they make the room."

Hauser knew when he was beaten. He capitulated without another word.

Pahlmann startled a client by hanging three animal heads in her foyer. These were not the usual stuffed heads. These were just bleached white skulls and white antlers.

"Who but Pahlmann," an antique dealer told me, "would have the nerve to put skeletons on a wall? But they looked great. I saw the picture of that wall in a magazine and it looked great."

No detail is too small for him to worry about. He felt that an end table in writer Margaret Cousins' apartment would not be complete without a Madonna and Child, sculptured in brown terra cotta, which he had picked up in Venice. He brought it over one day and said, "I'd like to lend you this piece. I haven't been able to find anything else as perfect as this for the room. But I won't sell it to you. Someday when I buy a house in the country, it's going into my living room. I'm just lending it to you." That was six years ago—and the Madonna is still on the table.

When Pahlmann discovers a piece he thinks fits perfectly into a room, a frenzy may come upon him. He was browsing once in a secondhand place when he saw an unusual candlestick with an opaline shaft. He bought it then and there, and strode up Third Avenue brandishing the unwrapped candlestick, until he came to an apartment he had finished decorating several months before.

He walked in while a cocktail party was in progress. Without speaking to anybody, he went to a sideboard, removed a tray of hors d'oeuvres and set up the candlestick. Then he took a candle out of his pocket and put it in place. He lit the candle. Everybody in the room stared at him as if he were a madman.

"Now the room looks just right," he said, smiling. "Doesn't it give a real dash?"

The lady of the house couldn't think of anything to say.

Pahlmann has found that a good many people are insensitive to shadings of colors and that the problem of color choices for walls, upholstery, carpets and curtains usually precipitates the most severe crises between client and decorator. When he was doing actor Ray Middleton's apartment, for instance, he suggested red curtains, and Middleton agreed, but said there was one particular shade of red to which he was partial. Pahlmann showed him hundreds of samples of red, but to each one Middleton would say, "That isn't it. I know I've seen that red somewhere, but I can't remember where."

At the time, Middleton was playing opposite Mary Martin in South Pacific. One night, in great excitement, Middleton phoned Pahlmann to say he had finally got on the track of his favorite shade of red. It was the color of Mary Martin's hair!

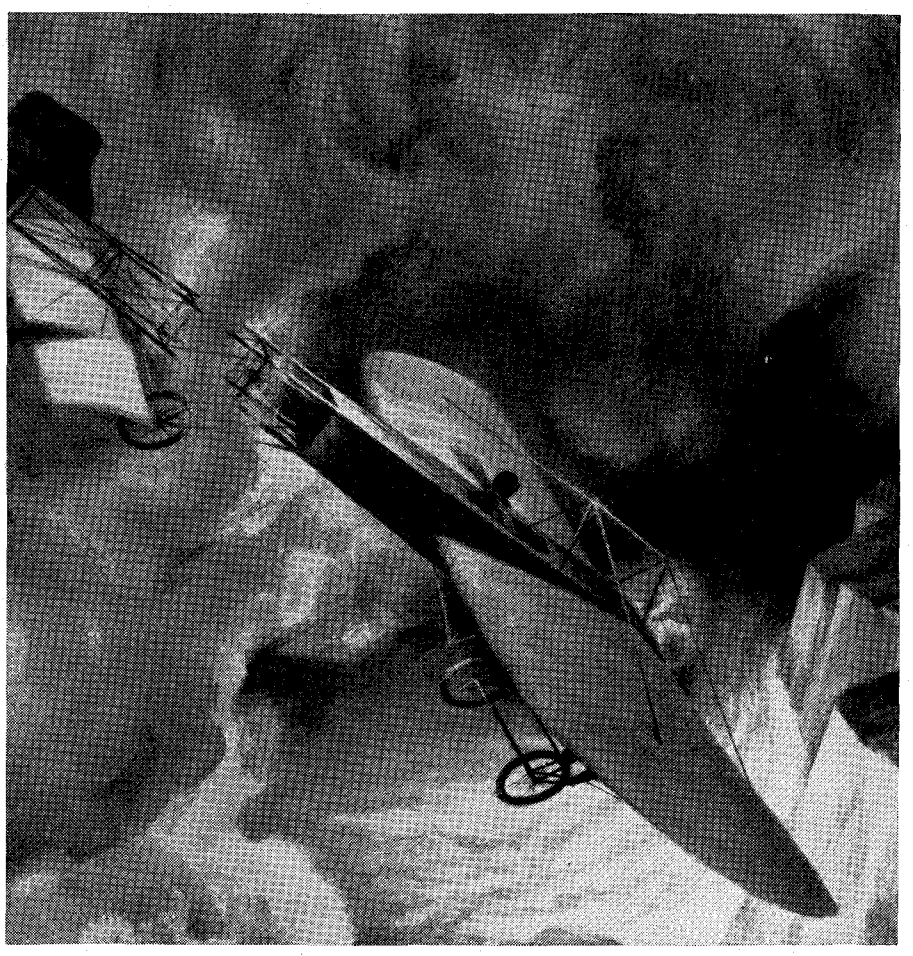
"I need a sample," Pahlmann said. "You go and cut off a lock of Mary Martin's hair and get it over to me in the morning." Middleton got the lock and Pahlmann got the curtains dyed to duplicate the shade, which he describes as a "rich Venetian red with a sort of feel of brown underneath it."

Pahlmann believes that blue is the most universally satisfying color. "Both men and women can be happy with blue," he says. "There's a certain shade of blue, not quite a turquoise, more of a robin's-egg-blue feeling, that is good for everybody and goes well in any room. You can put this blue in a living room, a bedroom, a dining room, a library."

At the moment, the favorite color among the *dernier cri* decorators is orange. But the word "orange" is in disrepute among decorators. They call

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Come and get it, while it's hot!"



In the channel fog

HER ENGINE FALTERED

A few minutes out of Dover, fog wrapped the flimsy Bleriot monoplane like a shroud.

The pretty young woman in the smart flying costume (she'd designed it herself—"bloomers, blouse, and hood of mauve satin") glanced at her compass. It was the first time she'd ever used one. She thought of instructor Hamel's parting words:

"Be sure to keep on course, Miss Quimby, for if you get five miles out of the way, you'll be over the North Sea, and you know what that means."

She climbed to 6,000 feet. Freezing cold and still fog.

She pointed her nose down. The comforting clatter of the Gnome engine changed to a coughing splutter. It was conking out! She leveled off, figuring how she'd ditch. To her relief, the engine suddenly took hold. Harriet re-checked her compass.

Some time later, breaking into clear sky, she saw a stretch of beach below. She put down at Hardelot; and on April 16, 1912, Harriet Quimby, first American woman to earn a pilot's license, became the first woman in the world to fly the English Channel.

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orange such names as persimmon, tangerine, pumpkin, satsuma or sunflower.

Some of Pahlmann's business results from satisfied customers recommending him to their friends. The recommenders, however, warn their friends to keep all cats out of sight when Pahlmann calls to measure the premises or discuss the estimate. He is an ailurophobe.

"I hate cats," he says moodily. "I've seen the destruction they do. I've seen them tear fine upholstered pieces to shreds. They love damask. They ruin leather. They can climb up curtains and claw them to pieces. People who want lovely rooms should not keep cats."

If there are any permissively raised children about the house, the prospective client is also well advised to ship them away temporarily. Pahlmann once wrote, "In my work, I have seen more houses ruined and made into shambles by the appalling lack of discipline on the part of parents toward their children. I am aware that progressive education insists that a child should be allowed to express himself even if it means painting on the wallpaper and taking a hatchet to the coffee table, but as far as I am concerned, I feel this is retrogressive."

Recently, while he was holding a conference with a couple who wanted him to decorate their $200,000 home in Westchester, their twelve-year-old son dribbled a basketball down the foyer. The daughter entered the room, helped herself to a piece of candy from a bowl, chewed it briefly, then spat it out on the rug. Pahlmann returned the $1000 deposit and took himself off in a huff.

"What is the use of giving such people anything good?" he says bitterly. "The children would destroy it. Such parents don't deserve anything good."

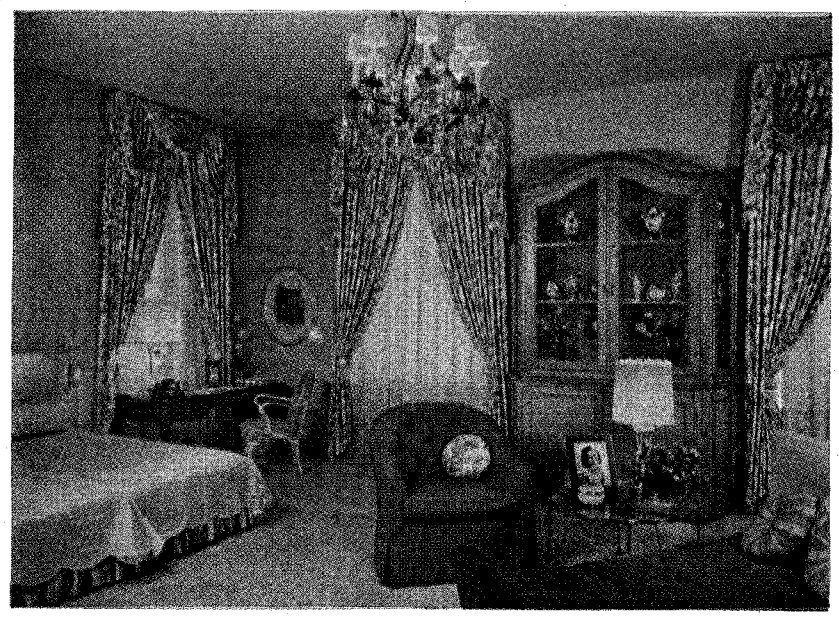
His own childhood was hardly progressive. The youngest of four children, William Carroll Pahlmann was born on December 12, 1906, in Pleasant Mound, Illinois, the son of a creamery operator. His father died when William was six and the family moved to San Antonio, Texas, where he grew up. His mother supported the children by running a boardinghouse in the Prospect Hill section of San Antonio. When he was about ten, young Pahlmann began to display a gift for both mechanical and free-hand drawing. His first fumbling efforts at decorating interiors took place in the Prospect Hill Baptist Church. He was allowed to arrange the flowers on all important occasions. After high school he held a variety of menial jobs for a tobacco company, an automobile agency and a shipyard.

In 1923 he became a traveling salesman for the San Antonio Sewer Pipe Company. To while away the long hours in hotel rooms, he signed up for the Practical Home Study Course in Interior Decoration, a forty-eight-lesson correspondence course offered by Arts and Decoration Magazine. Now his destiny was clear-cut. He saved his money until he could go to New York. He studied for two years at the Parsons School of Design and studied and traveled several years in Europe. Late in 1931 he returned to New York City, set up shop and looked around for interiors to decorate.

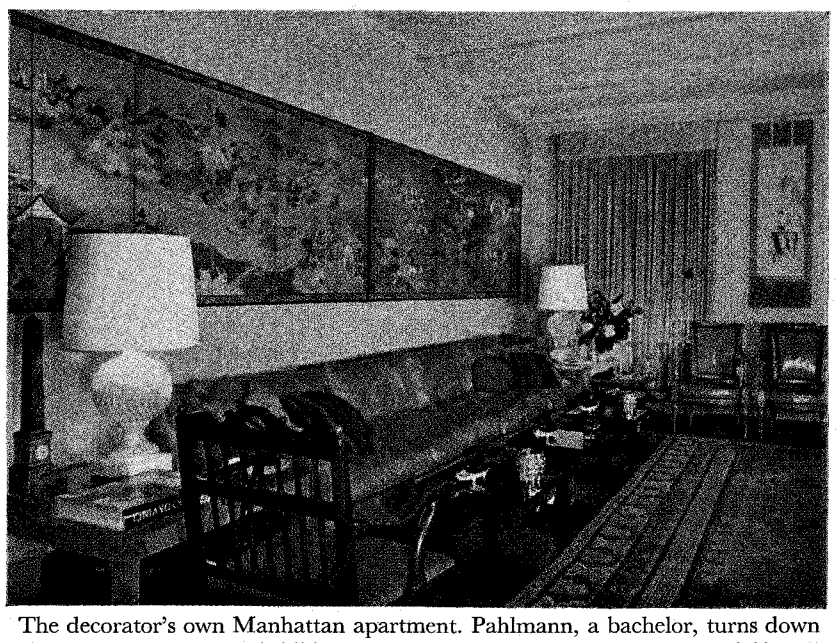
His head was filled with original and startling theories about "mixing," but for about a year the only mixing he did was mixing dry martinis. He was almost ready to go back to Texas and sell sewer pipes, when he heard that Mrs. William Paley, the first wife of the president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was in the market for a decorator with some Parisian ideas.

Pahlmann called on Mrs. Paley and convinced her he was a genius when, after she had asked him whether he had any really original ideas, he, on the spur of the moment, suggested a mirrored four-poster bed, with a mirrored footboard and headboard and with each post completely bedecked with rectangles of baguette-cut mirrors from finial to base.

"I like the idea of mirrors," Mrs. Paley said dreamily, and told him to go ahead. He did, designing not only a fantastic mirrored bed—which cost several thousand dollars to build—but also a mirrored fireplace, a mirrored console cabinets and laid mirrors into floors. He persuaded adventurous clients to have spotlights installed flush with their ceilings—at $2000 a spot—instead of conventional chandeliers. For 1937 this was radical. However, he also promoted large chandeliers and preached the gospel of fresh-cut flowers in the house every day and the use of as many lighted candles as one wanted. He always puts as many candlesticks in a house as he can, and he believes the candles should be lit every night.



A Park Avenue, New York, bedroom by William Pahlmann, interior decorator. "Pahlmann is a genius," one client said, "but he's hard on the budget."



The decorator's own Manhattan apartment. Pahlmann, a bachelor, turns down clients with undisciplined children or cats, who are, he says, "death on good décor."

and mirrored doors and even mirrored doorknobs. Mrs. Paley was so dazzled by Pahlmann's results that she raved about him to all her friends, and he soon had as many interiors to decorate as anybody would want. In 1936, he became head of the decorating department of Lord & Taylor, a department store, whose furniture sales were languishing. The daffy decorator took over the entire seventh floor and put on a series of unconventional shows that made decorating history and established his reputation.

Many of his ideas were talked about all over town. He once had living-room curtains made out of Harris tweed—a fabric ordinarily used in making three-button sport coats. Another time, he had one wall of a dining room laid with concrete blocks, a material usually associated with basement foundations. He put fur on

During World War II, he served as a lieutenant colonel with an Army Air Forces camouflage unit. After his discharge in 1946, he opened his own firm—he was the sole employee—on a capital of $5000 in one small office. The first year he did $200,000 worth of business. Today, Pahlmann employs fourteen persons, including five decorators and one architect.

He lives in a four-room apartment on East 52nd Street. It is decorated in the Pahlmann style—lutes on the wall, a Buddha on a mantel against a stark cypress wall, Portuguese end tables, Regency chairs, Chinese coffee tables, French empire desks. Although he often goes to the opera, to which he has a season box, and to Broadway opening nights, in the company of beautiful ladies, he is not married. "He is a delightful friend and charming company," one woman told me, "but can you imagine trying to keep house for a man as fussy as Bill Pahlmann?" A Japanese manservant, Hosono, attends to his meals and ministers to him—Pahlmann suffers from chronic insomnia and chronic sinusitis. Billy Rose, as a Christmas present, once gave him a complete three-day checkup at the Astor Diagnostic Clinic of New York Hospital. After being thoroughly inspected, Pahlmann was told he was one of the healthiest individuals in New York, and that his insomnia and sinusitis were psychosomatic in origin. He was advised to get out of the interior-decorating business if he wanted to have any relief.

This Pahlmann refuses to do. He loves his work and approaches his clients, his designs and his entire life with a sense of the dramatic. The American Institute of Decorators, during its regional conference at Miami last winter, threw a Venetian ball at a villa by the water. Pahlmann, not content to rent a Venetian doge's costume, scoured the waterways of Biscayne Bay until he had found a gondola. He had it painted a blood red, and then he, and his party of six, were rowed out in grandeur to make a sweeping entrance at the dock.

His sense of timing is equally dramatic. A few years ago he had almost completed the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Burrows. Everything was in place except the decorative accessories, and the place still had a bare look. The Burrowses planned to throw a gala house-warming party on New Year's Eve and invited about a hundred persons. They waited for the accessories. Day after day they waited, getting more anxious as December thirty-first approached. Pahlmann kept stalling them off on one excuse or another.

Finally, at nine o'clock on the morning of December thirty-first the doorbell rang, and in marched Pahlmann, perfectly dressed as always, followed by five assistants, all laden with Portuguese water jugs, flower vases with fresh flowers, delft bowls, candlesticks, ceramic animals, ash trays, lamps, pictures, draperies, faïence pieces and other *objets d'art*. As the clients watched with wide-open mouths, Pahlmann and his five aides scurried about like maniacal ants, hanging pictures, putting ash trays and vases into place, arranging flowers, attaching table lamps. They finished at six o'clock, giving the Burrowses just time to recover their aplomb before the first guests arrived.

The most expensive private interior William Pahlmann ever did was the Madison Avenue duplex penthouse of oilman Walter C. Pew. During the five months it took Pahlmann to do the job, Pew was traveling in Italy, France and England. On the day his ship docked he went straight to his new apartment. Not only was the place completely furnished, even to his favorite brand of cigarettes in every box, and his favorite brand of bourbon on a sideboard, but a complete six-course meal had been prepared for him in the kitchen by a chef whom Pahlmann had hired for the occasion. The meal consisted of cream-of-lobster soup, *coq au vin*, asparagus hollandaise, tossed salad, peach Melba and filter coffee. As an additional flourish, Pahlmann had arranged for someone in Europe to airmail the latest issues of the London and Paris newspapers—issues that had appeared after Mr. Pew had boarded his steamship—and these newspapers were on the dining-room table.

The penthouse consists of five rooms and it cost Mr. Pew $125,000 for the interior decoration. Nobody now remembers whether Pahlmann included the newspapers from London and Paris in the final bill. THE END

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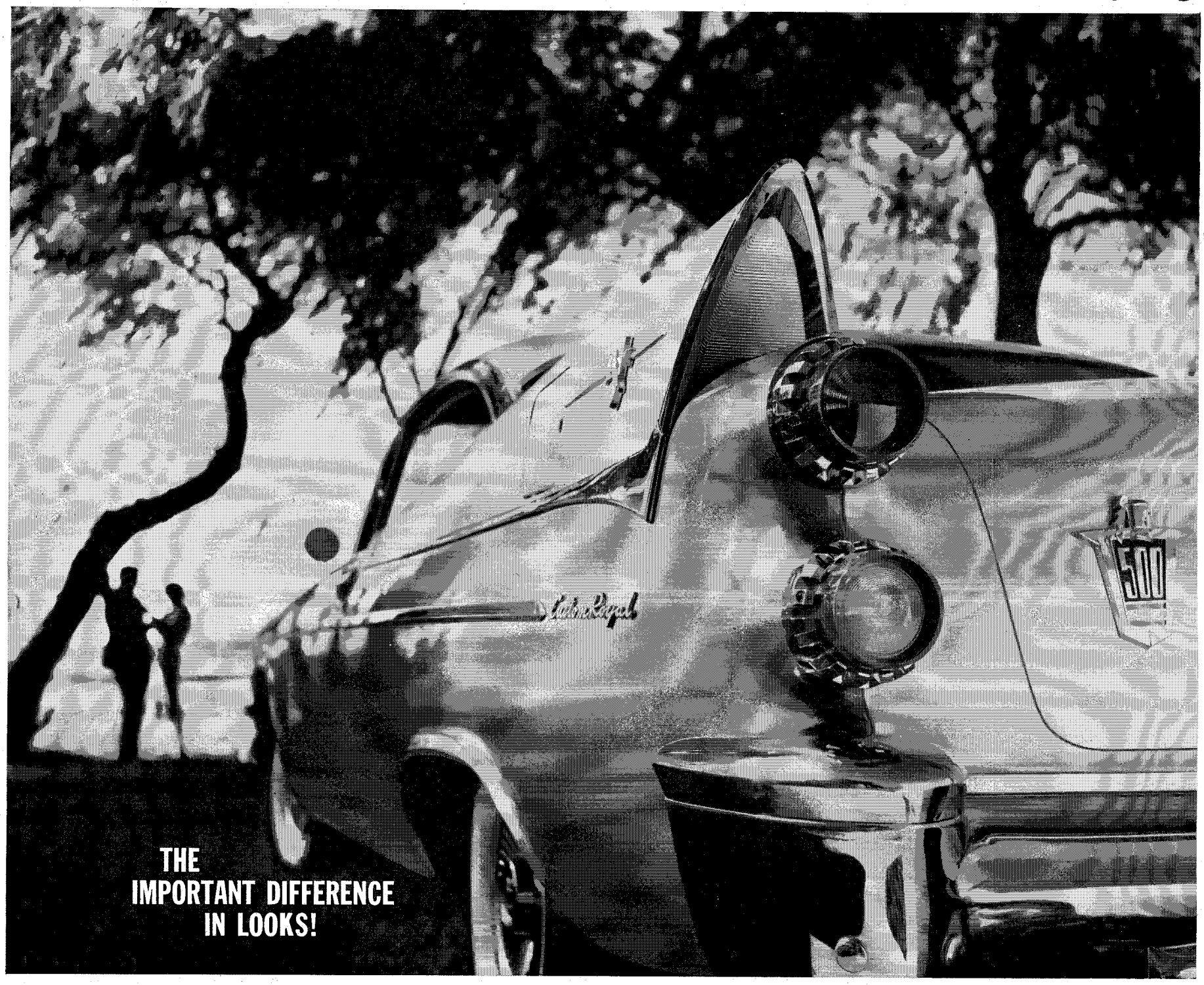

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How the Boy King Foiled the Plotters

(Continued from Page 31)

are now working in the Middle East to produce such grave results as the coup d'état in Syria. But mainly it is a human story, stirring, but also sad and grim despite a triumphal close.

It begins grimly, for Hussein inherited the throne of Jordan by his grandfather's murder and his father's madness. Jordan's first ruler was Abdullah, a prince of the great Hashemite house that descends from the Prophet Mohammed himself. Abdullah was a bold leader of the revolt in the desert made famous by Lawrence of Arabia. In their Middle Eastern settlement after the first World War, the British created Jordan for Abdullah to rule over. He reigned there well and wisely for three decades. Hussein was his grandson and his favorite, and the boy was at his grandfather's side when the old desert prince was struck down by a fanatical assassin.

Next to be king was Talal, Hussein's father, an unhappy product of the inbreeding practiced by the Hashemites to keep their proud blood pure. Almost immediately, Talal gave way to hopeless homicidal mania and had to be deposed. Thus Hussein became King of Jordan when he was still at England's Harrow School.

By old Abdullah's patriarchal custom, the King of Jordan has great power, but ruling Jordan is no schoolboy's task. The land is very poor, being nine tenths stony desert or dry upland. Here none but the Bedouins, the people of the black tents, seek a sparse living with their flocks and herds. Excepting only old Jerusalem behind its ramparts, the towns of Jordan are poor places too. Even Amman, the capital, is a mere straggling, stone-built village hideously swollen to a small city by the tragic influx of Arabs driven out of Palestine. The embittered Palestinian refugees form a group apart, yet they make up a full third of Jordan's total population of 1,500,000. Townsfolk and Bedouins are also far apart in all things. Jordan's politics are further hagridden by the unending jockeying for influence among greater nations.

Into all this tangle young Hussein walked at the age of eighteen, when he reached his official majority and went home to rule in earnest. He was determined to be master in his own house, as his grandfather, whom he loved, had taught him a king should be. He had his charm of manner and his pride of bearing, in which his high blood shows. He also had a blind bravery bordering on active love of danger, which found outlet in those days in his pastime of driving fast cars at breakneck speeds. But he knew little of statecraft and even less of men, as he had proved when he chose his friend.

The friend Hussein had chosen was Ali Abu Nuwar, a young captain in Jordan's picturesque but efficient little army, the Arab Legion. Ali was an attractive fellow, at that time in his late twenties, dark-eyed and handsome, with his own facile charm and easy eloquence. When Hussein met him, Ali was serving as Jordan's military attaché in Paris. Hussein was still at Harrow School, alone in a strange land, and homesick for his own people. Ali was all eagerness to please his schoolboy king. They became sworn friends during Hussein's school holidays.

Hussein hardly realized it, but this friendship with Ali Abu Nuwar was his first political act. At that time, British influence still dominated Jordan. After fruitlessly seeking promotion in the Arab Legion by currying favor with the British, Ali had rebounded into intrigues with Jordan's anti-British politicians. His Paris assignment was in fact a concealed exile. So when Hussein ordered Ali back to Jordan, there were angry protests from the Arab Legion's veteran British chief of staff, Sir John Bagot Glubb, who had organized the army for old King Abdullah.

It was the two young Arabs against the aging Englishman, from the moment when Ali rejoined Hussein as aide-de-camp in the palace. The final break came after the clumsy British attempt to force Jordan into the Baghdad Pact. Hussein and Ali made the plan together. With no advance warning, Glubb was suddenly presented with the king's brusque order to leave the country in a matter of hours.

Ali Abu Nuwar got what he wanted a few months later. So recently a captain, he now became a major general and was given Glubb's former post as Arab Legion chief of staff.

"I made Ali," Hussein remarked to me, with a sharp edge on his young voice. "I made Ali, so I could never believe he would betray me."

Hussein was not yet twenty-one, Ali was just past thirty, when Hussein drove out the British power that had established his throne. It was exhilarating to make history in this manner. Yet between the two friends there was a hidden misunderstanding, common enough in the chronicles of kingdoms. There was the misunderstanding between the king who never doubts he rules the friend he loads with favors, and the friend who takes the favors as his due and expects to rule the king. Ambition had always been the dominating motive of Ali's friendship for Hussein, and with each new advancement, Ali's ambition grew more overweening. Now, when Hussein made him second man in Jordan, he set out at once to attain the first place.

> The best place to throw a noisy party is out. HAROLD COFFIN

The ruler of the army is the real ruler of every Arab country. Thus Ali Abu Nuwar's immediate aim was to gain full control of the Arab Legion, not as Hussein's chief of staff, but in his own right. His methods were simple and fortunately superficial. With many promises and perhaps with bribes, he gradually won over the legion's other major general on active service, Ali Hayari. He transferred almost all other senior legion officers to ineffectual posts. He gave the legion's key staff jobs and operational commands to his personal following of ambition-ridden junior officers, whom he had started to recruit as soon as Hussein called him back to Jordan.

Hussein was blindly sure of Ali. He accepted at face value Ali's claim that he was merely cleansing the legion of the taint of Glubb. But many others were suspicious, especially among the numerous legion officers of Bedouin origin. Ali unavoidably discriminated against these Bedouin officers, with their strong tribal loyalty to the Hashemites. One group, belonging to the Jordanian branch of the wide-ranging Shammar tribe, became so angry that they journeyed to Iraq to consult their paramount sheik. The Sheik of the Shammar, Achmed Al Yaour, is a young man wise beyond his years. He asked his fuming tribesmen only one question: "But why does Ali Abu Nuwar not favor the Bedouins?"

"Because we are loyal to the king!" came the answer.

"Then Ali is not loyal," said Sheik Achmed with finality. "All this talk of resigning your legion commissions must stop. You must be patient. The time will come when the king will need your loyalty."

The time was indeed almost at hand. While matters in the legion were going in this manner, Hussein's rule in Jordan was also beginning to be directly challenged by the Egyptians and the Soviets.

In this Cairo-Kremlin partnership, Gamal Abdel Nasser is the front man. He is, or claims to be, the leader of "the new Arab nationalism." His brand of "nationalism" is solely based on exploitation of old hatreds. But Arab resentment of the West is, alas, both deep-rooted and well-justified. Nasser's flaming appeals to anti-Western emotions have found their vast mass audience throughout the Middle East. Precisely because Nasser's nationalism is, above all, anti-Western, his partners in the Kremlin back Nasser to the hilt, with cash and propaganda, agents and arms.

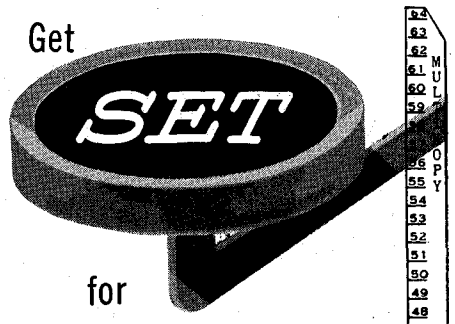
At first young Hussein did not see the full meaning of the Cairo-Kremlin link. But his eyes began to open when the Egyptians and the Soviets moved into last year's Jordanian elections with all the combined power of Nasser's widespread agent net, plus the small but well-organized Jordanian Communist Party, plus lavish slush funds.

The elections produced a new Jordanian cabinet wholly controlled by Egypt and the Soviet Union, with the eel-like Suleiman Nabulsi as prime minister and the notorious fellow traveler, Abdullah Rimawi, as minister of state for foreign affairs. And this Nabulsi-Rimawi cabinet automatically confronted both Hussein and Ali Abu Nuwar with a single, crucial question: Did they, or did they not, want Jordan to become what Syria is today?

For Ali, the problem was easy. For the betrayer, it is generally easy. At the outset, Ali had merely planned to make himself Jordan's military dictator, with Hussein as an amiably tolerated royal figurehead. But the king had been annoyingly deaf to his friend's pleas to "sweep out all these rubbishy civilians and name a strong military cabinet," with Ali, naturally, as prime minister. Hence Ali now began to work against Hussein with those same "rubbishy civilians," Rimawi and Nabulsi. His new aim was to make himself the Cairo-Kremlin partners' viceroy of Jordan, at Hussein's expense.

For Hussein, meanwhile, the problem was not easy. For the betrayed, it is never easy. He had dismissed Glubb to be master in his own house. He still meant to be master. He was determined to resist Jordan's transformation into an Egyptian-Soviet satellite with all the power at his command. Yet all the power at his command began and ended with the Arab Legion. And his astute mother, Queen Zehn, who is one of the ablest of the Hashemites, had long since begun to warn the king that the legion's loyalty was being actively undermined by his friend, the legion's chief of staff.

Hussein paid no attention to his mother's warnings. He still altogether trusted Ali Abu Nuwar. But that winter after the Nabulsi-Rimawi cabinet took office, the young king was haunted by forebodings of coming peril. Once he emotionally asked his new aide-de-camp to swear his fealty. This man, Col. Mohammed el-Mayeta, was another plant of Ali Abu Nuwar's, but he took the oath with a fine show of answering emotion. More practically, Hussein also took steps to strengthen the loyalty of the great Bedouin tribes, the Beni Sakr, the Howeitat and the rest. Most important of all, he



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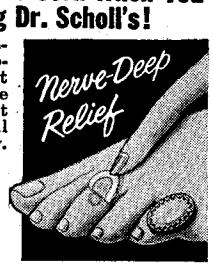

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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made a stout ally of the Hashemites' old enemy, King Saud of Saudi Arabia, whose fatherly support was an invaluable reassurance.

Yet Hussein's countermeasures were hardly likely to impress the Egyptians and the Soviets, who now had at their bidding both Jordan's cabinet and Jordan's chief of staff. Sometime in March, Gamal Abdel Nasser decided that the time was ripe for the final gathering-in of Jordan. The first sign of this decision came on March thirty-first, when Ali Abu Nuwar made a quick trip to Syria, where Soviet and Egyptian influence was already very strong.

Ali told Hussein that he was going to Damascus to confer with the Syrian general staff. Once in Damascus, he instead met secretly with the Soviet military attaché and the Soviet ambassador. He returned to Jordan with "the splendid news," as he told the king, that the Egyptians had "persuaded" the Soviets to supply the Arab Legion with large quantities of modern arms.

He added, as a seeming afterthought, that Hussein must first recognize the Soviet Union.

Hussein did not perceive that Ali's Damascus journey was a put-up job, as it obviously was. Refusing to see his friend as faithless, he laid Ali's enthusiasm for the Soviet offer to a soldier's preoccupation with the Arab Legion's needs. At the same time, Hussein saw very clearly indeed that he was being asked to take an irrevocable step down the same road Syria has now taken. There was a stormy scene when Ali Abu Nuwar and Suleiman Nabulsi came to the palace together, to press the king to accept the Soviet offer out of hand.

Very young as he is, Hussein can inspire fear when he chooses. He has a capacity for violent action that is always discernible beneath his tensely controlled surface, like the big pistol in a shoulder holster barely outlined beneath his smart uniform jacket. Ali feared him more than a little, Suleiman Nabulsi feared him very greatly, as one may deduce from the record. On this occasion, they were so far intimidated that they left the palace humbly promising to forget about the Soviet arms deal.

But the eellike prime minister, who dared not defy the king to his face, was quite ready to be defiant behind the king's back. Very shortly, the cabinet voted to recognize the Soviet Union immediately, in order to open the way for the arms deal. For good measure, they also voted to purge the Jordanian civil service of men known for their loyalty to the Hashemites. Thus Hussein was abruptly left with no remaining choice, except a finish fight or an abject surrender.

Ali Abu Nuwar knew his friend too well to hope for a surrender. Therefore Ali had long since started preparing for this moment. No doubt he covered his shame by telling himself that treachery to his friend was only a higher form of loyalty to "the Arab cause." In any case, Ali had begun to plot to use force against the king.

In general outline, his plot was simple. The poverty-stricken street mobs of the Jordanian towns had long been organized and paid by Nasser's agents and the Communists. The street mob of Amman alone was enough to make a successful coup d'état, if only the Arab Legion did not interfere. As chief of staff, Ali Abu Nuwar could insure the legion's noninterference, if only he could neutralize the king. Hence Ali's whole plan turned on having ready a small armored force, to trap and cut off Hussein in his isolated, lightly guarded palace.

Ali's chosen instrument was the First Armored Regiment. It was conveniently stationed at the big Arab Legion camp in Zerqa, only thirty kilometers by road from Amman. It was ideally equipped with speedy armored cars mounting six-pounder guns. Its regimental commander, Capt. Nadir Rashid, and his deputy, Lt. Karim Ogle, were two of Ali's most pliable disciples.

Captain Rashid began to prepare the regiment late in March, when he called in his noncommissioned officers and delivered a long, hinting lecture. Rashid's theme was the Arab Legion's duty to "fight for the people" against all enemies, including even "enemies in the palace." Then, on April ninth, after Hussein's flat rejection of the Soviet arms offer, a much more forthright lecture was delivered by Rashid's deputy, Lieutenant Ogle. This time both officers and N.C.O.'s attended.

"Why not sacrifice a life," Ogle meaningfully asked, "for the sacred cause of Arab nationalism?"

The response to these approaches evidently satisfied Rashid and Ogle, but they were complacent young fools. A large majority of the First Armored Regiment's officers and N.C.O.'s actually came from the Bedouin tribes most devotedly attached to Hussein and his house. They were all simple men, too, strictly trained in a simple military tradition. In their first bewilderment and shock, they did not even dare to talk among themselves about Rashid's and Ogle's overtures. But some of them took action all the same.

After Rashid's lecture, one of the company officers, Capt. Salameh Muhawish, sent the king a cautious warning through a young lieutenant in the legion who had been Hussein's personal chauffeur. After Ogle's lecture, Captain Muhawish, another officer and two N.C.O.'s went to Amman in person to carry a second warning. On behalf of several other officers, Lt. Abdurrahman Sebila also went to Amman on the same errand. Neither Muhawish nor Sebila knew what the other was doing, but both took their story to the king's uncle, Sherif Nasr, who had once commanded their regiment. Sherif Nasr passed the ugly news immediately to Hussein. This was on April tenth.

Thus Hussein learned of the plot in the army, which meant that his peril was mortal. Yet on this same April tenth, Hussein sent his faithful court chamberlain, Bahjat Talhouni, to interrupt a cabinet meeting with a letter ordering the instant resignation of Nabulsi, Rimawi and all their colleagues. With dangers gathering all around him, he thus answered defiance with defiance. His palace compound shelters a considerable number of Hashemite relations. When they heard he had dismissed the cabinet, several members of his own family came to beg the king to flee from Jordan.

"I told them," he said to me, his young jaw hardening at the memory, "that I would play the game through to the end, and if I lost, it would not be dishonorably, by running away."

So the young king plunged into the struggle to form a new cabinet. Day and night he received the deputations of elderly, slippery politicians, who would make their smooth promises and then go home and break them. And day and night he was haunted by a desperate uncertainty.

Hussein did not, could not, would not believe that Ali Abu Nuwar was plotting against him; yet some elemental instinct of self-preservation kept him from telling Ali what he knew of the plot in the army. Without his chief of staff, however, he could launch no investigation. Thus Hussein could never be sure how far the army plot extended or who was behind it.

For Ali Abu Nuwar, meanwhile, this was a time of complacent duplicity. In the negotiations for a new cabinet, Ali wore the mask of helpful councilor, friendly to the politicians, but always loyal to the king. But in the legion camp at Zerqa, the mask was altogether dropped. The First Armored Regiment's deputy commander, Lieutenant Ogle, now put the final, fatal question to the other officers. Would they accept orders to take their armored cars to Amman, cordon off the palace and "defend the people against the king"?

This time they talked among themselves and with the senior N.C.O.'s. On the afternoon of Friday, April twelfth, quietly and by ones and twos, they slipped out of the legion camp to the house of one of their number in Zerqa town. There the officers all swore together, placing their hands on the Koran, that they would indeed take their armored cars to Amman and cordon off the palace, but only to defend the king against his enemies. The N.C.O.'s took the same oath at a second meeting. After that, they gave Lieutenant Ogle the answer he and Captain Rashid hoped for.

The same evening, Ali Abu Nuwar made a pretext for driving to the Zerqa quarters of Major General Hayari to discuss the division of the future spoils with his chief military confederates. To this secret gathering, Captain Rashid brought the happy news that his regiment was ready and eager to play its key part in the plot.

Such were the preliminaries of Jordan's day of dupes, Saturday, April 13, 1957. The first dupe was Captain Rashid, who began the day by calling together his seemingly compliant officers and outlining his operational plan. Take-off hour for the armored cars was to be eight P.M. The palace was to be securely cordoned by nine P.M. at the latest. Rashid ended that "every bullet must be answered with a six-pounder shell" if the king and his palace guard attempted any resistance.

But the greatest dupe was Ali Abu Nuwar. Arrogantly confident, Ali first held a final planning session with his principal co-conspirators. Then, in midafternoon, he sent an offhand summons to Said el-Mufti, a wise old Jordanian political veteran who was Hussein's personal adviser.

Said el-Mufti was received by Ali, General Hayari and the king's aide-de-camp, Mohammed el-Mayeta, who had now been promoted to the rank of general and given the vital post of director of public security. Ali bluntly announced that "the army would never fight against the people"—meaning the street mobs controlled by Nasser's agents and the Communists. Therefore, he went on, Said el-Mufti must instantly persuade the king to name a cabinet "supported by the people"—again meaning the street mobs. In a tone of ultimatum, he added that he "could not be responsible for the consequences if such a cabinet were not named before nine P.M."—the hour set for cordoning the palace.

The sequel was an angry meeting in the palace between the king, his chief of staff and Said el-Mufti. That afternoon Lt. Abdurrahman Sebila had again slipped into the palace to tell Hussein how matters now stood in the First Armored Regiment. Thus Hussein could face the future with somewhat higher hopes. Even now he could not and did not believe that Ali Abu Nuwar was a traitor, but he was furious with Ali for his "interference in politics." Ali, meanwhile, was tensely expecting the king's last hour to strike; so there was more than a touch of obstinacy in his smoothly deferential pleas for a "people's cabinet." The debate dragged on into the early evening.

In the Arab Legion camp at Zerqa, meanwhile, the loyal men of the First Armored Regiment had not been able to resist whispering to friends in other outfits that there was a plot against the king. Throughout the day, the news had spread through the camp like a slow, smoldering fire. A night operation, never fully explained, had been scheduled for the infantry brigade commanded by Ali Abu Nuwar's cousin and co-plotter, Maj. Ma'an Abu Nuwar. That evening, when the major ordered the operation to begin, the smoldering fire broke into open flame. The whole brigade mutinied, shouting that they "smelled treason."

Some soldiers seized trucks "to go to Amman to protect the king." Others fought with the officers who sought to restore discipline. News of the infantry mutiny quickly reached the artillery sector of the camp. The artillery commander, another of Ali Abu Nuwar's creatures, somewhat wildly ordered an attack. To secure obedience, he had to say that "the infantry were rebelling against Hussein." The ruse worked. A nasty little firefight began between artillery and infantry, in which a score or more of men were finally killed or wounded.

Amid this turmoil, the terrified Maj. Ma'an Abu Nuwar frantically telephoned to his great cousin, the chief of staff. He reached Ali (*Continued on Page 150*)

"Well—it breaks the routine!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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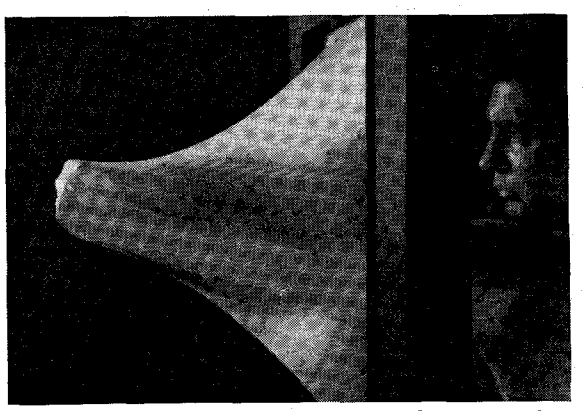

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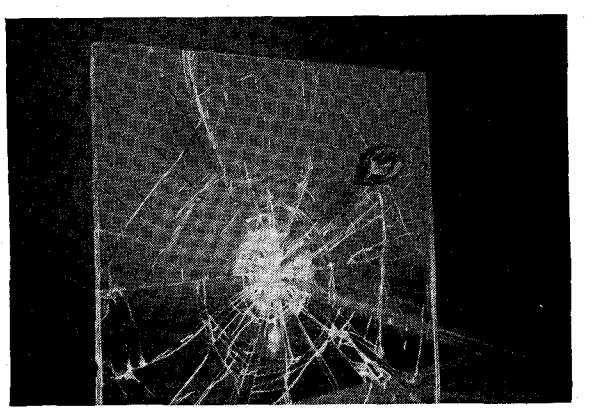

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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(*Continued from Page 148*) at the palace at about 7:30 P.M. On the palace line, Ma'an Abu Nuwar dared not speak frankly. Failing to grasp that his plot had miscarried, Ali Abu Nuwar replied that he was coming to Zerqa to restore order in person. Hysterically, Ma'an Abu Nuwar shrieked back that no one could restore order any longer but the king himself. Overhearing this, Hussein said quietly to Ali, "Come, we'll both go."

So these two friends began their last ride together in Hussein's car, with Ali's official car following behind. At the bridge at Roseifa, only a few kilometers out of Amman, the speeding cars were brought to a screeching halt by a roadblock aimlessly set up by infantrymen from Zerqa. The soldiers surged forward, shouting of a plot against the king. Hussein coolly showed himself and asked the men to return to their camp. The roadblock was pushed aside. The cars sped onward. But only a few seconds passed before Ali turned to Hussein and burst out, "Those men called me traitor!"

Hussein had not heard them, and he was understandably preoccupied with thoughts of what might lie ahead for him in Zerqa. He told Ali curtly that he was imagining things. Again a few seconds passed, and again Ali burst out, "They called me traitor! I heard them! It will be dangerous for me to go to Zerqa!"

With increased impatience, Hussein asked Ali to stop talking nonsense. But now, as Hussein told me contemptuously, "Ali completely collapsed." He whined that he must think of his wife and children. He wailed that he would surely be killed in Zerqa. He begged for Hussein's permission to turn back. For Hussein, courage is the essential quality. So I think this discovery that the friend he had chosen and favored was an abject coward was even bitterer than the later discovery that Ali was also a traitor. I caught the echo of the bitterness, when the king said to me in a flat voice, "Finally, I let him go back. What use was he, after all?"

Alone now, Hussein drove on through the night. Men were still firing in the legion camp when the king's car swerved into the infantry-brigade area. A hush fell as he made his way through the angry, disordered mass of men to the balcony of the brigade headquarters. There he spoke to them, pledging his Arab patriotism, swearing always to serve his people, swearing also to die before surrendering Jordan's independence. As he finished, there was a great roar of cheering. The infantrymen tried to hold him in their midst, shouting they wanted the honor of guarding their king.

But Hussein had other work to do. He had to cross the infantry-artillery battle line, where they first threatened to fire on his car and then cheered him wildly. He had to pacify the artillery, the tank regiments, the whole seething legion camp. Nearly four hours of desperate effort were needed, with the danger ever present of a plotter's bullet fired in a melee, before Hussein had restored order everywhere in Zerqa. Whereupon he drove off, hell-for-leather, to the palace in Amman, taking with him General Hayari, whom he had picked up at the artillery headquarters.

In Amman, meanwhile, the First Armored Regiment had cordoned the palace as planned. After giving his officers their final orders that evening, Captain Rashid had telephoned another young plotter on General Hayari's staff, to announce gloatingly, "The Prophet Mohammed died in the Hejaz long ago, and tonight his descendant will die in Amman." Then, just as they were moving off down the Amman road, the men in the armored cars disillusioned their commander, leaving Rashid screaming curses after them. But Ali Abu Nuwar, driving back in terror from Roseifa bridge, knew nothing of Rashid's disillusionment. Ali went straight to the palace, thinking that at least the First Armored Regiment was still fully ready to obey his orders, even hoping, perhaps, to win in the end with the armor that always decides every Middle Eastern coup d'état. Thus he was squarely caught in the trap he had planned for his friend. While Hussein was pacifying Zerqa, Ali Abu Nuwar was a prisoner in Hussein's palace.

As Hussein strode into the palace, the crews of the armored cars guarding the entrance cheered him to the echo. He found Ali in the court chamberlain's office, which is just next to the main palace door. Ali was visibly shaken, with good reason. Much earlier, he had tried to order the armored cars back to Zerqa, pseudo-authoritatively declaring that "the operation for tonight is canceled." When this failed, he tried to slip out of the palace. But a sergeant halted him, called him traitor, and spat upon him when he cowered back. Now, when Hussein appeared, Ali attempted to put on a bold front, saying that he did not blame the men of the First Armored Regiment for wishing to protect their king, but complaining angrily that they were "guilty of disrespect to their chief of staff."

Even now, Hussein refused to believe that Ali was directly implicated in the plot. Yet he called the men from the armored cars into the palace to confront Ali. They shouted that Ali's favorite, Captain Rashid, had ordered them to murder Hussein. They loudly charged that Rashid acted on Ali's orders. Trembling fearfully, placing the whole blame on the wretched Rashid, Ali said there had been a "terrible mistake." Yet he admitted that he was also blameworthy because he had not been "a good leader of the army," and he now offered his resignation as chief of staff.

Sending the soldiers back to their armored cars, the king disdainfully accepted Ali's resignation. He then turned to General Hayari, who had been present throughout this extraordinary scene, and told him, "You are the new chief of staff of the Arab Legion." Hayari, conscious of his own guilt, protested that he, too, was unfit. Hussein could not conceive that this outwardly respectable veteran officer was also involved in the plot. He sharply said that his new appointment was "an order." Hayari bowed a nervous assent.

"Just then," Hussein remarked to me dryly, "Ali Abu Nuwar began to weep."

Just then, too, a functionary hesitantly appeared to announce that their excellencies Abdul Halim Nimr, Hikmat Al Masri and Salah Toukan were waiting in the antechamber. These three were the chosen spokesmen of the group that had made the Nabulsi-Rimawi cabinet. As Hussein sardonically recalled, "They had already asked all the other members of parliament to wait for a special night session; no doubt to consider the abdication they expected." For the politicians did not know about Zerqa and had no notion that Ali Abu Nuwar, the real leader of their cause and prime mover of their schemes, was in floods of despairing tears in the next room.

Thus this after-midnight confrontation of king and politicians was more than a little ironical. Nimr, Al Masri and Salah Toukan, still thinking they held the upper hand, tried to put a political pistol to Hussein's head. Either he must immediately accept a cabinet and program dictated by the Cairo-Kremlin partnership, or "they would know what to do." What they meant, of course, was that they would call out the street mobs.

"I told them to go to hell," the king said to me, a steely quiet in his voice. "I warned them that if they made any sort of trouble, I would deal with them harshly. I added they were no longer in a position to threaten me, and I ended the audience."

When the gaggle of politicians hurried out of the palace, it was past one A.M., and Hussein had not slept for three days. All the same, Jordan still needed a new government, so the faithful Said el-Mufti was called to the palace to give his advice. The king and his councilor discussed the intricate problems of cabinetmaking until five A.M. At that chilly hour there was a call from the city. The politicians now knew the jig was up, presumably having learned the worst from General Hayari, who had left the palace in the meantime. The man on the telephone was none other than Salah Toukan, who had been loudest in menace only four hours earlier. Now he most humbly told the king that he and his friends had agreed to support any cabinet Hussein chose to name.

"We trust your majesty," ended Salah Toukan.

Such was the true, decisive turning point in the Jordanian drama, when the planners of a coup d'état for the first time acknowledged that Hussein was stronger than the forces attempting his overthrow.

When the good news came, Said el-Mufti hurried home to resume his much-interrupted rest. Ali Abu Nuwar had been sitting in the palace corridor like a disregarded cast-off. He begged for permission to leave with Said el-Mufti, because he wanted protection from the men in the armored cars who still surrounded the palace. Said el-Mufti took the fallen chief of staff to his house in the city. Here, at last, Ali Abu Nuwar altogether surrendered to the bitterness of his defeat. Indeed he lost all self-control, indulging in such noisy hysteria that Said el-Mufti had to wake his doctor brother and ask him to give Ali a heavy sedative injection, which made him sleep for a few hours.

Next day, just to finish Ali's story, the wretched man went to his own house, changed into civilian clothes and collected his family and possessions. Then he telephoned the king, tearfully apologizing "for doing his job badly"; wailing that he "would be killed before the day was over" if he stayed in Amman; and pleading for permission to take his family to Italy for a few weeks in order "to recover his nerves."

"I gave my permission," Hussein told me, in the same tone of flat disgust that he had used before. "It was still very hard for me to believe Ali had actually plotted against my life. He came to the palace that afternoon to say good-by, so panicky he could hardly speak. It was the last time I ever saw him, and I was glad to see him go."

Once across the Syrian border, Ali, of course, showed his true colors, venomously attacking Hussein on the Damascus radio. Ali's flight by no means ended the Jordanian crisis either.

First, the Syrians threatened to intervene, and later there were fears of an Israeli intervention. Hussein's friend, King Saud of Saudi Arabia, placed his troops "under Hussein's personal command" as a counterweight. The United States 6th Fleet steamed, full speed, into the Eastern Mediterranean to remind the Israelis, the Syrians, the Kremlin and everyone else that they had better keep hands off. After helping most of the other leading conspirators to make good their escape, General Hayari in his turn fled to Damascus. There were many tense and dangerous days, in sum.

These days reached a second climax when Nasser's agents and the Communists at last called out the street mobs in all the towns in Jordan. But by then Hussein was fully ready for them. Under the firm controls the king had established, the threatened "bloody demonstration" proved to be a mild, feeble, foolish affair.

Hussein had won. He was master in his own house. And so he still remains, although many powerful forces in the Middle East are ceaselessly attacking his mastery. King Hussein may not survive, but at least he fought one good fight and won it against very heavy odds indeed.

THE END

"And so, from the starlight roof of the Ritz, we bid fond adieu to . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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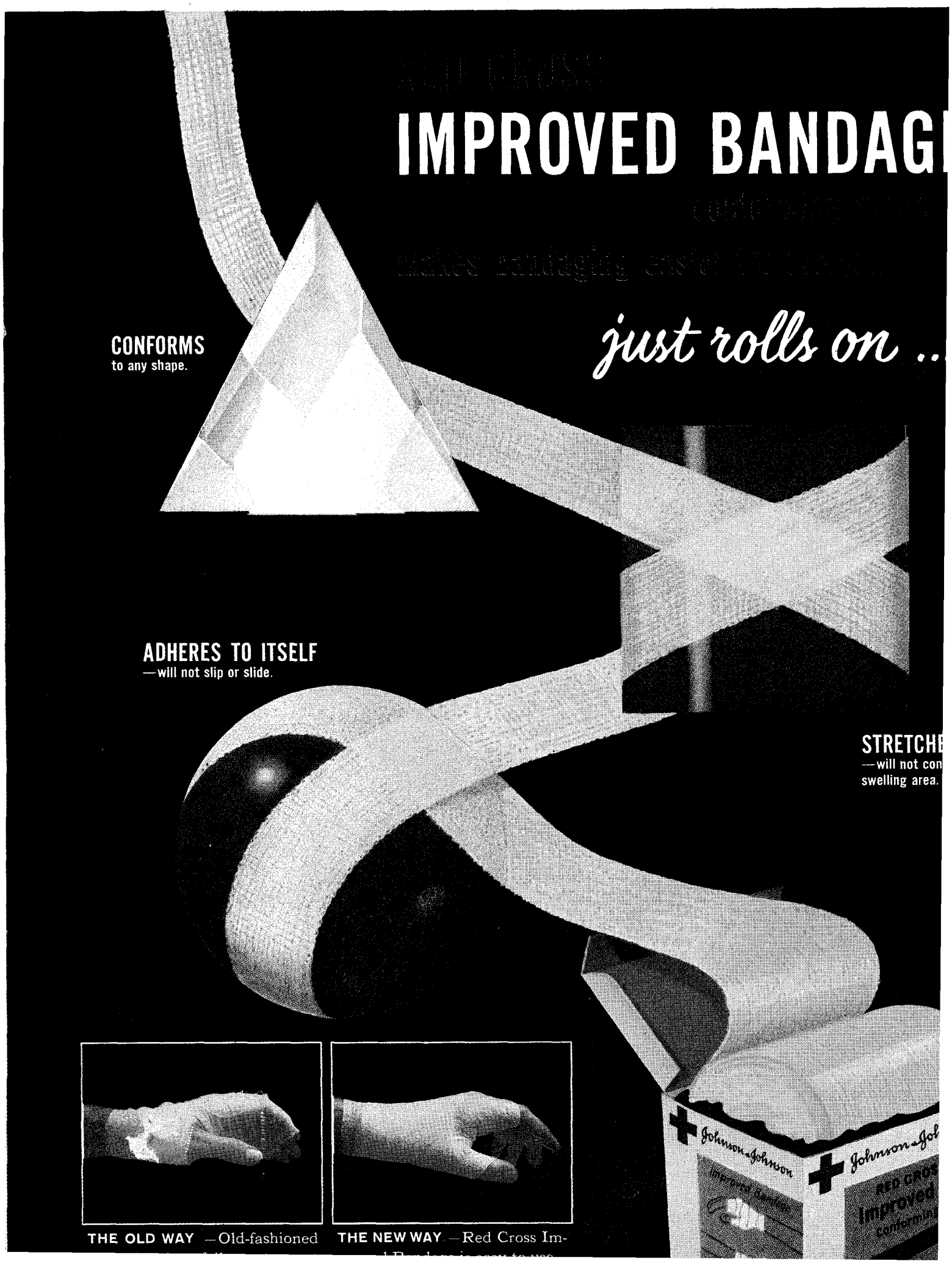

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Keeping Posted

Red Grange and Bill Fay in Chicago Bears' telecast cubicle.

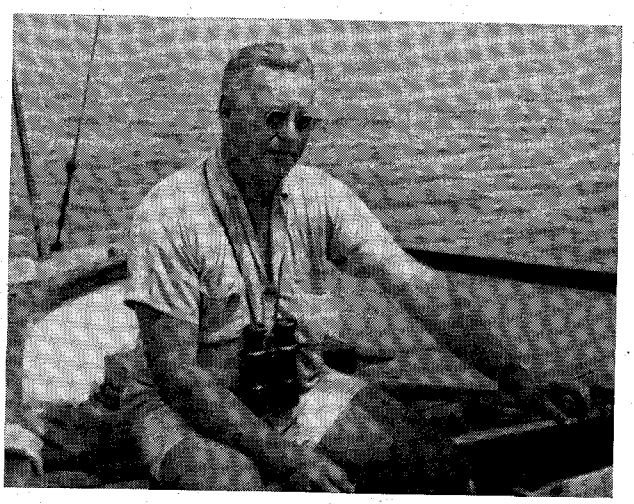
Memoirs of Papa Bear

George Halas, boss bear of the famed football team, the Chicago Bears, wants it known that his old friend, **William Fay,** helped him with his memoirs (*page 34*); and Fay, in turn, wants it known that he can't rightly take credit for the 60-odd short stories which another **William Fay,** no relation, has had in the Post.

The Halas-Fay rapport began in 1946 when *that* Fay did a Post piece about how Halas and assistant coaches decoded enemy defenses and presto-changoed them into Bear touchdowns. In '48 Fay joined Collier's magazine as sports editor (later doing some 60 articles as contributing editor), and now he free-lances and helps Red Grange telecast the Bears' games. Fay found Halas a wonderful memoir collaborator, not only because of his prodigious memory but because for years Halas has been jotting down notes on the backs of envelopes. When his pockets got full, a secretary would empty them into an indexed old envelope file.

People have been congratulating Bill Fay on the other Fay's fiction ever since he was a cub on the Chicago Tribune. He used to explain, "No, the Fiction Fay is a middle-aged chap in New York with five children," but that explanation has been outdated because now *he* has five children. Ages 2 to 9. Chicago Fay's youngest child was born at 11:43 the morning of the Bears-Green Bay game in '55. Mother Betsy, a feverish fan, couldn't make the game, but the obstetrician and the father got there for the kickoff. It was the only game Betsy had missed in five years. Meanwhile, Fiction Fay's children now number eight, and recently Mrs. F. and her whole throng took off in a station wagon for Hollywood, where her husband is script writing. A dog went too.

Tales of the Authors



Edwin Lanham takes a pleasure cruise.

Actress Syms: It's hot on a desert location.

Edwin Lanham, a superstitious individual, is relieved to have his page 51 serial behind him. It's his thirteenth, of course. Some of them in the Post, some elsewhere.

Bulletin from Associated British Picture Corp.: "A film-producing unit, including stars John Mills, Sylvia Syms and Anthony Quayle, has just moved off into the endless Libyan Desert." Their story is **Christopher Landon's** Escape in the Desert (July, August '56 Posts), but they call it Ice Cold in Alex.

Advertisement for Cape Cod: **Kurt Vonnegut,** who is storytelling again on page 40, reports that this is his seventh year of dwelling on Cape Cod. "And that means I will never get off."

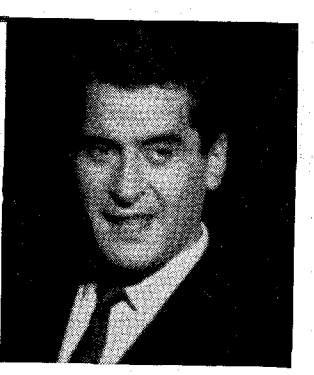
Hal Burton (see his game-warden piece on page 44) thinks that many illegal hunters are psychological carryovers from the old days when wealthy people bought vast tracts of forest land for lumbering, private hunting clubs or personal estates, and denied them to hunters and fishermen of the general public. The miffed citizens started a tradition of seeing what they could get away with without getting caught. Lawbreakers of this type detest another group that kills animals wholesale for the market. Burton doesn't belong to either group.

Richard Armour, a popular fellow with our Post Scripts readers, has come up with another hilarious book, Twisted Tales From Shakespeare (McGraw-Hill). He comments that writing is in his blood, along with other impurities. "I'll probably write until I die, but not a day after."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The $64,000 and I"

The star of TV's first big-money quiz show has handed winners more than $1,500,000. Hal March tells his story, including his views about some of his notable contestants.



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